Datastream

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Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
M/M, Multi

Fandom:
僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Relationship:
Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi, Midoriya Izuku & Todoroki Shouto, Midoriya Izuku & Nedzu, Kaminari Denki & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku/Shinsou Hitoshi/Todoroki Shouto, Midoriya Izuku/Shinsou Hitoshi, Midoriya Izuku/Todoroki Shouto, Shinsou Hitoshi/Todoroki Shouto, Midoriya Izuku & Monoma Neito

Character:
Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Shinsou Hitoshi, Todoroki Shouto, Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Kaminari Denki, Monoma Neito

Additional Tags:
Midoriya Inko's Bad Parenting, Abusive Midoriya Inko, Neglectful Midoriya Inko, Midoriya Izuku Has a Quirk, Midoriya Izuku Does Not Have One for All Quirk, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead is Midoriya Izuku's Uncle, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead and Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic Adopt Midoriya Izuku, Protective Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Protective Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Mentor Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Nedzu Training Midoriya Izuku, Nedzu is a rat god, BAMF Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku is Not a Hero Student, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Tags May Change, Hacker Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku is not a Problem Child, Midoria Izuku is a Problem Creep, Sassy Midoriya Izuku,

Midoriya Izuku is a Little Shit, Bakugou Katsuki Faces Consequences, Deaf Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku is a Ray of Sunshine, Yagi Toshinori | All Might Being an Asshole, Yagi Toshinori | All Might Bashing

Language:
English

Collections:
Genius Midoriya Izuku, 👌 good shit, MHA FICS, Idfk, STO My Hero Academia - not completed works, 📚 Fanfic Forum Discord Recs, Bnha Bookclub Discord Recs, On Going/Not Complete MHA Fics, Favorite BNHA Fics ❤, fics that im haunting rn, Wolfis MyHeroAcademia Library, we all need therapy, isabella9792_readinglist, SSFAV, BNHA, Fav's, These fics made me scream, Tiktok_recommended, Fanfiction ***I*** Deem Worthy Of The Name, Awesome MHA Stories, .☄Thoth's Luxury Library☄., Fics that soothe my soul at 4am, MHA, bnha faves that keep me going, grey_cosplay's tiktok MHA fic recs, Whole Ass Novels, Orahime's favourite fics featuring Deku, Bnha fanfic who has my heart, My Fav BNHA WIP Works, bnha fics (mostly), 1scurrentlyread1ng:), T.S.S (This shit slaps), Mushrooms fav bnha fics!, will these fics make or break me lets find out, Adore Able's Server MHA Vigilante!Izuku Collection, Alternative Universes of Fandoms I enjoy., Goodsoup1543, Boku no Hero Academia Fanfics, mha fics, Still Waiting, Ashes' Library, Finished Favs, Best of the Best, Kai's Eclectic Collection of Fics, My Long loves , I've given my heart and soul for this fic, best bnha fics i've had the privilege of reading, Pthaloteal, MHA dadzawa or dadmic and their zero-regrets family , MHA Izuku's mind games and general feralness , The Foxy List, BNHA keepers, Stalker's Amongst Stalker's, my hero academia: a medley, MHA masterpieces, Purrsonal Picks, Bnha (rheos), Awakeat3chaos, Hand-picked by a picky-person, Saav's Favs, Emiko have read this, completed_Zmark, Izuku Midoriya (because I like him and he deserves more), Dadzawa Vibes, Jaded Discord Server Recommendations, broccoli shit finished, Dadzawa Soup for The Soul (TiaLee), Izu is a chaos gremlin and/or maybe adopts everyone (TiaLee), Tia ships Izu, Flashfreeze Recs, Finished Fics (bnha), jrmuffin's favorites, My Fav MHA Fics❤, Dadzawa protects the Green Bean!💚, Still reading - bnha - my attention span is really short, Marmalade's MHA Mayhem ^_^, My Favourite Bnha stories to read, Autiser's Favorites, Fics that are way too good, My Favorite MHA Works, Fics I need to finish reading, goodlol, Best Stories, Amazing fics :D, I'll come back, todoshindeku, BNHA Fics that cured my cancer, good soup -i mean books, I will re read it again insted of

studying for sure, Bnha masterpieces to read all the time, Find Me Where The Wild Things Are, Lux's fav fics, The Goodz, Favorite MHA Fanfics, All Mighty Hero Selections, BluexBananas' Favourite MHA Fics, Re-read a thousand times, Rebel Devil To Read, My Favorite MHA Fanfics, Shinzuku, bunnies' favorite fics, SMALL COLLECTION OF ABSOLUTE PERFECTION | BNHA, roi is a simp for them, read again, 2023_Fanfiction's_Rap-up__V.R, My Hero Academia Fanfictions., Izuku ❤, Fanfics merecedoras de Kudos, My Absolute Favorites, The Forest, Gydea's Read and Loved, V, Gryffs Fics

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Datastream

by TarynMcT

Summary

Datastream is known by most of the Underground Heroes and many of the better Spotlight Heroes as a master of surveillance, able to supply information, co-ordinate back up when overwhelmed, they call on medical support when there are injuries, even call in a hero's takedown on occasion.

To one Underground Hero, though, Datastream is better known as Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta's nephew.

This fic now has a TV Tropes

I have a Discord server now! If you want to join up and say hi, come join us! The Eclipse

Chapter 1

Izuku was so excited! His quirk came in, and it was so pretty! There were so many colors! And sparks! There was red, and blue, and purple, and green, and yellow, and white, and orange! They were going like woosh! And zip! And buzz! They were everywhere and nowhere, all at the same time! The coolest part was that no one else could see it! This was something that was just Izuku's.

But, well, since no one else could see it, no one could understand what he meant, but that's okay, because he knows what he's saying! It's super cool! It's the best quirk ever! Well, almost the best quirk ever, Kacchan's quirk is still the best, he'll be the best hero ever! But Izuku's quirk is super awesome too!

He did wish someone could understand what he saw though, these tests were super scary. He could see the yellow and orange zips that kept streaking around as the machine he was in kept making really loud clunking sounds and he was supposed to stay really still. The doctor called it a kitty scan? Or something like that? It was supposed to make a picture of his brain, but Izuku was too busy trying to keep his tears from falling to really thing about what the kitty scan was doing.

When the machine finally stopped making noise, Izuku quickly rubbed the tears away, pretending he wasn't about to cry. Soon after Izuku got out of the machine and was sitting across from the doctor with him mom next to him, the doctor started talking. Izuku didn't really know what he was talking about for the most part, but it seemed that his brain was what his quirk was? Oh!

"Does that mean my quirk is that I'm smart?!" Izuku couldn't help but exclaim out. "But wait, the zaps and buzzes and whooshes don't fit that."

"No, Izuku, that's not what your quirk is," the doctor laughed. "While I don't doubt you are an extremely smart kid, your quirk is just that your brain has a mutation. Because of this, you may very well have enhanced intelligence, though."

"Oh," Izuku said, still excited that he was going to be super smart, but disappointed he hadn't figured out his quirk. "So what is my quirk?"

"Well, I'm not too sure what it is exactly, but the area of your brain

that is mutated has to do with your signal receivers, such as the neurons in your brain. It seems the synaptic connections are extra sensitive. While it is a possibility that you will be able to control and manipulate electromagnetic signals, it is much more likely a weak electricity quirk? The area of your brain that is most altered is the same as is often seen in those with electrical quirks. It seems, however, that all you are able to do is simply see the signals for now." This doctor was using big words and Izuku didn't know what most of it meant.

"So my quirk is being able to see the whooshes, zips, and buzzes?" he tried to confirm.

The doctor just looked at Izuku for a moment, finding his childish way of speaking endearing. "For now, yes, it would seem so."

Inko got her purse and took Izuku's hand. "Thank you doctor," she said as she stood up. "If I have any more questions I'll reach out to your office." She lightly tugged Izuku's tiny hand. "Let's go, Izuku." They left, heading back to the car.

Izuku kept quiet for the drive home, keeping himself content in watching all of the colors of the whooshes as they drove past.

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Inko was furious. More than that, she was positively livid! She had thought she would never have to be reminded of that bastard who called himself her father, but now here she was, with a child with a filthy brain mutation just like him! And of course he was seeing things, her father could see emotions, so why shouldn't her son be able to see things as well?

She turned the key in the lock of the apartment door angrily, but not rough enough for her son to notice her fury. He was still acting like a happy idiot, looking at the "wooshes" as he called it. "Hisashi, we're home," she announced to her husband, when she could hear him in the kitchen.

"Welcome home, Inko, how was the appointment?" Hisashi asked.

"Izuku, please go to your room," Inko said. She wants to tell her husband about the appointment, but she's sure she won't be able to keep the anger out of her voice for long if she does.

"Okay mommy!" Izuku was quick to comply, he could probably tell

that there was about to be an argument. The kid could always tell.

Once she heard the door to her son's room close she turned to her husband and said, "He has a fucking mutation quirk."

Hisashi was silent as he took in this information. "How?" was the only thing he asked, a hint of disgust in his voice.

"My worthless father had a brain mutation quirk, and it seems so does Izuku. I thought I would never have to think of that bastard again, but here he is." Inko's fists were clenched so tightly she could feel her nails digging into her palms.

"What can Izuku do?"

"That's the thing," Inko sighed, "we don't know. The doctor said that he thinks Izuku can see electricity? It's a very minor electrical quirk, but it also doesn't seem as though he can actually manipulate it. He can just see it."

"So he's useless." Hisashi confirmed. His expression darkened when Inko only nodded. "This isn't what I signed up for. I wanted a kid who could control and manipulate fire!"

"I wanted a kid who could do that too! Why else do you think I married you?" Inko's voice was starting to get loud and she took a deep breath to calm herself down. That lasted all of three seconds, because Hisashi turned away and started to their bedroom.

"If that's all you wanted with me, then we're through." Hisashi had been thinking of leaving for a while, and now with his son having the same type of quirk as his wife's father, there was no way he was going to bother trying to work things out. Disgusting mutant quirks.

Izuku was cowering under his bed, Mommy and Daddy were yelling again. They were usually calm around him, but when he wasn't there they would sometimes yell, scream, and even once Daddy set the couch on fire when he was yelling. He heard the front door slam shut followed by what sounded like a vase hitting the door, the sounds of the shattered glass reaching Izuku in his room.

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There were very few things Aizawa Shouta loved more than sleep. In fact, he could really only think of three things: Coffee, Cream, and Sugar. Well, okay, maybe four things, actual coffee was every bit as

good as his three cats. Hmm, maybe five things, his fiancé Yamada Hizashi was starting to really work his way up that list.

Phone calls at 1pm, a full three hours before his alarm went off for the start of his day, was definitely not on the list of things he loved. In fact, it was near the very top of the list of things he hated.

“What?” Shouta barked as he picked up the phone.

“Excuse me? That is no way to answer the phone,” a woman’s vaguely familiar voice replied.

Shouta pulled the phone away from his ear to see the caller ID, only for it to come up as unknown. Not in his contacts, then. “Who is this?” he grumbled.

“I’m hurt, Shouta, you don’t even remember your dear sister?” The woman, apparently his sister Inko, sounded viciously mocking.

“It’s too early for your shit, Inko. We haven’t spoken in seven years, what do you want?”

Inko was silent for a moment before asking, “Are you just now waking up? Half the day is over, I always knew you’d be a useless waste of oxygen, but I thought you’d at least maintain the same sleep schedule as a productive member of society. What, is Mom still paying your bills, too? Honestly, that villainous mutation of yours-“

Shouta ended the call. There was now something he hated more than 1pm phone calls, it’s a 1pm phone call with his bitch of a sister.

He had just reached to place his phone back on the nightstand so he could go back to sleep when it rang again, showing the same number his sister had just called from. Shouta glared at it, contemplating on if he was going to answer or not.

With a weary sigh he hit accept. “If you are just calling to bitch about my sleep schedule, when I work night shifts, then I am going to hang up on you again,” he warned.

“I apologize, Shouta,” she started. “I just want to make sure you’re taking care of yourself. You’re already 19, and Mom shouldn’t need to be taking care of you anymore. You need to—“

Shouta thought about hanging up again, but instead just interrupted her. “Mom hasn’t been taking care of me. I have an apartment, a good

paying job, and a fiancé. Now, what did you want?"

Inko hesitates for a moment before saying, "It's my son. He's got one of those. . . brain mutations you and dad have. The quirk specialist thinks it might have something to do with electricity."

". . . And?" Shouta was confused. Maybe it was because he was still half asleep, but he couldn't see where she was going with this. Why was she calling him? He's not a quirk counselor. "What exactly does this have to do with me?"

"What do you mean what does this have to do with you?! It has everything to do with you! He's your nephew, you need to figure out what his quirk is, and train him!" Inko yelled at him. "Honestly, you're so useless in everything else, the least you can do is take care of your own blood!"

"I'm not a quirk counselor, Inko, I can't just-" he was cut off by his sister again yelling at him.

"Don't give me excuses Aizawa Shouta! You're going to meet me tomorrow for lunch and you're going to introduce yourself to Izuku and you'll be taking him for a month and teach him how to use his quirk!"

Shouta pulled his phone away from his ear just to take a calming breath. Or two. He had forgotten just why he was never upset with his sister for cutting all communications with him seven years ago. "Inko, first of all, I work night shifts so I am asleep during the day. I will not be meeting you for lunch tomorrow, or any day for that matter. The best I'm willing to do is an early morning breakfast. Second of all, while I do not live with Mom, I do live with my fiancé, and I'm not taking in anyone without talking to him about it first."

Shouta barely had time to pull his phone away from his ear before his sister's hate filled vitriol started spewing out. This was not something he was willing to listen to, so he just waited until he heard a lull in her rant and then said, "Not that this wasn't absolutely riveting, but I'm not willing to put up with your verbal abuse. I hope the kid learns how to use his quirk, you should look into some quirk counselors. Have a nice life, please lose my number."

With that, Shouta hung up the phone.

The door to the bedroom opened slowly, showing Hizashi in a bright yellow hoodie. "Shou? You okay?" he asked.

“My sister called.” Shouta looked up at his fiancé and gave him the most deadpan expression he could muster. “She’s still a bitch.”

Hizashi walked over to the bed and sat down next to Shouta. “I didn’t know you had a sister. You want to talk about it?”

“Not really,” he replied. “I want to go back to sleep.”

“Okay love, maybe we can continue this once you wake up?” Hizashi suggested.

“Ugh. Fine.” With that, Shouta let himself flop back down and fell asleep.

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Three and a half hours later, Shouta grumbles his way into the kitchen, toweling his hair and reaches for the mug of coffee that Hizashi had already poured for him. Taking the first sip of caffeinated heaven, he was reminded once more of how high on the list of Things Shouta Loved this man was.

“So. The sister I’ve never heard about?” And just like that, Hizashi was at the bottom of the list.

Shouta glared at his coffee while getting his thoughts in order, knowing Hizashi would never just drop the subject, and then spoke. “My father hasn’t kept a faithful relationship ever. His quirk, from what I remember, is something along the lines of being able to see people’s emotions. He’s a sweet-talking, manipulative bastard, and it’s very likely I have more than just one sister.”

“My mother was friends with Inko’s mom, Akari, but since Inko was ten years older they never felt we should be forced into being friends or anything. But because of that, when my mother died, Akari decided to take me in. I was seven.”

Hizashi had come up behind Shouta and wrapped his arms around him, being a support pillar for his fiancé, but not stopping his story.

“Akari was devastated at the loss of her best friend, so she focused a lot of her attention on me, and since Inko was seventeen and constantly out with her friend Mitsuki, Mom didn’t really think too much about it. But Inko felt that I was stealing her mom away from her.” Here Shouta paused to down the rest of his coffee and then walked over to the machine to pour a second cup.

“She also hates mutant type quirks because of Dad.”

“Okay…?” Hizashi asked confused. “Quirkist of her, but not too sure what that has to do with-“

“Erasure is a mutation quirk, Zashi,” Shouta said with a deadpan look. “There’s a mutation in the occipital lobe of my brain, as well as my eyes.”

“Oh. I always thought it was an emitter type,” Hizashi mumbled.

“Inko was the very first person to call my quirk a villain’s quirk, and she made sure to make my life a living hell for about a year until she went off to college. She would occasionally come back for visits, but I haven’t seen her at all in seven years. I don’t think she knows I’m a hero, come to think of it.”

Hizashi held Shouta tightly again and just hummed quietly. After a few minutes he asked, “Why did she call?”

“Oh, she has a kid, brain mutation quirk, was demanding I drop everything and take the kid in for at least a month and teach him how to use a quirk that apparently looks to be a minor electrical quirk but she’s not sure?”

“Uh, you’re not a quirk counselor,” Zashi stated helpfully. “Maybe she should reach out to one of them?”

“I was going to say I can meet her for an early breakfast and hand over a list of quirk counselors, but she started shrieking at me about how I don’t care about my own blood and when I said my fiancé was a guy, well, I didn’t feel like listening to all that hate. Especially when I’m still half asleep.” Shouta was leaning fully into Zashi’s hold, breathing in his fresh sunshine scent, admitting to himself that he really was near the top of his list after all.

“I’ll give her one more chance, if she calls back and at least makes an attempt at being civil, I’ll give her a list of quirk counselors, but if not, I’ll block her number.”

“Fair.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> There will be a few timeskips in the upcoming chapters. This is just the first of them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

~*~ 6 Years Later ~*~

“Happy birthday to me,” Izuku quietly sang to himself, while sitting on the roof of his apartment building. He was watching the stars, waiting for the meteor shower that was supposed to happen tonight, and wishing someone other than himself cared that today was his tenth birthday.

Looking at the stars, and thinking about just how much was out there, it always made his problems seem smaller somehow. He knows from reading on psycho websites – no, psychological websites – that people handle trauma differently, and he’s pretty sure that’s partially why he spends so much time on the computer, and tapping into the signals. It’s a nice was to relax.

It took a few years, but he finally stopped calling them *whooshes* when he realized what they really were.

A streak of green light zipped past Izuku, and curiously, he tapped into the signal only to quickly drop it. “Gross! Why would someone look at *that* in the middle of the night?!”

Sighing, he flopped onto his back and found the constellation for Cancer in the sky. Tracing the stars with his finger, he tapped into the signal from his computer in his room downstairs and started re-reading the myth behind the sign he was born under.

In the past six years, Izuku had learned how to somewhat use his quirk. He was sure there was a lot more to it than what he had come to figure out, but having never been to a quirk counselor there wasn't really anything he could do about that. Every time he tried to bring up the idea to his mom she would either slap him or use her quirk to throw something at him.

He stopped asking her when she started throwing knives.

From what he has been able to figure out, he can tap into phones and computers, and control them from a distance! So long as his computer is on in his room, he can search the internet all the way from the roof! He's also able to look at what other people are doing by accessing other signals, but he doesn't dare try interrupting them.

Now, Izuku's not an idiot, he knows that he could get into a lot of trouble if anyone knew he was able to spy on them, so he's never told anyone what exactly he can do, all anyone knows is he can see electrical signals. Which he can, he can see all sorts of signals, he knows which batteries are dead or half-charged, which wires shouldn't be touched, if the toaster is broken again or if it's just not plugged in, but that's just the simple stuff. The stuff he's willing to talk about.

He won't tell anyone about how he purposely misdirects the signals when the principal tries to call his mom after he gets in trouble for *fighting* at school.

And what a joke that is, fighting? Him? Really? Sure, he hates it when Kacchan and his followers try to beat up other people, he always tries to step in to protect them, but that shouldn't be considered fighting!

So yes, he always makes sure that particular signal never makes it to

his mom's phone.

Izuku rubs at the burn that's hidden by his sleeve, wishing not for the first time that Kacchan would at least leave him alone on his birthday.

Moving on from the myth of Cancer, Izuku went to a page detailing the personality of his sign. *Represented by the crab, Cancer seamlessly weaves between the sea and shore representing Cancer's ability to exist in both emotional and material realms. Cancers are highly intuitive and their psychic abilities manifest in tangible spaces. But—just like the hard-shelled crustaceans—this water sign is willing to do whatever it takes to protect itself emotionally.*

"Doesn't really sound like me," Izuku muttered. "I mean, yeah, intuitive, maybe, definitely emotional at times. . ." Izuku was distracted by a bright flash of a red signal. He jumped up instantly and went to the edge of the roof to try to get a better vantage point to see the signal.

Red signals were always his favorites, those were usually when a Hero was calling in a takedown to the police! "On our way," was the only thing that was left from that signal when Izuku was able to finally tap into it. The red ones were usually longer, but there was one Hero that was always so precise that Izuku had never been able to hear their voice, and he was sure that's who this signal was from! So cool!

Once upon a time, Izuku had wanted to be a hero, but six years of beatings from Kacchan and his friends was enough to change his mind. And if it wasn't, his quirk was really distracting! And sometimes it was still able to overwhelm him, especially when he was around a lot of people who all had phones with them.

Once again Izuku wished he could have been able to go to a quirk counselor when he was younger instead of trying to figure out his

quirk all on his own. His face fell as he thought to himself about just how much work he still had left to do in getting his quirk all figured out, when he heard a sound behind him.

Turning around, Izuku saw a man in a black jumpsuit with a long grey scarf. He had long shaggy black hair, and looked as if sleep was a foreign concept to him.

“Hey kid, what’re you doing out this late?” the guy asked.

“Waiting,” he replied. “The meteor shower is supposed to start soon and I want to watch it.”

Raising an eyebrow the man said, “Kind of hard to watch a meteor shower when you’re looking at the ground.”

Izuku checked the time and smiled softly. “Well, it doesn’t start for another five minutes, and I’m trying to get my head in the right space to appreciate it.”

“That doesn’t sound ominous at all. Want to talk about it, kid?”

Izuku looked at the man with some confusion before realizing that he was on the edge of a roof, looking down, and slightly depressed. Quickly jumping away from the edge Izuku exclaimed, “Oh no, it’s not like that! I wasn’t going to jump or anything, I really was just here getting my head in order!”

When the guy didn’t make any moves to leave, Izuku had the sneaking suspicion that this guy might be a hero, maybe an Underground Hero? Still being tapped into the signal from his computer, Izuku decided to

try to run a facial recognition on this guy, see if he could figure out who he was.

In the meantime, though, while waiting for the results to come in, Izuku decided to make an excuse for why he was up here. “It’s just that, well, there’s a test at school coming up, and I didn’t do so well on the last test, so even though I was studying a lot, I’m still worried. But I swear! I wasn’t thinking about jumping off!”

The guy kept looking at him skeptically.

Izuku saw a flash of light above, and for a moment thought it might have been one of the signals, but then the guy also looked up. “Oh, it seems there really is a meteor shower,” he muttered.

Izuku nodded his head emphatically and grinned. “I like looking at the stars sometimes. And I was reading the myths on some of the different constellations, like, did you know that Cancer is a crab, representing a creature named Carcinus from Greek mythology?” Izuku was totally reading off of one of the tabs he still had opened on his computer screen.

When the guy just shook his head Izuku went on to explain further.

“Carcinus is a relatively unknown creature from the tales of Greek mythology, but it does appear in a famous story, for it was encountered by Heracles as he completed his second labor, the slaying of the Lernaean Hydra! Carcinus was a huge crab that was sent by the goddess Hera to distract Heracles when it appeared that he was about to beat the Lernaean Hydra. Carcinus wasn’t really able to distract Heracles, because he simply crushed it beneath his foot, and then continued killing the Hydra. Hera still placed the giant crab amongst the stars as the constellation Cancer.”

“You. . . know a lot about astrology?” the guy asked cautiously.

“Well, not really, but I was curious, and it’s my birthday today, and I’m a Cancer, and I was waiting for the meteor shower anyways.” Izuku was looking right up at the stars with a look of wonder on his face. The star show was almost as beautiful as the signals he was able to see on a regular basis.

The man decided to look up at the stars and watch with him for a while.

About an hour later, Izuku saw a light blue signal come to the guy’s phone, a text message.

ICan’tHearYou – *are you okay? you were going to be home by now I thought?*

JustLetMeSleep – *shit, I lost track of time but I’m fine*

found a kid on a roof, thought he was going to jump, turns out he’s a stargazer

pretty cool meteor shower.

ICan’tHearYou – *k, but you are okay?*

and the kid is okay too?

are you going to be home soon?

JustLetMeSleep – *yeah, I’m okay, the kid’s okay, and I’m heading home*

now

ICan'tHearYou – *see you soon, love you babe*

JustLetMeSleep – *see you soon*

The guy put his phone back in his pocket and turned back to Izuku. "It's late, you really should get to bed, especially since you're worried about some test at school."

"Mhmm," Izuku hummed, still watching the stars. The meteor shower had ended, so there really wasn't any reason to stay here. "Thanks for keeping me company." Izuku waved at the guy as he went back to the roof access door.

"Hey kid," the guy called out right as Izuku was about to go through the door. "Happy birthday."

Izuku looked back at him and gave him his most brilliant smile. "Thank you!"

As he was walking down the stairs, he realized, he never did ask the guy for his name. Oops. Glancing at the tab he had kept open for the facial recognition search, Izuku noticed there was a match.

"Who's Eraserhead?"

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Shouta was almost home, thinking about that odd kid.

He really had thought he was going to jump for a little bit there, the way he was staring at the ground as if someone had crushed all his hopes and dreams, while standing oh so very close to the ledge. Shouta has had to talk a few people away from ledges in his years as a Pro Hero, and kids were always the hardest for him.

As he was climbing up the fire escape to the window he used to come in and out of the apartment he shared with his husband, Shouta couldn't help but feel the kid was really familiar. Had he met the kid before? He was sure he'd remember a kid with eyes like that, full of starlight and wonder and a smile that was as bright as the sun.

"Babe, that better be you climbing in my window," he heard Zashi call from the living room.

With a snort Shouta replied, "Of course it is, no one else would be stupid enough to come in through a window when there is a perfectly good front door right over there."

Hizashi leaned his head back just as Shouta came close and was able to get a quick kiss from his husband. "How was your patrol?"

"Pretty uneventful up until the end," he answered. Going to the kitchen he saw the dinner Zashi had left out for him and he took in and went to the couch to sit and eat with him as he told him about the kid.

"You should have seen this kid, Zashi, as soon as he realized I thought he was going to jump he backed off from the ledge and explained how

he was stargazing. Then when it was clear I wasn't buying his story, he started to tell me about the myth behind the Cancer constellation? It was disgustingly adorable."

"Aww, Shou, it sounds like you made a friend!" Hizashi crooned.

Choosing to ignore Zashi's antics, Shouta added, "I don't think the kid has a good homelife."

Instantly Hizashi got serious. "What makes you say that?"

Shouta paused, trying to figure out what exactly it was that set him off. Was it the way he looked defeated when looking off the edge of the building? Was it the long sleeves in the middle of a summer night?

"He was on a rooftop, alone, at 11pm, on his birthday. Even if he really was telling the truth about wanting to see a meteor shower, he should have had his parents with him. The kid couldn't have been more than eight."

"You're going to go back to see him again, aren't you?" Hizashi asked.

And yes, yes he was going to go back. This kid probably needed someone in his life to support him. He could see some of himself in this kid's eyes, how he was before his mom adopted him, and how he was when his sister would berate him for no reason at all.

--

Izuku was both concerned and happy that the guy he met on the roof – *ERASERHEAD!!!* – kept showing up. On the one hand, after all of his research he's found out that Eraserhead is AWESOME! And he's figured out that the super effective hero who he'd never heard on the red signals is Eraserhead, and he's so cool! Izuku had spent hours watching him, tapped into the signal from his computer to dive in to the city's cameras and following Eraserhead whenever he patrols, and his takedowns are a thing of beauty!

But on the other hand, because he is watching Eraserhead, he knows when the hero is coming to his apartment to try to catch him on the roof.

Why does he keep doing this? Is he really worried he's going to jump? Izuku has never wanted to do that, no matter how often Kacchan burns him, or how often his mother hurts him, or how often the teachers refuse to help him.

But Eraserhead keeps showing up.

Izuku really doesn't know what he wants, so whenever he seen the hero making his way to him, Izuku goes back inside. Maybe one day he'll talk to the hero again, but it won't be this day.

Chapter End Notes

> Please don't expect daily updates, I had a lot of spare time this weekend. This won't be a normal occurrence.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

~*~ 2 Years Later ~*~

It was a nice night, cool and brisk, almost no clouds, and a bright moon lighting up the streets. This was the kind of night Shouta liked the most, really made things easier for him on his patrols.

Taking a slight break to slurp down a jelly pouch, Shouta looked up at the stars. He never did forget about that rooftop kid, but he was never able to catch the kid outside again either. Shouta hoped the kid was okay, that he was just being paranoid, or projecting his own experiences onto this kid. Maybe he had a wonderful home life and his parents didn't know he slipped out to watch the stars? Maybe he really was worried about a test at school?

"Hey, Eraser! Glad to see you're in the area!" Shouta's com usually beeped and had to be answered before the person on the other side could speak, but it seems the rules of technology don't apply to Datastream.

"Data, I literally just sat down," he complained half-heartedly as he put the empty jelly pouch into his pocket and stood, ready for which ever direction Datastream sent him.

"Mmm, poor baby, is 3 minutes too short of a break? I guess I can always reach out to Kobra instead, he's just as close," Data teased, knowing full well that Kobra was one of the few Underground Heroes that Shouta *hated* to deal with.

With a growl Shouta replied, “Just tell me where to go, Problem Creep.”

Laughing, Data answered. “5 streets to your left, drug deal going down, but I am almost certain it’s not going to end well. I’m almost tempted to have Kobra meet you there anyways, there’s nine of them.”

Shouta was already heading over there when he had said the direction, “Don’t you dare drag that irresponsible lout to my bust, or so help me, Data, I’ll never answer another call from you again.”

“Fine, but you better not get too hurt. I’ll call in the takedown as soon as you engage. If you get yourself killed on this, I swear I’ll resurrect you just to kill you again.”

With a snort Shouta reached the group and the fight began.

--

Finishing up the last of the restraints, Shouta finally let himself lean against the wall and take his weight off the injured leg. He had gotten stabbed, and knew it was just a matter of time before the Problem Creep was back in his ear telling him off for the injury, he always did when Shouta got injured.

“So.” Shouta smiled fondly, there was Data, just as he predicted. “Just wondering here, but. What part of ‘don’t get hurt’ didn’t you understand?”

“You specifically said not to get ‘too hurt’ and this is just a minor stabbing. Nothing too serious,” Shouta tried to defend himself.

“Nothing too serious, he says, as if that knife wasn’t dangerously close to the femoral artery. I think I’m gonna call Present Mic and let him know you got yourself stabbed, let him deal with you.” Shouta froze, not from the fact that Datastream clearly knew more about Shouta that he should, no he’d long since realized this person knew more about everyone than he should, but that he knew just what Zashi would do to him if he was woken up to be told he had gotten stabbed.

“Data, please, don’t call him. I’m sorry, I won’t get stabbed again tonight, please don’t call Mic!” Shouta could hear the sounds of several vehicles approaching, and was wondering if there was an ambulance among those or just the police ready to take away the nine drug dealers.

“. . . If you end your night right now, and head home as soon as the medics patch you up, I won’t call him. But if you so much as make a single stop on the way home, you’ll be greeted by Mic on the phone with me.”

“Do you threaten all the heroes you work with like this, or am I special?” Shouta wondered. “If I’m special, what can I do to stop being special?”

Shouta could practically hear the deadpan expression in Data’s voice when he replied, “While you are my favorite, Eraser, you’re not special. I treat all the heroes I like this way.”

“Sure you do kid, sure you do.”

“I do! Just ask Shroud or Clover next time you see them, or even Mic! You don’t even want to know how many times I’ve had to threaten to call you to get him to do something.” Data seemed to pause. “Uh, I

mean, nothing? I've never had to threaten Mic, I don't know what you're talking about, and oh look, the first officers are there, I'll talk to you later Eraser! And remember, go straight home!"

With that Shouta could hear the connection ending on his com.

Shouta gave his statement to an officer while the rest were busy dragging the drug dealers into the patrol cars and a medic was tending his leg. Just as Data had said, he was lucky the injury didn't hit the femoral artery, it was really close. Hizashi was going to kill him regardless of if the Problem Creep called him or not.

"Well, that'll do it, Eraserhead, would you like a ride somewhere?" the officer asked.

Knowing perfectly well that Data was still watching, and likely listening, Shouta agreed. "Not all the way home, don't want anyone knowing just where I live, but most of the way would be nice."

Shouta got in the passenger seat, and the officer asked him as they started driving to the area that was given, "What is up with that Datastream person? No one has been able to give me a clear answer, just who are they?"

"I'm not really sure," Shouta answered. "They showed up one night while I was on patrol, I might have been the first hero they contacted."

"Really? What was that like?"

~*~ 1 Year Earlier ~*~

“Listen, lady, I’m glad you’re okay, but if you don’t let me go I won’t be able to catch the guy that almost killed you!” Shouta exclaimed to the lady that was hysterically clinging to him after the mugger who was attempting to mug her had missed with his attack and ran off.

As he tried desperately to calm the woman down, he thought to himself, ‘*This is the part I hate most.*’

It took nearly ten minutes before the *completely uninjured* woman was able to calm down and go about her business, while Shouta now needed to find the guy who nearly shot her with his gun finger quirk.

“Now, if I were a stupid mugger with a stupid quirk, where would I go?” Shouta muttered to himself as he ran across rooftops, looking for the escaped criminal.

He heard the com he kept on while patrolling come to life and a timid voice say, “He’s about a kilometer to the south.”

Shouta nearly stumbled. “Who- how-*WHAT?!* Who are you?”

“Uh, you’re going the wrong way. . .” the voice in his ear whispered.

Shouta instantly stopped and started looking around, wondering how this voice knew where he was and where he was going. “How are you doing this?” he finally asked.

“. . . are. . . are you going to go after him?”

Grumbling to himself Shouta took off in the direction the voice in his ear told him to go, and prayed this wasn't some sort of trap.

A few minutes later Shouta came across the criminal, leaning against a wall trying to catch his breath, clearly assuming he had gotten away with his attempted mugging/murder. Shouta activated his quirk and made quick work of the guy, calling in the takedown less than a minute later.

As he was waiting for the officers to arrive, Shouta decided to reach out to the mystery voice. "How were you watching me?"

Just when he was sure the voice wasn't going to answer him, they replied. "I was watching you through the city cameras."

"That's not creepy at all," Shouta deadpanned.

". . . sorry," the person said in such a quiet whisper Shouta almost didn't hear.

"Why?"

There was no answer for a while, and then the voice – Shouta was sure this was a kid, they just sounded so young – spoke up, "Because. . . . you're. . . you're my favorite hero, Eraserhead sir."

"Kid, how old are you?" Shouta asked. There was no way this wasn't a kid.

“I’m eleven,” he answered.

“Eleven. Fuck. Okay. What’s your name?”

“Uh. . . sorry, but I know better than to give my name out. BUT!! Before you try to say I’m being a vigilante, I’m not! Yes, I am using my quirk, but I’m not doing anything illegal!” he defended himself, suddenly no longer shy.

“Right. Nothing illegal. Just hacking into the city cameras, hero network com units, you know, normal things,” Shouta countered. “Totally legal.”

“. . . and that’s why I’m not giving you my name?” he said, and the shyness was back.

“Look, Problem Creep-“

“*PROBLEM CREEP?!”*

“- I’m not going to try to arrest you, you’re eleven, but I do think maybe your parents should know about the kinds of things you’re getting up to. This is not a healthy activity for someone your age.”

“. . . Datastream?”

“What was that, kid?”

“You can call me Datastream. It’s what I want to call my quirk,” he supplied.

“What do you mean? Is your quirk unregistered?” If this kid’s quirk wasn’t registered, that’d make it all the more difficult in finding out who this kid is.

“Well, both yes and no,” the kid, Datastream, hedged. “It’s registered, but I haven’t gone to get it updated, so the registration isn’t really accurate anymore. My. . . my mom won’t take me, and I can’t make an appointment without a parent or guardian.”

Shouta was quiet for a few minutes, and was sure the kid was gone, but had to ask, “Are you safe at home, kid?”

“D-define safe?”

“Fuck.” Shouta pinched the bridge of his nose and was about to say something else when Datastream spoke up again.

“The police will be on scene in about twenty seconds, have a nice night Eraserhead, sir. I’ll talk to you again soon.” Then there was a quiet click in his com and he knew Datastream was gone.

~*~ Present ~*~

“The kid’s been showing up on a lot of hero coms in the past year, he’s been a huge help in patrols. Normally shows up nights and weekends, which makes sense since he’s probably in school.” Shouta paused a

little and then said, “Kid, I know you’re still listening in, you wanna tell me your real name today? Maybe let me get you out of your home?”

He was answered by a quiet snicker over the radio in the squad car. “Nice try, Eraser! Honestly, it’s cute how you still try! You and Present Mic are the only ones who haven’t given up.” A second later, just in Shouta’s com, Data continued, “That’s why you two are my favorites.”

Once again over the car’s radio, “I’m expecting you to stay off your patrol for a few days, Eraser, don’t make me call anyone to yell at you. You know I will.”

“Yeah yeah, I’ll stay home for a week. Will that make you happy?”

Shouta’s only reply was a text message.

Datastream - ☆*:. ｡.o(≧ ▽ ≦)o. ｡.:* ☆

“How? How do you do this stuff, kid? I just want to know.”

Datastream - ¯_(ツ)_/¯

--

Izuku giggled as he checked the time – 2am. He probably should head to bed, he would need to get up for school in a few hours.

As he was changing into his pajamas, Izuku thought over his words again. *“Kid, I know you’re still listening in, you wanna tell me your real name today? Maybe let me get you out of your home?”*

Maybe he should? It was getting really hard to just live his normal day to day life, between his mother’s tender treatment, and the bullies – Kacchan mostly – Izuku couldn’t go a single day without a new injury.

But would it really be better? Eraserhead wanted to get him out of his current home, but who’s to say another home wouldn’t be just as bad?

Izuku knows full well what the homes are like for kids with weak quirks, or villainous quirks. He knows that if people knew he was able to spy on heroes while they’re out on patrol, he’d be abducted by a villain and forced to do things he doesn’t want to do.

So no, he won’t tell him. Not yet. Not until he really has to.

Chapter End Notes

> So, I can't write fight scenes to save my life, so currently, I just. . . skip them? I know, bad Taryn, I should try to write one just to test myself, blah, blah, blah.
>
> NOT TODAY SATAN!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku limped as he walked down the street towards school. This morning had been particularly rough, and for the life of him he just couldn't understand *why*. He had gone to the kitchen to pack the bento he had prepared the night before and to turn on the coffee maker for his mom when she walked in. Which is *where* things went all wrong.

Izuku wasn't allowed to be in the same room as his mother, after all.

But *why?!*

He briefly checked the bandage on his arm, making sure it wasn't bleeding through from where he had to pull out glass shards from the half-full coffee maker, careful not to aggravate the fresh burn from the hot coffee. Glad to see there was no blood seeping through, Izuku continued on to school, idly wondering if he had a sprained ankle or if it was just a bruise.

"Out of my way, Deku!" Kacchan had come up behind him and shoved him to the ground with only a small explosion to his back, honestly not even enough to scorch his uniform, just to give a nice concussive blast.

As Izuku started to get up he was met with a sharp kick to his ribs. "No one told you to get up, *Deku!"* came Kacchan's angry hiss. Izuku stayed on the ground until Kacchan had moved on, grateful that he had been alone. If his followers had been there with him, there was no way Izuku would have gotten off so light.

Wincing and worried he might have gotten a cracked rib, Izuku got up and made his way to the front doors of the school. Walking in and to his locker to change his shoes, Izuku saw that there were tacks in them. Again.

Dumping out the tacks, he put on his school shoes and trudged to his classroom, tapping in to the camera feed and looking back through to see who put the tacks in his shoes this time. Oh, it was Tsubasa. Figures.

--

Izuku was finishing up his lunch in the classroom when he caught sight of a few different red signals from outside the school window. He had come to realize that those signals, while usually from heroes are actually the HeroNetwork Communication program. And this many all at once means there's an attack of some kind.

Tapping in to the signal, Izuku starts listening in, seeing if there is anything he can do to help.

"The whole block is set up with bombs! Civilians are in the process of evacuation, but the bombs can still go off and we're not sure if we've found them all!" A hero, Oculus, exclaimed.

"I can handle the fires," Backdraft called out, dousing the flames closest to the evacuating civilians, "but not if too many more bombs go off!"

“Everyone!” Present Mic could be heard over the chaos. “I know you want to see the action, but please evacuate the area! This zone is not safe!”

Izuku was watching through the street cameras, listening in through the HeroNetwork Com units, and he was wondering if there was a way to find the bombs that Oculus mentioned. ‘*Think, Izuku, think! If the bombs can still go off, they must have some sort of trigger, is it an electrical trigger?’*

Izuku glanced around at the students that were filing back into the class after lunch, the teacher coming in seconds later. Knowing full well that it was dangerous for him to dive too deeply into his Stream while around people, he decided that this was worth the risk. There were 4 separate apartment buildings in this area, evacuations still in progress, and the fires were already spreading. With the threat of more explosives, the fire department wouldn’t dare to get close enough to put out the fires and Backdraft couldn’t handle all of this by himself.

With a deep sigh, Izuku fully immersed himself into the Stream and got to work.

“Okay everyone, you’ve got Datastream on the coms. I’m here to see what, if anything, I can do to help,” he announced over the HN Coms.

“Holy shit it’s Data!” Oculus cried out! “What do you need?! I’ll do

whatever I can to help you get it!”

“I need someone I’m connected to, so you’d be perfect Oc, to get close to one of the bombs. I need to see if I can see something.” Izuku paused. “Actually, no, sorry Oc, I don’t want you to do it. Yo FatGum! You’re more durable, you up for this?”

“Datastream! I think this is the first time you’ve ever reached out to me! Of course I’m ready to help!” he called back.

“Great! Just head into one of the buildings suspected of having a bomb, and I’ll let you know what else you need to do from – Backdraft, please turn to your left and spray!” Izuku interrupted himself.

“Yes sir!” Backdraft did as told and hit Endeavor full in the face with a spray powerful enough to throw him into the closest building. “Crap! Did I turn the wrong way?!”

“No, you did exactly as I asked,” Izuku said. “Endeavor, get the fuck out of here, there’s enough fire without you causing any more damage!”

Endeavor got up and practically exploded with flames, fortunately frying his com before Izuku had to listen to his ranting.

“Okay, FatGum, let’s get started. Head over to where you think there’s a bomb and I can take it from there.”

“Sure thing, Data!” came his enthusiastic reply.

As FatGum got closer to the building, Izuku was able to just barely make out the weak electrical signal of the bombs. “Okay, just a little further, and then I’ll be in range and you can go back to help with the evac.”

“Whatever you say, I just want to stop these apartments from coming down.”

‘*And I’m in,’* Izuku thought to himself. The signal was extremely weak, but once he was tapped in he could see that it connected to twelve different bombs, all of which were simple to disarm once he was in their network.

“Okay everyone,” Izuku called out to the team of responders, “The bombs are all disarmed. They won’t explode unless someone **cough** *Endeavor *cough** is stupid and blasts them with a full on fireball.”

Izuku could hear all the heroes in the area calling out to him through the HN Coms thanking him for his help, and then he laughed and said, “Yeah, you’re welcome everyone, but look, I gotta run. Take care!”

Izuku came back to his consciousness to see angry red eyes glaring at him. Kacchan. Great.

“Deku, you think you’re too good to pay attention in class? Hah?! You fucking Nerd!” The classroom was mostly empty, only Kacchan and three of his friends.

“No, Kacchan, I just-“ Whatever Izuku was going to say for an excuse was cut off as Kacchan let lose an explosion in Izuku’s stomach, knocking him into the back wall.

“I didn’t give you permission to speak, Deku!”

Izuku coughed, blood dripping from his lip. That one did some damage, he’s pretty sure that the cracked rib from earlier was now broken, and maybe worse. He coughed, wincing as that aggravated his ribs even more. ‘*Yeah, definitely worse than just broken,’* Izuku thought.

Kacchan had left with his friends by the time Izuku looked up again. Slowly, as to cause as little pain as possible, Izuku collected his things and tried to put his backpack on. ‘*Nope, not happening.’* He resolved to just drag it behind him and hope for the best.

He managed to get a few blocks away from the school, deciding to try to catch his breath in the park. He was almost to a bench when he felt the hand on his shoulder. “Haven’t had enough yet, Deku?”

‘*Oh no, no, no, no, please don’t be who I think it is!’* Izuku prayed uselessly, knowing full well it was Kacchan. ‘*WHY?!’* Izuku really wanted to know why the universe hated him. He just wants one day, just ONE where no one was trying to hurt him! Was that too much to ask?!

Apparently it was, since this beating was by far worse than any other he’s had in recent memory. ‘*Fuck, I think that’s all of my ribs, now,’* he thought. ‘*I’m going to die here. I don’t want to die here!’*

‘*I need help,’* came the desperate thought. *‘Why did I never let Eraser help me before? Now it’s going to be too late!’* Izuku couldn’t see any signals, but he needed to find one, a red one, please, please, please, pl

— '*THERE!'* Izuku tapped in to the signal and almost wept when he realized it was Present Mic!

--

"Hey Mic!" Hizashi looked up with a huge grin, raising a hand to his com, totally not expecting his favorite hacker to get in touch with him –*twice!* – on a school day!

"Datastream! What is UP Little Listener!? Great job today-"

"Hate to cut you off, Mic, but there's a kid in the park to your right that is getting the ever loving shit beaten out of him, hurry, I don't think he'll live much longer if someone doesn't help!"

"Shit, on it!" Hizashi ran to his right, into the park where Data kept directing him. "Hey!" he yelled, just a hint of quirk in his voice when he saw some blonde kid kicking a green baby on the ground.

"The fuck do you want, extr- Shit! Present Mic?!?!" the blonde kid recognized him, good. He backed off from the kid he was kicking and paled, knowing he was in deep shit. He looked between Hizashi and the kid quickly and then ran.

"Data, can you get someone to go after that punk? I need to take care of this kid," Zashi called out through his com.

Hizashi quickly called for an ambulance for this kid, he was bleeding too much and his chest looked a bit misshapen, gods only know how many broken ribs this kid has. Noticing his breathing was sounding wet, he figured the kid's ribs must have punctured a lung.

“Data?” Hizashi asked when he realized he never got a reply from his favorite Little Listener. “You still there?” Still no reply. Oh well, it’s a school day, and he was super active today already.

The EMT’s showed up and Hizashi helped them load the unconscious kid into the ambulance, and then decided to tag along to make sure this kid was okay.

--

All of the kid’s ribs were broken, and three had punctured his lungs, both arms were broken from where he was trying to protect himself and his head, major concussion, one of his legs was broken. There was a LOT of internal bleeding, and more than a few cuts, bruises, and even burns. He was in surgery for two hours before they could even *start* using any healing quirks.

All in all, a miracle the kid lived.

Hizashi was determined to stay with this kid until he woke up.

“Hey, Mic, how’s the kid?” a voice called from behind him. Turning, Hizashi saw Detective Tsukauchi Naomasa, one of his favorite members of the police force.

“He’ll be okay,” Zashi said. “I’m just glad I was so close, the blonde punk who did this to him ran off, but I’m sure Data can get you his information soon.”

“I hope so, what he did to this kid is unforgivable.” Tsukauchi left to go talk to the doctors, to see if he could get a head start on the paperwork that this was going to create.

ICan’tHearYou – *babe, I’m going to be late coming home*

Actually, I might not be home before you leave for your own patrol

JustLetMeSleep – *what happened? Are you okay?*

ICan’tHearYou – *yeah, I’m fine. Datastream contacted me earlier, directed me to a kid getting the shit kicked out of him*

Literally

Almost died

Every rib in his body broken, 3 punctured his lungs, both arms broken, a leg, concussion, massive amounts of internal bleeding, cuts, bruises, burns

Those last three aren’t all fresh, either

Hizashi glanced up when he heard shifting from the kid, but he didn’t wake up.

JustLetMeSleep – *shit. You’re gonna stay until he wakes up, right?*

ICan’tHearYou – *of course.*

Tsuka’s here too, already gave my statement. He’s starting a case to find the punk ass kid who thought to hurt this tiny green baby

JustLetMeSleep – *I'll see if I can get the location of the kid from Data. He sometimes answers my texts*

ICan'tHearYou – *good luck, Shou.*

Hizashi put his phone away when he heard the kid make a pained whimper, clearly on his way to waking up.

"Hey there, Little Listener!" Hizashi said quietly, seeing brilliant green eyes crack open. He reached for the nurse call button by the kid's bed. "How are you feeling?"

The green baby opened his mouth to say something but only started coughing instead. Zashi was quick to get the listener a glass of water and helped him drink as the doctor came in with Tsuka and checked the kid over.

"My name is Detective Tsukauchi Naomasa," Tsuka said. "I'm with the Musutafu Police Department. Are you okay if I ask you some questions?"

"Y-yes," the kid whispered.

"Okay, first I should let you know that my quirk is called Lie Detector, and it does exactly as it sounds." Tsuka got a little smile from the kid at that. "First, what's your name?"

Chapter End Notes

Guess what happens next chapter?!

THE REVEAL!!! (ノ◕ヮ◕)ノ*:･ﾟ✧

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> So, we all know Izuku's favorite food is Katsudon, and I had never had it before. So I decided to order it today and OMG so good!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Midoriya Izuku,” he replied to the detective’s question for his name.

“It’s nice to meet you, Midoriya-kun. Can you tell me your parent’s names?” Tsukauchi asked him.

“Midoriya Inko and Hisashi. Don’t bother trying for Hisashi, though, he died a few years ago,” Izuku said. He had tried to look up his dad a few years ago, as one of the first things he did when he realized just what he could do with his quirk, and it only took him an hour to find his dad had died in a villain attack.

“That sucks, Little Listener, but we’ll get in touch with your mom and let her know you’re here!” Present Mic said. “I’m sure she’ll be worried since you didn’t come home after school.”

Izuku let out a sad laugh, “No, I don’t think she even noticed I wasn’t home.”

--

Hizashi wanted to cry at the listener’s tone! He sounded so sad! No, this was not okay, he had to fix this! Maybe his mom is just really busy, and the Little Listener just doesn’t understand? Please, please let that be the case.

“I’ll still try to call her and see if she can come see you. Do you know her number?” The listener, Midoriya, gave him his mom’s number, and Hizashi excused himself to call her.

After a few rings, the phone was answered. “Hello?”

“Midoriya Inko? I’m Pro Hero Present Mic, I’m at the hospital with your son, he was injured in—” Hizashi was interrupted by the woman.

“Is he dead?” she asked.

“No, fortunately he lived! He was in surgery for a few hours before—”

“If he’s not dead, then I don’t care. Call back if he dies.” And with that, she hung up on him.

‘*What…? Did she really just…?’* Hizashi didn’t know what to do at that, so he walked back into the kid’s room, with a shellshocked expression on his face.

“I told you, didn’t I?” Midoriya asked bitterly, and Hizashi looked up at him. “That look, she flat out told you she didn’t care, didn’t she?”

And yes. Yes, she had. That just stoked the rage in Hizashi’s soul, he was NOT going to allow this to continue! “I need to make another call, excuse me.” If this woman doesn’t want her kid, well, Hizashi had been trying to talk Shouta into adopting a kid for a few years now, what better timing? This kid needs a home, and he wants a kid.

Shouta had been holding out for his rooftop baby, but they can always just adopt two kids, there's no limit on the love he can provide! If Hizashi is able to love Shouta's grumpy ass, he can love two kids! Hell, he can love three! He's not gonna lie, if they had the chance to adopt Datastream, they'd both take it in a heartbeat.

Shouta picked up the phone on the first ring. He must not have really started his patrol yet. "Zashi, are you alright? You never call once I've started my patrol."

"I'm in a level of rage I don't think I've ever experienced, and I need you to just blindly agree with what I'm going to suggest, because if you don't, I'm doing it anyways," he told Shouta.

"I am going to regret this so much," Shouta said hesitantly, "but what am I agreeing to?"

"I've got what I need to get the kid I saved earlier today placed into emergency foster services, and I'm going to be bringing him home with me tonight, I'm going to use my emergency license. I'm also going to do everything in my power to take him away from his mother permanently, this tiny green baby is *mine* now." Hizashi took a breath and let it out slowly. "I know you were holding out on that other kid, but this boy's mother told me she didn't care her son was in the hospital and to only bother her if he died. I can't leave him with her, Shou, I just can't!"

A few silent seconds passed before Shouta said anything, and Hizashi was starting to get nervous. Was Shouta going to agree? Say no? Would he be upset that Zashi was making this decision without him?

After what felt like an eternity, Shou said, "Alright, I suppose I'll meet

you at the hospital to meet our new son."

Hizashi did not squeal. He did NOT! There is no proof!

He re-entered the kid's room with the biggest grin on his face, and briefly wondered why the kid was the one with the shell-shocked expression this time. "So good news, Listener! You're going to be coming home with me!"

Tsukauchi looked startled at that. "What? Since when?"

"Just roll with it, Tsuka, ya dig? This green baby is mine now, Shou's already said yes, so just get the paperwork started for me, yeah?"

"You can't just kidnap kids, Mic," Tsuka started, but was cut off by the kid asking one of the most heartbreaking questions ever.

"You really want me?"

"Oh baby bean, yes, I really want you! I mean, look at you! You're the most adorable baby bunny I've ever seen, and your mom clearly doesn't know what she's missing out on! Anyone would be lucky to have you as their kid! I'm the one lucky enough to have first claim!" Hizashi had taken the kid's hand by this point. "If you decide you don't want to stay with me and my husband, that's fine, and we'll find a good home for you, but I can promise you right here and now, I will be keeping tabs on you for the rest of forever!"

Midoriya smiled at him, and it was as if the very sun was shining through this kid's face!

--

The detective left the room and started making whatever phone calls would be needed, and Izuku was left in the room with Present Mic.

Izuku still couldn't believe it, and he was of course listening in on the call when Mic was talking to first his mother and then later Eraserhead. They were really going to take him in. They wanted to take him away from his mom.

They wanted to keep him!

Izuku was so happy, but so confused at the same time. He hadn't even told them what his quirk was, what if they decided that it was too weak to live with them? Mic said Eraser was holding out for a different kid, so if he wasn't good enough, would they replace him? Then he'd end up at a foster home anyways.

'Don't think of what can go wrong, think of what is going right!' Izuku thought to himself.

"So, I know your name now, but you don't know mine yet!" Mic stated. "My name is Yamada Hizashi! And my husband is Aizawa Shouta, he'll be here soon to meet you."

Izuku nodded, still unsure on what to do. Happy, yes, hopeful too, but still unsure.

"How about we play a little game," Mic- Hizashi suggested. "We can

ask each other questions to get to know each other! I'll ask something, then you ask, and we go back and forth until Shouta gets in and we can start over!"

"Oh, uh, sure?"

"Alright! Listener, what's your favorite color?" Hizashi grinned.

"Uh, well I really like a lot of colors, but I think my favorite would be," Izuku thought of the red lights, the ones belonging to the heroes on the HeroNet Coms, "red. My turn?" Hizashi nodded and so Izuku asked, "Why do you call everyone 'Listener' all the time?"

Hizashi laughed at that. "Shouta used to gripe at me all the time for that! Okay, so it's a little bit of a story, so strap in!"

"When I was still in school, in my third year, I was trying to figure out all the finer details of my hero persona. I had already decided on the DJ theme, so I had to be loud and over the top, which, honestly, not that much different from the regular me, but I wanted to have something other than just "hey everyone" for a greeting when I showed up. It took me MONTHS! Literal MONTHS to come up with something, and then one of our friends, Ingenium, said that when I talked no one had a choice BUT to listen to me since I was so loud, so why not call everyone listeners? I took it and ran!" he laughed at that.

"I kept forgetting it though and kept slipping back into 'everyone' so I started using 'Listeners' while out of costume too to build the habit. Now, well, it is a habit! Even when out of costume I call everyone a Listener." He shrugged. "My turn! What's your favorite food?"

"Katsudon!" Izuku stated excitedly. "I haven't had it in a long time, but it's always been my favorite!"

“Really? Well, you’d never believe it, but I’m pretty good in the kitchen, so when we get home, I’ll make it for you! I think I have all the ingredients,” he thought for a minute and then said, “If I don’t, I’ll send Shouta out to get what I need.”

Okay, maybe getting the shit beaten out of him was a good thing! He’ll be away from his mom, he told the detective about Kacchan while Mic – Hizashi – was on the phone with Eraser – Shouta – so there was a good chance he’d never have to deal with him again, and now he’s going to get Katsudon for diner!

“Okay, my turn!” Izuku thought for a moment and then asked, “What’s your favorite animal?”

“Cats!” he laughed. “I used to not have a favorite, but then I started dating Shou, and he’s always got a cat with him at home, and he acts just like a cat, and you never know if he really likes you, like a cat, and just when you’re sure he hates you he comes over and snuggles up forcing you to pet him! He’s the best ever and I started loving cats because they remind me of my grumpy ass husband!” His smile was extremely fond as he talked about his husband, and Izuku was excited to meet him in person.

He knew Eraserhead, but was that just his hero persona? Maybe he was different in his normal life, if this cat man Hizashi is talking about is anything to go on.

“Little Listener, what’s YOUR favorite animal?” Hizashi asked.

“I haven’t really been around all that many, but I do like cats too. They’re cute! And there are so many cute cat videos out there!”

“I bet you and Shouta will have a lot of cuddle sessions with cat videos,” Hizashi predicted. “I know we do that a lot on weekends, so we’ll just drag you into the middle of our cuddlefest!”

There was a knock on the door before Izuku could ask another question, and when the door opened Eraser- Shouta stepped in. He took one look at Izuku and grinned. “Hey there, rooftop kid, you still into stargazing?”

“WHAT?! My tiny green baby is also your Rooftop Kid?! YEAaaaah!” Shouta erased Hizashi’s quirk right as he got started, but that didn’t stop him. “I knew you’d be the perfect addition to our family! Shou’s been looking for you for years, Little Listener!”

With a sigh, Shouta came over and took the seat Tsukauchi had been sitting in earlier. “Yeah, I have. And I guess since you’re here, that means I was right two years ago when I felt you had a shit homelife.”

“T-THAT’S why you kept coming back?!” Izuku exclaimed. “I thought you just thought I was suicidal or something. Which I’m not! And never have been!”

“You,” Shouta paused, thoughtful expression on his face, “you knew I kept coming?”

“Well, yeah. I mean- oh, shit,” Izuku realized he had just given himself away. He’d have to tell them he was Datastream now, there was no other real way for him to know that the extremely stealth-heavy Underground Pro Eraserhead had been keeping tabs on him otherwise.

“Um, if I said the way I knew was *slightly* less than legal, but that I was working on a way to *make* it legal, would that put a damper on things?” Izuku asked nervously.

“Absolutely not,” Hizashi said instantly. “You’re my tiny green baby now, and I’m not going to let something like illegal activities – unless it’s murder, that’s a big no-no – stand in the way of taking my green baby home!”

“Same answer, less enthusiasm,” Shouta deadpanned.

“Okay. Well, here goes.” Izuku took a deep breath to steady his nerves and then tapped into every speaker in the room – both pro’s phones, the call button on his bed, the TV against the wall – and said through them, “Yo guys, Datastream here, how's it hanging?"

Silence. That deep, uncomfortable silence that makes a person want to run is what he was met with, for like an hour!

Well, okay, more like a minute, but still.

“TRIFECTA OF PERfection!” Shouta erased his quirk but that will never stop this level of excitement. “I was thinking earlier when I told Shou I wanted to keep you that we could take in three kids, my green baby, Shou’s rooftop kid, and Data if we could ever get you to trust us enough with your name! And you’re all three kids in one! If you didn’t have broken ribs, I’d be hugging you right now!”

Shouta’s grin was creepy as hell when he said, “Again, same answer, less enthusiasm.”

Chapter End Notes

> Oh, you thought the reveal was Shouta finding out Izuku was his nephew? Yeah, not gonna lie, so did I. This chapter fought me! I had to delete and rewrite it like 7 times before I was happy with it. □□□□ \(°□°)/ □ □□□

Inko was supposed to be there so Shouta could go off on her, and she said "No, I can't be bothered." And as if that wasn't bad enough, I tried to stay in Izuku's POV at the start, but he was being stupid. Let's just say this is one of the deleted scenes.

-- Texting between Mic and Data --

m- need a favor
d- k shoot
m- need information on this kid
m- come on
m- please
m- help me help him
m- i want to help
m- you won't let me help you
m- let me help him

Izuku just shouts out loud, "For the love of FUCK stop spamming me Mic! I ignored you just fine the first time!"

And yeah, that was a good way, but what came naturally after that was NOT how I wanted to do that. ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Everything just went smoothly after I let Hizashi take over, though.

ALSO!!!!

Thank you everyone for all your comments! I truly read them all and I can tell you it makes me all warm and fuzzy inside! (◕◕)♡

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Okay, so for real this time, the full reveal!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Favorite color?”

“Yellow. You?”

“Red. Favorite animal?”

“Cats. You?”

“Makes sense. Same. Favorite food?”

“Jelly. You?”

“Clarifying question: favorite flavor?”

“Cherry. Same question.”

“Katsudon. Favorite season?”

Izuku and Shouta were doing the same question and answer session that he had done with Hizashi, but Shouta was being very unoriginal in his questions and answers. This was the first time he had to pause

for an answer, and Izuku was hoping he could get a decent reply this time. “Fall. You?” Nope.

“Ugh, no I want a reason why?” Izuku complained.

Laughing, Hizashi said, “Oh, I know this one! Winter is too cold for his night patrols, spring is too rainy, and summer is too hot to sleep during the day!”

“Well, he’s not wrong,” Shouta shrugged.

Detective Tsukauchi choose that moment to return, holding all the paperwork necessary for the two heroes to take temporary guardianship of Izuku. As he handed them over, the two pros started reading.

“Hold up,” Shouta suddenly stood, eyes wide. “Midoriya? Your name is Midoriya and your mom’s name is Inko?”

“Um, yes? Oops, I forgot to introduce myself properly, huh? That maybe should have been your first question,” Izuku laughed.

Shouta’s wide eyes slowly started to narrow and he was legitimately growling now, making everyone in the room shiver in fear. “Dead. She’s fucking dead. I’m going to kill her.”

“Uh, Shou, babe, what-“

Shota looked at Hizashi, cutting him off with his glare alone. “Zashi,

my sister's name is Midoriya Inko." Looking back to Izuku he asked, "Your quirk, is it a brain mutation with electrical elements?"

Izuku nodded. "Are-… are you the uncle that mom said is a villain too lazy to get a real job? I-I mean, c-clearly I know s-she's w-wrong about t-that, but-" Izuku stammered out.

"Yes, that's me." Shouta sat back down in his chair. He ran his hand down his face, tamping down on his anger. "Alright, so here's what we're going to do. Data—no, Tsukauchi, you are going to find Inko and arrest her. I know you have enough for that, right?"

"Question!" Izuku interrupted. "Why did you stop yourself from asking me?"

"You are aware that using your quirk the way you do is technically illegal, right?" Shouta asked.

"Only kinda, but not really? I mean, yeah, the hacking is a grey area, but I normally am not in public when I *really* use it, so no public quirk usage, and even if I was in public, no one can tell! Like, can you tell right now that I'm using it?"

"You are?" Hizashi asked.

"Yup! And you can't tell! I am really good about multitasking normally, except for when I need to fully dive in, like what I did earlier today at that apartment bomb thing. When I'm just looking for information, it's super easy to just run a search and leave it alone, but when I'm actively following cameras throughout a city, jumping from one to another, tapping in to the HN Coms to listen and talk to you, and then keeping an eye on the villains and victims, and calling in EMT, and calling police for the takedowns, well, that's when it gets to

be a bit much." Izuku nervously grins. "I can't do that and maintain full consciousness. That's why I usually am only on for nights and weekends, when I'm not at school."

Tsukauchi is standing there, staring at Izuku with a look between shock and horror. "Oh gods, I've just met Datastream. I need to sit," and sit he did, right there. On the floor.

"Well, it seems he's a little distracted, so it's a good thing I was looking for whatever info you would need on my mom, right?" Izuku cocked his head to the side, eyes slightly glazed over. "Oh, Mic, I think she may not have been thinking clearly when she answered the phone earlier," Izuku directed to Zashi. "She just bought a plane ticket out of the country, she's going to Italy. She realized she messed up." With a devious grin, Izuku looked at Shouta. "Want me to flag her for customs so she can't leave?"

Shouta answered with an equally devious grin. "Yes. And we'll have her brought back for questioning."

"It's a little scary just how you're able to do all that," Hizashi said, awestruck.

"I know, right? The first time I watched my mentor do something like that left me speechless! He's training me on how to do this stuff quicker, and more efficiently. That's what I mean about how I'm working on making my less than legal activities legal! My mentor is helping me to get an Intelligence License. He says I'll be ready for the provisional license soon."

Shouta looked at him with that 'I'm-done-with-the-world' look of his and then said, "Is your mentor rat-shaped?"

“Yes! My mentor is Nedzu, the Rat God! He’s been teaching me the best and most efficient ways to gather information. He wants to meet me in person to learn more about my quirk, since I still don’t know everything about it, but I keep putting it off to keep my identity secret.” Izuku gave a wry look at Shouta. “I’ve never been to a quirk counselor, so I’ve had to figure out my quirk on my own, and I know there’s a *lot* I haven’t managed to touch on.”

“Intelligence License. You aren’t planning to be a Hero?” Hizashi asked.

“Nope. Quirk’s really poorly suited for that,” Izuku muttered. “I used to want to be a hero, though.”

Shouta and Hizashi shared a look before Shouta said, “That’s a topic to revisit later, but for now, just make sure Inko can’t leave the country. Tsukauchi,” he directed the last bit to the detective who was just now getting over the shock of meeting Datastream in person, “can you go pick her up when she’s caught?”

“Y-yeah, I’ll go get her.” He stood up from the floor and stopped on his way out the door. “Uh, should I call you Midoriya or Datastream?”

With a brilliant grin he said, “Unless I’m Streaming, call me Izuku!”

--

The two pros had signed Izuku out of the hospital and they had made it home. They got to the front door and Shouta stopped them. “Okay, so we have three cats – Coffee, Cream, and Sugar. They’re all from the same litter, and they’re nine years old.”

“I’ve never seen a cat up close,” Izuku said. “What should I do?”

“Well,” Hizashi stepped in, “you might want to avoid the pure white one. That’s Sugar, and contrary to her name, she’s not sweet at all. She’s a little demon! And along those lines, the black one is Coffee, and he’s the cuddliest little shit you’ll ever meet! Cream is the black and white one, and he only likes Shouta.”

“He’d like you too if you would shut up and sit still for more than ten minutes,” Shouta grumbled. “But the thing with cats is you want to ignore them and let them come to you. If you try to find them constantly, they’ll start to avoid you. You can try to buy their trust quicker with treats, but Cream and Sugar are on diets. Zashi keeps trying to buy their love.”

“Key word ‘trying’ I take it?” Izuku asks with a smirk.

“Nine years and counting, he won’t admit to failure.”

The walked into the apartment and were greeted by two cats, the ones Izuku identified as Coffee and Cream. Coffee looked right up at Izuku and he knelt down to offer a hand, like he had seen in online videos, and the cat sniffed him and then butted his hand.

“He likes you,” Shouta said. “Not surprising for him, Coffee loves just about anyone with a pulse. The real test will come with Sugar.”

“Don’t get your hopes up,” Hizashi hissed, glaring down the hallway. Izuku looked that way and saw a beautiful white cat with blue eyes glaring equally at Hizashi.

“Oh, she’s beautiful!” Izuku whispered.

“Yeah, and she likes being appreciated from a distance. Come on, I’ll show you to your room.” They walked further into the apartment, Shouta showing Izuku the layout while Hizashi went to the kitchen to get dinner started.

--

The next morning found Izuku sitting on the sofa in the front room waiting for the two pros to wake up. He hadn’t heard any communications to Eraser stating she had been brought to the station, and he was curious. Had the detective simply decided not to call that late? His mother should have been at the airport by now, but nothing.

‘Where are you?’ Izuku thought to himself as he noticed the flight his mother had booked had taken off without her, but that her passport hadn’t been dinged. She never went to the airport.

“Oooh, a *challenge,*” Izuku whispered as he fully dived into the Stream. He had to locate one person in a country full of people, since he knows his mother most likely has left the city.

A few hours later, Shouta trudged out of the bedroom and shuffled to the coffee maker. After turning it on, he turned to Izuku. “How long have you been awake, kid?”

Izuku didn’t answer, deeply immersed into his Stream, his eyes fully glazed over and twitching slightly. Shouta had never seen something like this and he almost wanted to try to Erase the kid’s quirk to make sure he was okay, but decided to try something else first.

JustLetMeSleep – *Data, you okay over there?*

Datastream – *huh? Oh, yeah. My mom didn't show up at the airport, so I'm searching for her.*

Japan is a huge country, you know

And she's not in Musutafu anymore.

But hell if I know where she is

I think I'm missing something obvious

I might need to ask RatGod for help

JustLetMeSleep – *okay, well, I just wanted to make sure you were okay. You're looking out of it*

Datastream – *yeah, I told you last night that I lose full consciousness when I'm in the Stream*

This is what I meant.

I'm fine, if you need me, you can call or text

I'll see that, but you can do anything to my physical body right now and I won't know it, my mind isn't there

Maybe if you erased my quirk I'd be back, but I'd really prefer you didn't do that right now

I'm 300 kilometers out of Musutafu right now and I don't even want to know what it'd feel like to be forcefully slammed back from that.

JustLetMeSleep – *okay, well good luck, I guess*

I'll let you know when breakfast is ready

Datastream – *k thanks*

Shouta put his phone away and poured the coffee. Glancing at the kid he noticed that Sugar had jumped up to the couch next to him and was cautiously approaching him. She carefully got on his lap and started purring, the kid completely unaware of the fact he had been blessed.

"That is creepy as hell," Hizashi said as he walked in, looking at Izuku. "He's definitely your nephew."

Shouta shoved him and went to sit at the counter, still watching Izuku. "We're still keeping him."

"Naturally," Hizashi answered as he started pulling out ingredients for breakfast. It looked like he was going to do pancakes. "Just means we'll be uncles instead of dads. Or we could be uncles *and* dads! Or I can be dad, and you can be uncle! The possibilities are endless!"

Shouta snorted but didn't reply otherwise. "Sugar likes him," he said instead.

"WHAT?!" Hizashi shrieked and turned to look again at Izuku, noticing Sugar on his lap for the first time, glaring at him. "My tiny green baby has been blessed!"

As Hizashi went back to getting breakfast made, Shouta couldn't help but try to wrap his mind around the fact that this kid, his Rooftop Kid, Datastream, was his nephew. His nephew who had been subjected to his sister's care for far too long.

“FUCK!” Izuku shouted out, just as Shouta was about to text him to let him know breakfast was ready. “I can’t find her! What the hell!?” He was about to stand up when he noticed the white cat on his lap. “Oh. Hello.” Sugar simply closed her eyes and looked as though she went to sleep.

“How are you searching?” Shouta asked. “Maybe I can give some ideas?”

Izuku threw his head back against the couch. “I put out a facial recognition program Nedzu taught me a few weeks ago, hoping to find her, it’s running on all of the street cameras in the country. I also have a program set to alert me if she uses any of her bank cards, and another looking for her car.”

“That’s. . . that’s probably what I’d suggest, to be honest. I’m not sure what else you can really do.” Shouta was impressed.

“I was looking manually through a bunch of cameras throughout a few cities, just in case she had on a disguise. Ugh, and now I have a headache. 0/10, do NOT recommend looking at five thousand, three hundred, and seventeen cameras at the same time for four hours while running multiple background searches.” Izuku massaged his temples, still careful not to dislodge the cat.

Hizashi and Shouta traded a glance, with Hizashi mouthing, ‘*Five thousand?!’*

“Well,” Shouta recovered first. “When you’re ready for breakfast, it’s done.”

“Mmm. Thanks. Do you have anything for a headache?”

--

Datastream – *hey Nedzu, I am looking for someone, and I think I'm missing something obvious*

Help?

RatGod – *why hello Data! Who are you looking for and what have you done to locate them?*

Datastream – *I'm looking for my mom. I put out the facial recognition live search program you taught me a few weeks ago, hoping to find her, it's running on all of the street cameras in the country. I also have a program set to alert me if she uses any of her bank cards, and another looking for her car.*

RatGod – *impressive. But you are right, you may have overlooked something.*

Datastream – *I knew it, what did I miss?*

RatGod – *she has a cellphone, does she not?*

"I am a freaking moron!" Izuku yelled out.

Chapter End Notes

RAT GOD HAS ENTERED THE STORY!!!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shouta cracked open one eye to look at his nephew sitting on the couch, Sugar lazily accepting chin scratches while Cream was draped over his shoulders purring like an engine. “You know Zashi is going to be jealous when he sees you with both Cream and Sugar, right?”

“They are sweet baby kitties!” Izuku cooed at the cats. “Such sweet little angels!”

Shouta couldn’t hold back the snort if he tried. Which he didn’t. “You’ve been really quiet over there, what are you doing?”

“Oh, just re-watching Kacchan get arrested,” Izuku giggled. “He’s trying to deny that he did anything wrong, and everyone has always said he’s perfect, so there’s no way he *could* be doing anything wrong. Oh, this is my favorite part, when Mic shows up and tells him and his mom to shut up with just a *hint* of quirk.”

“How many times have you watched that?” Shouta asks.

“Not enough.” Shouta raises an eyebrow at him. “Okay, it’s like this – when I go back to school and Kacchan’s not there, people are going to ask questions, and they might find out that he was arrested because he almost killed me, and then the bullying is just going to get worse, because they’re going to blame me. Tsubasa will probably take Kacchan’s place, and if he doesn’t then some of the teachers will.”

“Teachers?” Shouta sits up from where he was laying on the couch,

dislodging Coffee. “Have the teachers been abusing you too?”

“Well. . . it’s more mental from them. They encourage the others and purposely turn a blind eye to it all. I haven’t managed to figure out how to save a copy of the camera footage, they delete it at the end of the day if it had any proof of the bullying.”

When Shouta didn’t say anything, Izuku continued, “Quirk discrimination, you know? My quirk’s real weak, so I’m the school’s punching bag. That’s just how it is.”

“Your quirk is not weak,” Shouta said. “Do you even realize just how strong it is?”

Izuku laughed softly. “I do. Yeah. But I can’t tell just anyone about it. I *know* what I can do. Can you imagine what would happen if instead of helping you catch villains, I was helping villains hunt heroes? If I told just anyone what I could do, I’m sure I’d be kidnapped within a day. So I just say I can see electrical signals. Battery charges, live wires, malfunctioning toasters. I *tell* everyone I’m weak, so they *think* I’m weak.”

“So you let them abuse you.”

Izuku sadly nods. “I’d rather get abused than used to hunt my favorite heroes.”

“Then why did you tell Tsukauchi who you are?”

“Well,” Izuku let out a small giggle, “part of that may have been the concussion talking, but part of it was probably the fact that he’s him. I

mean, Tsuka's the best! I've worked with him almost as much as I have you, I send him information to help solve his cases all the time!"

Shouta smiles softly. "You trust him, don't you?"

Izuku nods again. "Yeah. And seeing him slap those cuffs onto Kacchan on repeat just makes me like him more!"

--

"Kid, you really should be here," Shouta said through the earpiece he had, communicating with his nephew.

"Nope," came Izuku's reply. "I don't want to see her in person again. I found her, sent her location, watched her as she ran and gave her location updates to FlowerBox – who I must say I have decided I *don't* like – so I think I've more than earned the right to never see her again."

"Fair enough."

Shouta walked into the interrogation room to meet his sister face to face for the first time in sixteen years. She looked a little different from how he remembered her, but not enough to where he couldn't recognize her.

Inko looked up from the detective across from her to look at Shouta and he could tell she recognized him. After all, he did look almost exactly like their father.

“What are you doing here, Shouta?” she sneered. “Unless you’re here to bail me out-“

He interrupted her with a glare. “Do you have any idea just how much shit you’ve found yourself in?” She didn’t reply. “Izuku has told us everything you’ve done to him. All of the abuse, neglect, and trauma you’ve allowed to happen to that boy.”

“Since when do you care?” she hissed at him. “I tried to give him to you eight years ago, and you ignored me, you ignored *him!* So don’t come back to me now pretending you care! You had your chance to help him when he was four!”

“Don’t you *dare* try to push this onto me, Inko!” Shouta growled, voice starting to rise a little. “You told me to train him, I’m not a quirk counselor! You demanded I meet you in the middle of the day, when I need to be asleep for my night shifts, I offered to meet you for an early morning breakfast instead, which *you* refused!”

“Do you have any idea how hard it is to get a four-year-old kid up at six in the morning?! No, you don’t, you never cared about how things are for me!”

“You’re right, I was too busy protecting myself from you and your toxic bullshit to want to willingly subject myself to all that again! And I refuse to allow Izuku to have to put up with you anymore. You’re never going to see him again!”

“Good! I was hoping he’d be dead by now, but I know better than to do it myself. Wouldn’t want to end up a villain like *you*!”

“What the fuck makes you think I’m a villain?! Just because my quirk is a mutation?!” Shouta yelled at her.

Detective Tsukauchi decided that would be a good place to step in and said, “Aizawa is a Pro Hero, Midiriya-san.”

Inko was glaring so hard at Shouta it took a minute for the detective’s words to register, but when they did, “Bullshit! He’s got a villain’s quirk!”

“I am not joking. Aizawa is one of the best Underground Heroes in the country,” Tsukauchi said while Shouta smirked at his sister.

“Whatever.” After a moment she continued in a much calmer tone. “We couldn’t have afforded a quirk counselor anyways,” Inko stated, trying to find some way to redeem herself, not realizing there was no redemption for her from these two men.

“Yet you never mentioned that to me. As a pro hero, I could have afforded to send him to a quirk counselor. Even if *I* couldn’t, Hizashi could have.”

“That’s the whole reason I couldn’t afford it!” Inko yelled, “Hisashi left me!”

“Oh, right, we both married men with nearly the same name. I was talking about *my* Hizashi.” Shouta paused a moment, and then muttered, “I wonder if that’s why Izuku won’t call him by name?”

“*Ding ding!”* Izuku’s voice comes from the com Shouta almost forgot he was still wearing. “*Mic will probably always be Mic to me. I’m not going to call him by a name I have bad memories of.”*

--

Izuku was done watching the scene between his mom and his uncle. And he was still having a heck of a time believing that. Eraserhead, *THE ERASERHEAD*, was his uncle! And he wanted to keep him!

Every time Izuku thought of that, he grinned. He really should have accepted his help the first time he offered, but he was too scared of all the ways things could have gone wrong to imagine all the ways it could have gone right.

He was brought out of his thoughts by an incoming text.

RatGod – *favorite chaos child!*

Datastream – *hey there Nedzu! How's my favorite RatGod today?*

RatGod – *I'm doing well, with the potential to do better!*

Datastream – *anything I can do to help with that?*

RatGod – *I heard your school needs to be burned to the ground. Would you let me have the honors of lighting the match?*

Datastream – *oh of course! But only if you let me watch every move you make* ψ(ˆΦ∀Φˆ)ψ

RatGod – *certainly! What kind of mentor would I be if I didn't show you*

exactly how to destroy an opponent? \ ʕ •ᴥ•ʔ /

--

“Shou, after learning about that school, there is no way I’m letting my Tiny Green Baby go back to Aldera. He’s changing schools,” Hizashi said, running his fingers through Shouta’s hair as the two were watching as Izuku was immersed in his Stream, apparently watching as their boss Nedzu lit Aldera on fire from a legal standpoint.

“Agreed. I was already looking at others. Nabu is the closest school to us.”

Chapter End Notes

First: I don't like how this chapter turned out, but I need to get past it so I can get to the rest of the story.

Second: I apologize for how short this chapter is! I promise to make it up to you all in the next one.

From the chapter Hizashi showed up to save Izuku to the end of this chapter, all of that was supposed to be one chapter according to my outline. That was too long, so I split it up into multiple chapters. Thanks to that, though, I don't want to make this longer since it'll cut into the next part.

Also - anti-climactic, I know, the whole part about the arrests. I don't like it. I may eventually re-write this chapter, but for now, just know Inko is no longer making an appearance. Might be mentioned, but who knows.

Note - I said INKO will no longer be making an appearance. Bakugou most likely will. Not 100% on it though, it depends on how well he takes to his therapy, you know, the therapy Izuku doesn't care enough about to mention.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> I am updating back to back here, there was a chapter yesterday. (♡´ω`♡)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aldera Middle School Burns To The Ground Days After Lawsuit

First responders arrived at Aldera Middle School yesterday to find the school engulfed in flames. Currently there is no word as to how the fire was started, but this comes mere days after the school had been found to be discriminating against students with weak or non-useful quirks.

Shouta read the article with a sadistic grin. He knew it was a good idea to tell the rat that his nephew's school was shit. He took another sip of his coffee as he waited for Izuku to come to the kitchen for breakfast. Today was the first day of his new school, and he and Zashi were going to be taking him. Shouta knew Izuku was nervous, after what happened at Aldera, neither pro could blame him for being apprehensive.

"G'morning, Uncle," Izuku yawned, giving Shouta a quick hug on the way to the coffee pot.

"Morning, Zuku. Pancakes are in the microwave," Shouta said. "Zashi should be done getting ready soon, so eat up."

"Mmm. Mic's pancakes are the best!" Izuku happily got three pancakes and sat at the table, drizzling syrup on his breakfast.

"You ready for today?" he asked. "You know we can always just have

you attend online school."

"Thanks, but I want to do this. I spend enough time online."

Hizashi chose that moment to come into the kitchen, fully decked out in his Present Mic garb. "Good morning, my Tiny Green Baby!" he said and gave Izuku a hug and a kiss to the top of his head.

"Hey Mic! Thanks for the pancakes!"

"It's a big day and I know you like my pancakes. Can you believe Shou was going to just do a plain, everyday breakfast? Like, miso and rice is good and all, but this is a special day!" Zashi exclaimed. "My wonderful husband is so boring."

"I'm right here, Zashi," Shouta deadpanned.

"Uncle, Mic's got a point, you are a bit boring." The little shit had the audacity to smirk at him as he took another bite of pancake.

Zashi squealed as he gave Izuku a tight hug. "This right here is my favorite child!"

Izuku hugged him back with a huge grin.

"Oh, before I forget," Shouta said as he picked up a few papers and handed them to Izuku. "The adoption is official. All you have to do now is pick a name. You can remain-"

“Aizawa,” Izuku interrupted instantly. “Aizawa Izuku. I’ve been thinking about it for a while.”

“Okay. Aizawa Izuku.” Shouta’s smile was soft, nothing like his normal one.

“Can I be Papa or Uncle Mic instead of just Mic now?” Hizashi begged Zuku with his puppy eyes.

“We’ll see.”

--

“M-my name is A-aizawa I-izuku,” Izuku stood in front of his new class, introducing himself and mentally cursing his nervous stutter. “My q-quirk is c-called S-signal V-view. I c-can see e-electrical signals.” Not entirely a lie, and since his quirk registry was never updated, that is what his quirk was technically registered as.

“Thank you, Aizawa-kun, please take a seat at that empty desk by the window behind Shinsou-kun,” the teacher said. Izuku dutifully went to the open desk and sat behind the kid with the gravity defying purple hair.

Izuku was only halfway paying attention to the class, while the rest of his attention was spent reading an advanced coding book Nedzu had sent him the other day. Nedzu had been trying to get Izuku to create his own programs and not to rely on ones that had already been created. Izuku was finding the book to be quite informational, and he could easily see how this could help him.

When the bell rang for lunch, Izuku took out his bento and stayed at his desk, not really wanting to interact with his classmates just yet. He was sure that they wouldn't be as bad as the classmates from Aldera, since Kac-Bakugou wasn't here to turn them all against him, but some habits just don't die.

One boy with flowing blue hair walked up to him. "Hey there, Aizawa-kun, right? I'm Moreno. The first thing you should know about this class is that you shouldn't ever talk to Shinsou. You shouldn't even sit near him outside of class time," he said.

"U-um, why?" Izuku looked up at Shinsou's back in time to see him hunching into himself. "He h-hasn't done anything?"

"Not yet, maybe," Moreno replied, "but he's a villain, so it's only a matter of time before he brainwashes you. Better to avoid him. Come on, you can have lunch with us." Moreno gestured for him to follow but Izuku didn't get up.

"I t-think I'll j-just stay here. U-until he gives m-me a r-reason, I'm not g-going to treat him a-any different t-than anyone e-else. I d-don't like q-quirk d-discrimination." Izuku felt as though he might have signed his own death warrant with those words, but he wasn't going to just sit here and be a part of this.

After all, he'd heard from Mic about the kind of quirk discrimination his uncle had gone through for having a 'villainous quirk' and he would be damned if he was going to take part in that same discrimination.

Moreno just shrugged and walked off, with a parting comment. "When he brainwashes you, don't say I didn't warn you."

There was silence between Izuku and Shinsou for a while, before Shinsou turned around to look at him. “If there was a reason for you to say all that, I’d like to know what it is.”

“Oh,” Izuku started, “my u-uncle has a q-quirk that m-many people claim is v-villainous, but he’s o-one of my favorite people. I c-can’t in good conscious t-treat you like a v-villain without being a h-hypocrite.” Izuku gave him his brilliant sunshine smile.

Shinsou stared at him for a moment, squinting slightly at just how bright his smile was and then said, “My quirk is called Brainwash. If you verbally reply to a question, I can control you.”

“Cool! I wish m-my quirk was useful l-like that! I used t-to want t-to b-be a h-hero, but my quirk i-is more o-of a d-distraction t-than anything. I c-constantly see electrical s-signals. Oh! Is t-that why you are posing questions a-as statements?”

“Yes. Unless you know JSL,” he said, with a raised eyebrow, making it a question, without making it a question at the same time.

“I do! My P-papa is almost c-completely deaf, so I m-made sure to learn!” Izuku had learned Present MIc was hard of hearing last year, the first time he tried to tap into Mic’s HN Com and saw that it was filtered through his hearing aids. That was interesting to figure out back then.

Shinsou’s eyes widened, and he signed, “*You’re the first person to know sign outside my family.”*

“Maybe we can be friends?”

“You’re really cool with me having a villainous quirk?” he asked.

Izuku replied to that out loud, losing his stutter in his earnestness. “There is *no such thing* as a villainous quirk, Shinsou-kun. Quirks are just tools, no different from a knife, or a hammer. You can use a knife to make a sandwich or kill someone. You can use a hammer to build a house, or to tear it down. A quirk is the same thing. Take Backdraft, for example, he could use his quirk to flood every building around, but instead he uses it to help the fire department put out fires.”

“*You’re really serious about this subject, aren’t you?”*

“I am. My favorite hero has a quirk that has been called villainous, but he’s one of the top Underground heroes in the country. I think he might even be the number one Underground Hero, but those rankings aren’t just available for just anyone to see.” Of course, Izuku *had* seen those rankings, and his uncle *is* the number one Underground hero in the country.

“*Are you talking about Eraserhead?”* Shinsou asked. “*He’s my favorite hero too!”*

After that, Shinsou and Izuku kept talking, Izuku’s stutter nowhere to be found.

--

Datastream – *uncle, Mic, I think I want to change my chat name. I just made a friend, and I don’t want him to know I’m Datastream.*

JustLetMeSleep – *you have a friend already?*

ICan'tHearYou – *Shou, be nice! Who are they?*

Datastream – *his name's Shinsou Hitoshi, and his favorite hero is Eraserhead. That's kind of how we bonded?*

One of the other kids warned me not to talk to Shinsou because he has a 'villainous quirk' and I called BS

I told him a quirk is just a tool no different from a knife or a hammer

JustLetMeSleep – *Zashi, I think I have the perfect nephew*

ICan'tHearYou – *our Tiny Green Baby is indeed perfect!*

Datastream - (/ /•/ω/•/ /)

But seriously, any suggestions on a new name? otherwise I'm going with either TinyGreenBaby or GreenGremlin

JustLetMeSleep – *fuck's sake*

Zuku

you can't just put things like that in the chat without warning

Zashi's scream just blew out the windows in the teacher's lounge

ICan'tHearYou – *MY BABY LOVES ME!!!!!*

Datastream – *eh, I like the name. it fits.*

Besides.

(Uncle, here's your warning)

I love my Papa Mic! ♡ ＼(￣ ▽ ￣) ／ ♡

JustLetMeSleep – *thanks for the warning. I was able to stop him from deafening the rest of the staff.*

He's still screaming, but at least it's at an acceptable level.

TinyGreenBaby – *Then until I get my official license, this is my new name.*

JustLetMeSleep – *that should just be your name for everything until you get tired of being a 'baby' and decide to embrace your inner gremlin*

You don't see the rest of us using our hero names

You shouldn't either

TinyGreenBaby – *huh… never thought about that*

JustLetMeSleep – *btw, aren't you in class? You should pay attention*

TinyGreenBaby – *you do realize I can do multiple things at once, right? Texting and paying attention to a lecture on pre-quirk history is super easy, I'm also reading a book on advanced coding I got from the RatGod*

--

Izuku got home an hour after his uncles did, with a huge smile on his

face. “Hey Uncle, Papa! How was your day?”

“It was fine, Zuku. How was yours? Tell me about this new friend you made,” Shouta requested, while tightening his hold on Hizashi, keeping him from tackling Izuku and clamping him in a hug. Zashi had duct tape covering his mouth and was making muffled screaming noises that were thankfully not quirked.

“Uh. Why does Papa have duct tape on his mouth?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

Shouta gave him a deadpan look. “You changed your chat name to TinyGreenBaby *and* called him Papa in the same conversation. He won’t shut up and I’m tired of using my quirk every thirty seconds.”

“Understandable.” Izuku’s smile came back at full brightness. “So, like I said earlier, his name’s Shinsou Hitoshi, and he’s a fan of yours, Uncle. His quirk is Brainwashing, so people avoid talking to him – that’s how he activates it, asking a question and getting a verbal reply. He prefers to sign to avoid accidently using his quirk, and even though I said I wasn’t worried about him using it on accident, he still is scared of talking out loud.”

“That could be a really useful quirk,” Shouta said.

“Uh huh, and he wants to be a hero, but he doesn’t have anyone to train with, and he doesn’t feel comfortable enough to get a membership to any of the local gyms.” Izuku looked Shouta directly in the eyes and said, “I wonder where I can find someone who mostly fights quirkless and would be willing to mentor a promising hero?”

“I don’t think you could be any less subtle if you tried,” Shouta huffed out a dry chuckle. “Okay, on one condition, though.”

“Okay?” Izuku said hesitatingly.

“You train along with him.”

Izuku stared at his uncle for a solid minute before saying, “You do know I don’t want to be a hero, right?”

“You said you used to want to be one.”

“Yeah, but that was before I started to really understand my quirk. I really can’t see myself as being useful as a hero with this quirk,” Izuku said.

“And why is that? You know that a quirk is just a tool, you don’t need it to fight. If you want to be a hero, you just need to work on your quirkless combat.”

Izuku closed his eyes and started searching the internet for a video of a laser light show. When he found one that was similar to what he wanted, he linked it to the television. “This is what my vision looks like, Uncle.” There were lasers of all colors, patterns, sizes and shapes. “Tell me, how am I supposed to focus on what’s in front of me when my vision is like this? When I tap into one of the signals and look through cameras, most of the lights are gone and I only see what’s on the camera’s screen.”

Shouta and Hizashi were both looking at the television in awe, they hadn’t ever thought what Izuku’s vision would be like, but this is definitely not what they could have ever imagined.

“If you want to teach me how to fight, fine, but I’ll never be able to truly focus on fighting. It’s just not something my quirk will let me do.” Izuku shrugged. “I stopped wanting to be a hero when I was seven, that’s when I realized I’d be a lot better at research and analysis. Shortly after I met you for the first time, I started looking at camera feeds, watching for when you were coming to my building. Over the course of a year, I learned how to track you through the city cameras, and how to gain access to the HeroNet Coms.”

“By the time I made first contact with you as Datastream, I knew my way to help people, to save people, was by doing this,” Izuku continued. “I’m not a hero. I will never be a hero. But I don’t need to be a hero anymore, not the same type you are, anyways. Nedzu is going to make me a hero like him, one who works with information and who can take over an emergency situation.”

“Like what you did at that apartment complex bombing the other week.” Shouta was wide eyed, looking at Izuku. It all made sense. Izuku knew what his strengths were and knew that his weakness was big enough to really hinder him in the field.

“Yeah. I’ll be an Intelligence Hero. I’ve come to really like doing this, too, so I’m not upset about not being able to be a regular hero anymore.” Izuku smiled. “I’ll learn how to fight, if you really want to teach me, but I’ll always stand back and let a real hero take care of any fights I might get into.”

Hizashi tapped Shouta’s hand and then signed for him to take the tape off his mouth. Shouta did.

“Baby,” Zashi said once the tape was gone, “if you don’t want to be a hero, that’s fine. I think what you’re doing as Datastream is still amazing and all but one hero I’ve spoken to about you loves you!”

With a devious grin, Izuku asked, “Oh, was Endeavor talking shit about me again?”

--

Todoroki Shouto nervously poked his head out of his bedroom when he heard his father’s angry yell and then the front door slam shut, his older sister frantically calling for him a moment later. He came out to see the entry way was on fire, so he used his ice to put it out.

“Fuyumi, what happened?” he asked her.

Natsuo was cackling in the kitchen, attracting Shouto’s attention. When he got there, he saw what his brother was laughing at.

In a box addressed to his father, was a fifteen-inch bright pink dildo and a note.

I found this replica of you, Endeavor! The likeness is uncanny!

-Datastream (♡´ω`♡)

Shouto joined his brother in his laughter. While he still admired All Might, Datastream was his new favorite hero.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I like this one a LOT more than yesterday's chapter!

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hey Shinsou, ready for another wonderful day of learning?” Izuku asked sarcastically as he ran up to his friend. They had been friends for a few days now, and Izuku was trying to figure out when the best time to invite him to his place would be.

‘*Oh, I can’t wait for all of the fun filled entertainment that is sure to await us in this beautiful institution of learning,”* came Shinsou’s equally sarcastic signed reply.

“You know, you *can* use your words with me, I promise not to bite, even if you accidently wash my brain. It’s filthy enough, I might even thank you for it,” Izuku said, managing to get a laugh out of his friend. “Meh, if you’re not gonna talk, you have to listen to whatever I say, and I don’t always make a lot of sense.”

“Fine,” Shinsou hesitantly said. “I’ll talk, but I won’t ask questions.”

“Good enough for now. I have a question for you, in any case.” Izuku turned to face his friend more fully and asked, “Want to come to my place this weekend? My Uncles wanna meet you.”

‘*Uncles?’*

“Yup, I live with my uncles. They’ve wanted to meet you since I first told them I had a friend.” Izuku rubbed the back of his neck and said, “I, uh, didn’t have any friends at my last school, so making one was sort of a big deal?”

“I could have sworn you said you live with your dad, though.” Shinsou stated in his not-a-question way.

“No, I live with my Uncle Shouta, and my Papa. They’re married, and they adopted me, but Uncle Shouta is my actual uncle. I used to call my real dad Dad, so I refuse to call my uncle Dad, bad memories and all that. And my Papa’s name is Hizashi, and my dad’s name was Hisashi, so I can’t call him Uncle Hizashi, or Uncle Zashi, ‘cause again, bad memories tied to the name.”

“Understood. Makes sense. So, this weekend. I don’t have any plans.”

With a grin Izuku said, “Good! Bring workout clothes!”

--

Izuku led Shinsou to the warehouse Shouta used for his own personal training, where he was going to be training the two boys.

TinyGreenBaby – *we’re almost there*

Be warned, I haven’t told him you’re Eraserhead yet, so he’s going to freak the fuck out

♡ \ (¯ ▽ ¯) / ♡

JustLetMeSleep – *problem creep. Just tell him, I deal with enough hysterics from Zashi, I don’t need that from the kid too*

TinyGreenBaby - ¯_(´◔ᴗ◔)_/¯

I haven't decided on my next Endeavor prank, so I have to keep myself amused somehow

JustLetMeSleep – *endeavor prank? Have you been pranking the no. 2 hero?*

TInyGreenBaby – *maybe.*

"Okay, so Shinsou, we're about to enter hell. Uncle is going to be a lot harder on you than me, 'cause, you know, you actually *want* to be a hero. Don't take it personally." Izuku grinned a grin he had learned from Shouta. "One day you'll thank me for this."

"I have the feeling that I should just turn and run now," Shinsou joked.

"Mmm, yeah, probably. Let's go!" Izuku grabbed his friend's sleeve and dragged him inside

"About time you got here, I was starting to think you got lost," Shouta deadpanned, drawing Shinsou's attention.

Izuku could see the second the gears in Shinsou's head clicked in to place and recognized his favorite hero. He turned to Izuku with wide eyes and yelled, "YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOUR UNCLE WAS *ERASERHEAD*!!!!!!!!!!"

"No, no I did not," Izuku replied smugly. "I wanted to see you do exactly this. And you did not disappoint. You did not. Disappoint."

“My nephew is more gremlin than anything. I told him to tell you, but his reply was ‘where’s the fun in that’ or something like that.” He pointed to a room off to the side. “Get changed into the workout clothes, and we’ll get started.”

--

“Dead. I’m dead. I have died. My existence no longer is on this mortal coil. I hurt in places I didn’t even know I had!” Shinsou whined as he lay on the mat after the workout.

Izuku, who hadn’t bothered with nearly as much as Shinsou had, looked up from the nap he had been pretending to take. “You seem pretty lively for a corpse.”

“You. Shut. Why do you get to nap and I have to be tortured?”

“Oooh, a *question!!!* Out loud! I’m so proud of you Shinsou!” Izuku squealed in glee. “And I already told you, I don’t *want* to be a hero, so why would Uncle put me through the same level of training as you? I’m just here for some basic self-defense.”

“What he means by that,” Shouta corrected, “is that I noticed he pulled a muscle in his shoulder and I’m making him sit out the rest of the day.”

Shinsou sat up at that and asked, “You’re hurt?”

“Le gasp! Two whole questions! I’d come over there and hug you if

you weren't such a sweaty mess right now," Izuku teased.

Shinsou leveled a half-hearted glare at Izuku and replied, "You realized that if you don't actually reply to the question asked, my quirk won't trigger."

"I love your statement-questions so much, but for real. I'm glad you feel comfortable enough to ask me questions. Ooh, Uncle Shou, can we do quirk training too? I have a feeling Shinsou doesn't get the chance to practice his quirk, like, ever?"

Shouta quirked an eyebrow at Shinsou. "You up for that? It's okay if you're not."

"Maybe another time?"

Shouta nodded in agreement. "You did go pretty hard today. We can do quirk training next time. For now, the both of you should hit the showers, we can go to a café before I take you home."

"Oh, are we going to that cat café? What's it called again, Coffee and Toe Beans?" Izuku's eyes lit up. "I have the *best* idea for my next prank!"

--

DailyCatFacts – *Thanks for signing up for Cat Facts! You will now receive fun daily facts about CATS!*

Endeavor - *What is this*

DailyCatFacts – *Cats use their tails for balance and have nearly 30 individual bones in them! <To cancel Daily Cat Facts, reply 'cancel'>*

Would you like to receive a Cat Fact every hour? <reply 'Txt74927dhgi' to cancel>

Endeavor - *Txt74927dhgi*

Cancel

DailyCatFacts – *Command not recognized. You have a <year> subscription to Cat Facts and will receive fun <hourly> updates!*

In ancient Egypt killing a cat was a crime punishable by death. Thanks for choosing Cat Facts!

Endeavor – *Cancel*

Shut the hell up

DailyCatFacts – *Command not recognized. Please let us know you are human to cancel by completing the following sentence:*

Your favorite animal is the (blank).

Endeavor – *Dog.*

DailyCatFacts – *INCORRECT. Your favorite animal is the cat. You will continue to receive Cat Facts every <hour>.*

Endeavor – *Who is this*

Are you human? It would be: Your favorite animal is a cat. Not the

DailyCatFacts – *Welcome to Cat Facts! Did you know that the first cat show was held in 1871 at the Crystal Palace in London? Mee-wow!*

Endeavor – *Shut up!!!!! I'm calling this number. If you don't stop*

DailyCatFacts – *Thanks for texting Cat Facts! Remember, every time you text you will receive an instant Cat Fact. To cancel, reply 'jflkashiupirg85443jfklbiuuve6761btraij'*

Endeavor - *jflkashiupirg85443jfklbiuuve6761btraij*

DailyCatFacts - *<Command not recognized.> Did you know there are about 100 distinct breeds of domestic cat? Plenty of furry love!*

Endeavor – *stop*

DailyCatFacts – *Cats bury their feces to cover their trails from predators. <To cancel Cat Facts reply 'fjkal;hgirpejklvnareihgre678934905798890gjkodgaiuyiogjak;'>*

Endeavor - *fjkal;hgirpejklvnareihgre678934905798890gjkodgaiuyiogjak;*

DailyCatFacts – *You want to cancel? Please answer the following question to confirm you're human:*

Your favorite animal is the (blank).

Endeavor – *cat*

DailyCatFacts – *INCORRECT. You said your favorite animal is the <dog>. You will continue to receive <hourly> Cat Facts.* (=ↀωↀ=)

Endeavor lit his phone on fire and threw it against the wall so hard that it went straight through the wall and into the front room where Shouto and Natsuo were doing their homework.

“That fucking Datastream again!” he roared before stomping out of the room.

Shouto and Natsuo started laughing so hard they couldn’t focus on their homework.

If he ever had the chance, Shouto wanted to kiss Datastream.

--

“Aizawa, your uncle really is intense,” Shinsou muttered gloomily. “It’s been days and I can still barely lift my arms.”

Izuku laughed, “If you think that’s bad, you should see me after sessions with my mentor! I swear my brain is mush for like three days after!”

“You have a mentor that’s not your uncle?” Shinsou asked.

“Yup, my quirk gives me an intelligence boost, so I’ve been training with Nedzu for a few years now. His brand of training helps, but also leave me a gibbering mess.” Izuku turned and started walking backwards as he was excitedly talking, “You should see some of the crazy awesome things he can do! When he took down my old school, it was like watching a master artist at work!”

“Wait, what do you mean by ‘took down’ your old school?”

“Oh, uh…. Nothing? Forget I said anything!” Izuku nervously rubbed the back of his head and just kept walking. “Come on, we’re going to be late, and Uncle said he was bringing Papa today.”

Letting Izuku change the topic, Shinsou said, “I thought we were doing quirk training today? Is your Papa a quirk counselor or something?”

“Huh? Oh, no, he’s a pro hero like my uncle. Dunno if you’ll recognize him, though, he looks really different when he’s not on patrol. Most people don’t realize who he is unless he slips and lets out some of his Herosona.” Izuku shrugged. “Papa will likely slip before the end of the training session, though. I’m sure you’ll figure out who he is before we leave.”

“Can I take a guess?” Shinsou smirked. At Izuku’s nod, he continued, “I’ve always thought it’d be really funny to see Eraserhead with someone who was his total opposite, so I had always thought someone like Ms. Joke, or Midnight. But knowing he’s got a husband, now I’m thinking someone like Present Mic. I mean, you gotta admit that’d be funny!”

TinyGreenBaby – *Shinsou guessed papa’s hero name, so I’m gonna just tell him.*

JustLetMeSleep – *how did he guess???*

TinyGreenBaby – *and I quote "I've always thought it'd be really funny to see Eraserhead with someone who was his total opposite, so I had always thought someone like Ms. Joke, or Midnight. But knowing he's got a husband, now I'm thinking someone like Present Mic"*

It's the loud blond trope! (つ ≧ ▿ ≦) つ

ICan'tHearYou – *Shou, we're a trope now?!*

JustLetMeSleep – *no,* you're *a trope. I'm just the guy you latched onto who can't get free.*

"Well, since you guessed correctly, I suppose I can tell you," Izuku laughed. "Yeah, Present Mic is my Papa."

"Holy shit," Shinsou whispered. "I was just joking, trying to be funny. I didn't think he'd really be married to him!"

Snickering at his friend, Izuku opened the door to the warehouse, and they entered to see Hizashi poking at Shouta who was on the floor in his yellow sleeping bag. "Come ooooooon, Shou, you can't just ignore me like this! I want attention!"

"Shinsou, meet my Papa, Yamada Hizashi!" Izuku laughed. "Papa, this is Shinsou Hitoshi! Please don't scare him off."

"You're adorable, too! Ooh, what am I going to call you? You can't be

the Tiny Purple Baby, you're not tiny at all. Hmm…" Hizashi contemplated a name for a few moments before deciding on a name. "I got it! You're the Purple Cat!"

Shinsou raised an eyebrow. "Purple cat?"

"Well yeah, you're purple, and you're wearing a cat jacket. It has ears on the hood!" Hizashi defended himself. "I have a Tiny Green Baby and a Purple Cat!"

"Eh, I've been called worse," Shinsou relented. "So what are we doing today?" he directed to Shouta.

"You're going to use your quirk on Zashi while Zuku records Zashi doing stupid things for blackmail purposes later," Shouta deadpanned.

"Shouta! You can't just use the babies for your selfish gains!" Hizashi complained.

"You're right," Shouta amended. "What I meant to say is you'll be using your quirk on Zashi while Zuku records him doing *whatever you tell him to for totally educational training purposes.*"

Hizashi glared at his husband for a moment before letting out a sigh of defeat. "Whatever. Just make sure you get me to scream at him at least once, he deserves it."

After an hour of quirk testing, and finding out that Shinsou wasn't able to make someone use their quirks, Shouta decided that it was time for physical training and Shinsou went to change. Before Izuku could head over to the changing room, though, Zashi got his attention.

“Hey, Zuku, baby, what do you say to ducking out while Shouta’s busy with Shinsou? Nedzu really wants to meet you in person.” Hizashi gave him his bright smile. “Plus, it’d give me some quality bonding time with my favorite Tiny Green Baby!”

“Sure,” Izuku agreed. “I’ll just let Shinsou know I’m heading out. Will we be back before they’re done for the day?”

Hizashi shrugged, “You never know when it comes to Nedzu.”

TinyGreenBaby – *my papa wants to take me to meet someone, and I may or may not be back before your session with Uncle is over.*

CoffeeAddict – *oh so you aren’t going to be joining after all?*

TinyGreenBaby – *what part of ‘I’m not aiming to be a hero’ trips you people up?*

You and Uncle and even Papa all think I want to be a hero

CoffeeAddict – *fine, have fun. If you aren’t back by the time we’re done, I’ll still see you tomorrow, right?*

TinyGreenBaby – *you know it.*

“Okay, let’s head out.” Turning to Shouta Izuku called out, “Bye Uncle, see you when we’re done!”

“We’re going to get ice cream!” Zashi called out.

Chapter End Notes

Not too sure how I feel about this one, tbh. I mean, it's not the worst thing I've ever written? But at the same time, it could be better? It's almost time for a time skip, and I really want to get to that part, so I know I'm rushing. After the time skip comes UA, and that's where my focus is right now. >_< But I'm not there yet!

Anywho, I need your help. I need prank ideas for Endeavor! I am wanting to include another one in the next chapter, but I couldn't think of anything. I'm unimaginative and had to look up the one I used here. HALP!

Last thing: What's the pairing? Hitoshi or Shouto? Or both?

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku was nervous. He shouldn't be nervous, he's known Nedzu for years! Nedzu was the one who had reached out to him initially when he first noticed Izuku's amateur attempts at hacking into the HeroNetwork sites. He showed Izuku how to be efficient, effective, creative, and *he was staring at Izuku with those beady little eyes!*

Izuku shivered, not because he didn't like Nedzu, he was every bit as impressive in person as he was over their online chats, but he'd never been on the receiving end of that calculating stare! And his tail, it was swinging back and forth like a metronome, tick, tick, tick.

Even Papa was affected by the tense atmosphere Nedzu let off. "Eh, I think I'm going to wait outside, yeah, actually, I'm going to my office and work on some grading. Have fun you two!" And then he escaped.

"Coward," Izuku muttered, much to the amusement of Nedzu. The intense atmosphere lasted for only another minute or so, before Nedzu cracked and started laughing. All at once Izuku was able to relax, realizing that Nedzu had done that whole thing on purpose.

Starry eyed, Izuku asked, "How did you do that?! That was so cool!"

"Practice, my dear child! Practice! That is just one thing I wish to teach you, now that I have you in person! But first!" Nedzu got onto the table and walked to the edge and looked at Izuku up close. "Have you finished the reading I assigned you?"

“Yes!” Izuku nodded enthusiastically. “It was fascinating! I already have some ideas on how it can work, but I haven’t gotten around to trying any of them.”

“Then that’s the first thing we should work on!” Nedzu grinned. “To be honest, I was a little disappointed in how long it took you to locate your mother, and not just because of what you overlooked. It took you over an hour to locate her cellphone’s signal.”

Izuku looked down with an embarrassed expression. “Japan is a big country?”

“Indeed, but this shows you were searching manually!” Nedzu pointed out. “As fast as your brain is, doing things manually defeats the whole point of a quirk like yours! So! Today we will start by creating a code that will locate, isolate, and respond to, a particular cellphone reception.”

Izuku’s eyes lit up in unholy glee. “I have just the person to try this out on!”

--

“*The snow glows white on the mountain tonight*

Not a footprint to be seen

A kingdom of isolation

And it looks like I'm the queen”

Endeavor tried to change the channel, but every channel he tried played the same song, that stupid Ice Queen song from that pre-quirk

Disney movie. Giving up, he just turned off the television in his office. As soon as the television was off, it turned itself back on and continued to play.

Getting up from his desk, careful not to lose his temper while in his agency, he left the office to try to get work done in a different room.

As soon as he walked out of his office, every television, radio, and cellphone in the new room started the song right where his television had left off.

“The wind is howling like this swirling storm inside

Couldn't keep it in, heaven knows I've tried

Don't let them in, don't let them see

Be the good girl you always have to be

Conceal, don't feel, don't let them know

Well, now they know”

“Datastream,” he growled out, knowing full well that this had to be the product of that infuriating two-bit hack! “I know you can hear me, what do you want with me?”

“Let it go, let it go

Can't hold it back anymore

Let it go, let it go

Turn away and slam the door

I don't care what they're going to say

Let the storm rage on

The cold never bothered me anyway”

Endeavor didn’t get an answer from the elusive hacker, but the song kept playing on repeat, no matter where he was, all day. While out on patrol, any television he passed would start to show Elsa singing in the snow as she created her ice castle, civilian phones would all start playing the song, any radio would start to play it as well.

“It's funny how some distance makes everything seem small

And the fears that once controlled me can't get to me at all

It's time to see what I can do

To test the limits and break through

No right, no wrong, no rules for me

I'm free”

Within a few hours, everyone in the city knew that the song meant that Endeavor was near, civilians would look up in anticipation of seeing the Flame Hero, while criminals and villains alike would instantly stop what they were doing and run for cover, knowing that they were likely to die a fiery death if they were spotted today.

“Let it go, let it go

I am one with the wind and sky

Let it go, let it go

You'll never see me cry

Here I stand and here I stay

Let the storm rage on”

Meanwhile, at the Todoroki Estate, Natsuo and Shouto were enraptured by the news coverage of this beautiful event. Shouto knew instantly that it had to be the work of Datastream, and while he had no idea as to why he enjoyed tormenting his father, he was quickly becoming this person's biggest fan.

Shouto was working on his homework, and he heard his phone start playing the song, and two minutes later the front door opened and Endeavor came home.

"My power flurries through the air into the ground

My soul is spiraling in frozen fractals all around

And one thought crystallizes like an icy blast

I'm never going back, the past is in the past"

In another part of the country, a man with burns covering most of his body was watching the news and came across the story of the song that followed Endeavor all day and decided that he had a new hero. Whoever had managed to do this was a god among men.

"Let it go, let it go

When I'll rise like the break of dawn

Let it go, let it go

That perfect girl is gone

Here I stand in the light of day

Let the storm rage on

The cold never bothered me anyway"

--

“Okay, I’ll bite,” Shouta said as they ate dinner that night, with the news on in the background. “What’s the whole reasoning behind your feud with Endeavor?”

“Don’t like him,” was Izuku’s simple reply.

Hizashi and Shouta exchanged a glance. “Is there a reason, baby?” Hizashi asked.

Izuku looked up from the katsudon he was happily eating. “Oh, uh, yeah, but it’s kind of stupid?” When both Hizashi and Shouta gestured for him to continue, he did. “Okay, so my dad had a fire quirk, and Kac-Bakugou has an explosion quirk. I was like, eight? Maybe? And I had a bit of an aversion to fire at the time.”

“Understandable,” Hizashi said.

“Yeah, so one day I saw Endeavor in the streets, and I just wanted to talk for a few minutes, you know, he was one of those heroes I thought maybe could help me get over my fear of fire. Just having a conversation with him, while knowing he’d be sporting those stupid flames he always has, I thought it’d help.” Izuku took a bite of rice and happily chewed. “This is so good, Papa, I love your katsudon!”

Hizashi’s grin was turned all the way up to 11. “Thank you, Tiny Green Baby! But you can’t change the subject that easily.”

With a pout, Izuku continued his story. “Not only did he ignore me, but he also pushed me down when I stubbornly kept following him.

There was a singed handprint on my coat, and mom locked me in my room for a week because of the damaged coat."

Shouta could feel himself about to lose control of his quirk, so he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "Okay, so I may have some ideas for future pranks."

Izuku turned his million-watt smile to Shouta and said, "Thanks! Nedzu is helping me too!"

--

Shouto wanted to find out who Datastream was. He *needed* to find out who he was. Not only because he was having a great time laughing at his father's frustration, but because he wanted them to know just how much danger they'd be in if Endeavor ever got his hands on them.

'*who is Datastream?'* Shouto typed into the search bar.

'In connection-oriented communication, a data stream is a sequence of digitally encoded coherent signals used to transmit or receive information that is in the process of being transmitted. A data stream is a set of extracted information from a data provider.'

Interesting, but not useful. Shouto kept at it for a few hours, trying every way he could to figure it out, with no success.

Until a window popped up on his screen.

Datastream – *You're looking for me, little Todoroki?*

Shouto – *woah, you're real!*

Datastream – *yes? At least, I think I am. *pokes self* yeah, or not, I didn't feel that.*

Shouto – *I wanted to thank you for everything you're doing to my father. My brother and I are greatly enjoying everything you're doing to him.*

But I also wanted to warn you.

Datastream – *oh, no need for the warning, I know he's going to flambe my ass if he ever finds out who I am.*

It's a game for me at this point, though.

Can I make his lose his shit in public before he finds me? There's only one way to find out!

♡ \ (¯ ▽ ¯) / ♡

Shouto – *would information on his personal life help you?*

Datastream – *eh, maybe? Depends on what you have, really.*

--

ICan'tHearYou – *baby, you're crying. I know you're in the stream, but can you come out and tell me what's wrong?*

Izuku pulled himself out of the Stream to find he did have fresh tears running down his face. He had a new reason for hating Endeavor, and he was going to bring the Giant Trash Fire down.

“I just spoke with Endeavor’s youngest son. He’s not just mean to civilians, Papa.” Izuku sniffed and rubbed away his tears. “I am going to end his career.”

“Oh, baby,” Papa wrapped Izuku in a hug and ran his fingers through his hair.

“He abuses his son and calls it ‘training,’ and got his wife locked in a mental hospital after she snapped from the abuse,” the tears wouldn’t stop, no matter how much he rubbed at his eyes. Shouto was living in much the same conditions Izuku was in. He had to get him out!

“Did he tell you all this?” Papa asked.

“No,” Izuku said. “He only told me that his dad was often angry and that he was quirkist. I could see him through the camera in his computer, and it seemed he was hiding something, so I went digging.”

Papa pressed a kiss to Izuku’s forehead and kept his hold on him tight. “I’m not sure what you’re going to do, but I fully support it. Bring him down, and if there’s anything I can do to help, you let me know, okay baby?”

“Yeah. Thank you, Papa.”

--

TinyGreenBaby – *tsuka*

DetectiveTea – *Data! Good to hear from you again!*

Wait, did you change my name? again?

TinyGreenBaby – *I did! (つ ≧▿≦) つ*

do you like it?

Wait, no, that's not why I'm texting

I have a case I need you to look into, and a hero I need you to arrest

DetectiveTea – *oh? Who?*

TinyGreenBaby – *endeavor.*

I'll provide directions for you to find the information, I know you can't use what I directly give you, since I don't have a license yet

But you know everything I have is accurate.

DetectiveTea – *what has he done? I'll open the investigation, but what am I investigating?*

TinyGreenBaby – *everything you need is in your email. But short version is, he's an abusive father/husband and may have killed his oldest son.*

--

“In other news,” a reporter said over the television that had turned itself on in Enji’s room while he was working on a report. “Number Two Pro Hero Endeavor has made a huge donation to multiple charities today! Among these are the National Battered Wives Foundation, the Center For Abused Children, and the anti-discrimination group All Quirks Are Equal.”

Enji’s blood ran cold as he listened to the report. He hadn’t ever told anyone about that, well, no one that he hadn’t already had on payroll.

Datastream – *surprise bitch*

I hope you’re ready to fall. I’m dragging your ass to hell

GiantTrashFire – *what did I ever do to you to deserve this treatment?!*

DID YOU CHANGE MY NAME?!

Datastream – *is that your stupid question of the day?*

And you don’t need to have done anything to ME to deserve this, the fact that you DID this is what makes you deserve it.

GiantTrashFire – *how did you find out about this?*

Datastream – *funny story*

So I’m working on improving some of my hacking skills – I know, what? Data’s not already the best out there? Σ(ΦдΦlll

*And you did something to me a few years ago that ticked me off, and now that I have the skills to get back at you, well *gesturing to everything**

Anywho

Personal grudges aside, I found your information. All of it. And I have a lock on it so you can't blank the data, so don't bother trying. I've informed quite a few people.

I'll be surprised if you manage to keep your license after this.

--

The trial was two months later. Todoroki Enji was striped of his Pro Hero license and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Todoroki Fuyumi was appointed guardianship of her younger brothers. Todoroki Rei, however, after an evaluation was not deemed mentally stable so would have to remain in the hospital, however her treatment plan had changed, and she was likely to start making progress in her recovery.

HotElsa – *thank you*

Datastream – *you're very welcome. I was in a shit place before too.*

I had to help.

HotElsa – *can I ask you a personal question?*

Datastream – *sure, but I might not answer*

HotElsa – *how old are you? Some of the things you did to my father make me think you're my age, but then you also did all this, so I also think you might be older?*

Datastream – *hmm, should I tell you? Or should I make you wait?*

Decisions, decisions

¯_(´◔ᴗ◔)_/¯

HotElsa – *I think you're my age*

Datastream – *I'll be turning 13 soon*

HotElsa – *good. Now it won't feel so weird when I tell you this*

I think I have a crush on you

Datastream – (⊙_⊙) (o_O) ? (?_?) "0_o

datastream.exe has stopped working

HotElsa – *did I scare you off? I'm sorry*

TinyGreenBaby – *no, you didn't*

I was just surprised

Not in a bad way

HotElsa – *TinyGreenBaby? I thought you were Datastream?*

TinyGreenBaby – *shit, I changed my name back on accident*

Oops?

Chapter End Notes

First, I want to thank each and every one of you who gave me prank ideas! I loved them all so much! I had planned to have this last a lot longer, and to not have Izuku do anything about Endeavor until the Sports Festival, but then Shouto decided to trust the person dragging his father through the mud, so I was only able to use a few.

Second, I wanted Izuku's first meeting with Nedzu to be a huge explanation of Izuku's quirk, but, well. . .

Nedzu - how does your quirk work? tell me in detail. I should have asked before now.

. . . Yeah, that was stupid, and no matter how I tried to rephrase it, Nedzu just kept giving me this look. ʕ ● ᴥ ●ʔ

He definitely would have known by now, after mentoring this boy for two years, exactly how the quirk works.

Lastly. As I tried to force them to comply, I took a minor break and started a new story. *insert shameless self-promotion* If you want to see what I work on when Datastream is fighting me, go check out Screech. Mic and Eraser still adopt Izuku, but now there's Big Brother Hawks, and Izuku's got a Screech Owl quirk.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

~*~ 3 years later ~*~

“Are you ready for the exam?” Izuku asked Hitoshi. They’d been friends for three years now, and Uncle Shouta had been training Hitoshi for the entire time. Hitoshi was almost as good with Uncle’s capture scarf as the hero himself was, and Hitoshi’s old bullies knew that they would get a serious beatdown if they ever tried to start anything with the purple haired boy. Not that Hitoshi ever really needed to hit anyone anymore, a simple glare and dark grin was enough to remind them all of how far he’d come.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” Hitoshi replied. He wasn’t going to be taking the general admittance exam, no, Hitoshi was coming in as a recommendation student. Uncle Shouta had discussed it with Nedzu a while back, and they had agreed that even though he was a teacher at the school, Shouta’s student deserved a chance at a recommendation spot.

Hitoshi still needed to pass the exams, though. If he couldn’t, then he would be forced to take the general admittance exam.

“You’ll do great, Toshi!” Izuku hugged him and gave a quick kiss to the cheek, causing Hitoshi to blush like crazy.

Over the past three years, the two had gotten a lot closer, and they would flirt constantly, and have little touches, cheek kisses, they will link pinkies even, but neither has openly confessed to the other – something Izuku knows drives his Uncle Shouta up the wall, while Papa just thinks it’s cute.

“If you see Shouto there, tell him I said good luck, okay?” Izuku asked.

“Sure, that won’t be weird or anything, some random kid he’s never met walks up to him, hey my friend says good luck,” he quipped. “Maybe you should just text him instead?”

“Mmm, but I want you to do it! You’ve never met each other, and I’m sure you’d get along!” Izuku pouted at him. “Please, Hito?”

“Ugh, fine, just stop with the eyes, you know that should be classified as a deadly weapon.” He had a look of mild terror right before Izuku turned his famous sunshine smile on him. “The brightness! It buurrnnss!!”

Izuku laughed and lightly shoved Hitoshi. “Oh, go on and take your silly exam, Hito, I’ll be watching you. Don’t mess up!”

“Aizawa’s right, you are a Problem Creep,” Toshi joked. “Always watching us.”

“You’ll thank me one of these days,” Izuku laughed and walked off.

Izuku was already promised a place at the school, but not in any specific course. Due to his multitasking abilities and quick processing speeds, Izuku already had his high school diploma, and had taken plenty of classes on coding and computer programming. He would be attending UA as Nedzu’s personal student and would spend most of his time in the 1-A classroom with his uncle observing the Hero Course students.

Izuku made his way to the teacher's lounge, waiting for the exam to start. His uncle was going to be at the exam to watch how the prospective new students were, but his Papa was here getting a bit of lesson planning done.

"Hey baby, wish your boyfriend good luck?" Papa teased.

Blushing, Izuku retorted, "He's not my boyfriend!"

"Mhm, not yet maybe. Give it time," he laughed.

"Ugh, Papa, we're not dating! And besides, if I was going to be dating anyone, Shouto had first dibs, he told me he liked me three years ago!" Izuku blushed at the memory. Shouto hadn't been exactly subtle about liking him then, and none of that has changed.

"Oh, I thought it was Shouto you had gone to wish good luck," Papa said. "You know he's at the exam."

Blushing even harder, Izuku said, "Well, yeah, of course I know that. It's just. Well. We still haven't met in person? And it's weird?"

"You'll never meet him in person if you don't, you know, *meet him in person!"* Papa pointed out, looking at Izuku over his yellow glasses. "Don't you dare block this signal or you're grounded." At that, Papa took out his phone and placed a call.

"No! Don't call Uncle!" Izuku pleaded.

"*What do you want, Zashi, the exam's about to start.*" Uncle answered the phone.

"Did you know Zuzu still hasn't met the Todoroki boy in person?" Papa said.

"And I don't need to!" Izuku said, clearly cutting into their call.

"Zuzu, butt out of the call. Shou, keep the Todoroki boy after the exam so he can meet Zu."

"*Okay, he's here with his sister, so they'll both get to meet him,*" Uncle agreed. "*And Izu, you really should meet him. Hitoshi told him you said good luck and he blushed so hard he caught fire.*"

"He. . . he did? Oh, that's adorable," Izuku whispered, pulling up the footage and watching as Shouto's left side did indeed catch fire.

--

"You go to school together?" Shouto asked the purple haired teen, Shinsou? His mentor was Eraserhead, but Shouto wasn't too sure that 'mentor' was the right term. They looked too similar and from what he could tell they used the same fighting style. He was sure they were father and son.

"Yeah, we met during first year. This green kid comes in, a pure ball of anxiety, and gets sat behind the kid with the villainous quirk, and then tells off some bullies. It was beautiful," Shinsou said with a fond

smile.

Shouto tilted his head in confusion. “Villainous quirk? Was the kid a villain? Wait, no, that still wouldn’t have made the quirk itself villainous. Why do you say it was villainous?”

Shinsou was looking at him with wide eyes. “Uh, that’s what everyone always said.” That came out as a whisper.

“Well, everyone always said my father’s quirk was Heroic, but he’s no hero,” Shouto argued. “The quirk doesn’t determine if a person is a hero or a villain.” Shouto shrugged. “Talk like that is quirk discrimination, and it’s annoying. Are you okay?”

Shinsou had started to tear up, but at Shouto’s question he wiped his eyes. “Yeah, yeah, I’m good. Izu’s the only person my age who has ever said my quirk wasn’t villainous before. Thank you, I needed to hear that from someone else.” He grinned softly at Shouto.

“What is your quirk? If you don’t mind me asking, that is.”

“Brainwashing. I can control anyone who verbally replies to a question I ask,” he replied hesitantly, as if he was looking for Shouto to change his mind about his quirk being villainous.

Shouto’s eyebrows went up. “That’s actually a pretty good quirk for heroics. I can’t see how you could cause property damage with that, and casualties would be next to nothing. You could easily defuse situations before they escalate, handle hostage exchanges, even get a villain to turn themselves in. Why would anyone say it’s villainous?”

At that moment, a green boy came up behind Shinsou and hugged him. “I told you I wasn’t the only one who saw the good in your quirk, Hito.” Turning to Shouto, the green boy said, “Hey there, Shouto! I saw your time on the obstacle course, you did great!”

“Izuku?” The green boy, Izuku, nodded with a bright smile. Shouto’s blush returned, and his hair caught fire again, causing Izuku to giggle.

“It’s nice to meet you in person, Shouto!”

“Too bright,” Shouto said, at the exact same time Shinsou said it.

The who looked at each other and Shinsou grinned. “I usually have a pair of sunglasses with me when I hang out with Izu to protect myself from that sunshine grin.”

“I just may have to start doing that,” Shouto agreed. “Staring directly at the sun is very damaging.”

Izuku puffed out his cheeks in annoyance. “Just because your smiles aren’t as bright doesn’t make them any less dazzling. Maybe I should wear, I don’t know, what blocks out dazzle?”

Shinsou laughed softly and ruffled Izuku’s hair. “Nice try, Izu. You’re too pure to come up with something too biting.”

Shouto looked at the two and frowned slightly. “I suppose my crush is entirely one-sided.” He sighed. “How long have you two been together?”

Both boys froze in their tracks and blushed brightly. “W-we’re not!”

“Oh?” Shouto’s eyes lit up with hope again. “So I still have a chance.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Shouto!” Izuku squeaked out. “I, uh, I have to go!”

Izuku tried to run off, but Shinsou just laughed and hooked his arm around Izuku’s waist and dragged him back. “Nope, no running away. Besides, aren’t you the one who said we were going to go to Beans after the exam?”

Shouto tilted his head. “Beans?”

Izuku smiled and said, “Yeah! Coffee and Toe Beans! It’s the weirdest name ever, but it’s a cat café, and most of the cats there will let you play with their feet, and kitty feet are cute little toe beans!”

Shinsou was nodding sagely. “It is known. Kitty feet have toe beans.”

“Do you want to come with us, Shouto?” Izuku asked. “I’m sure my uncle won’t mind one more.”

--

TinyGreenBaby – *do my eyes deceive me?*

Is that bakugou in the hero exam?

RatGod – *yes. Unfortunately.*

His parents petitioned the HPSC and they removed the mark on his record disqualifying him from a hero course

If he scores high enough, he will have to be admitted, regardless of what we know he has done

I'll place him in Aizawa's class, though, so he'll likely be expelled. ¯\ʕ •ᴥ•ʔ/¯

TinyGreenBaby - □□□ノ(ಠ_ಠノ)

(□◉Д◉)□≡┻┻

. . . .

That bitch just got 70 points on the exam. He got the top score.

RatGod – *I apologize Izuku.*

--

The weeks leading up to the first day of class saw Izuku in a bad mood. Everyone knew why he was upset, and no one held it against him. Shouta constantly found him on the roof of the apartment building when he was on the way home from patrol, and the first few times he was worried.

"Zuku, it's late. What are you doing up here?" Shouta asked, finding him on the roof for the third night in a row.

"Same thing I used to do, Uncle," Izuku replied. "Haven't really had a reason to do it for the last few years, though." He let his smile turn wry as he looked at his uncle. "Looking at the night sky always used

to help me put my head on right."

"Walk me through that?"

"Mmm. The universe is so big. Millions upon millions of stars, galaxies, planets, unknown possibilities out there. With everything that's out there, we're just a tiny, insignificant piece of the grand scheme. Everything is just so big once you think about things outside of your own self. My problems are small in comparison to everything else out there." He turned to Shouta and said wryly, "Seeing Bakugou again will be like getting my teeth kicked in, but there are worse things that could happen."

"C'mere, kid," Shouta pulled Izuku in for a hug, and rested his head on Izuku's curls. "You know I won't let him touch you, right?"

Izuku nodded his head, with his face buried in Shouta's capture scarf. "Shouto and Hito won't let him near me either. They both know about our history," Izuku's whisper was just barely audible to Shouta.

"If he gives you any trouble at all, I'll expel him," Shouta promised.

"You won't be able to," Izuku muttered. "I've seen the updated paperwork they gave Nedzu. He has to keep Bakugou. If he allows you to expel Bakugou, then Hito will be removed from the course as well. The HPSC wants him to be a hero for his quirk, and for the same reason, they don't want Hito to be a hero."

Shouta could feel the rage building. Those bastards were using his student and his nephew against him, to make sure an abuser made it into the hero ranks.

“They were, and are still, upset that we got Endeavor imprisoned,” Izuku said, still barely audible. “Since Bakugou finished his three years of anger management therapy, and all of the other court-issued consequences, they expunged his record. He’ll be able to start over completely.”

“He’ll be free to be the second coming of Endeavor.”

Izuku nodded in his scarf.

Shouta cursed to himself. He was going to have to personally work with this entitled prick to try to get his head out of his ass in the three years leading up to graduation.

--

Izu was hiding. That’s the only way Hitoshi could think of to describe it. He had an idea of where the gremlin was, but there was no way in hell Hitoshi was going to barge into the principal’s office to drag his adorable green boyfriend to class. Especially since he was not technically a hero student. He was Nedzu’s personal student, so he had every valid reason to be in the principal’s office.

But that doesn’t change the fact that he was still hiding.

There was a blonde kid in the seat directly in front of the one Hitoshi was assigned and reading the seating chart he knew that kid was the Bakugou Katsuki that Izu and Aizawa both warned him about. He decided to wait in the back, near Shouto’s desk so they could talk without risking the blonde kid hearing.

Hitoshi watched with a dark amusement as a blue-haired kid approached Bakugou and started complaining to him about being respectful and keeping his feet off the desk. Hitoshi tuned them out when he saw Shouto enter the class.

“Good morning, Hitoshi. Where’s Zuku?” Shoto asked him when he got closer.

“Hiding. Likely in Nedzu’s office. He better show up to class on time though, we all know Aizawa’s not going to do a normal day.”

“Oh?” Shoto’s head tilt is so adorable, Hitoshi felt his cheeks blush. He was like a little kitten. So not fair.

“Yeah, I hope you weren’t looking forward to the orientation, because it’s not going to happen.”

TinyGreenBaby – *stop giving away Uncle’s secrets hito*

“Come to class and stop me, then, Izu,” Hitoshi said to his phone, and held it up so Shouto could see he wasn’t just talking to himself. “Problem Creep is listening in through the cameras again.”

“Why do you call him that?”

“Mainly because that’s what his uncle calls him when he’s doing his whole ‘I’m watching you’ thing,” Hitoshi shrugged.

“Is Aizawa really his uncle? They don’t look or act anything alike.”

Hitoshi chuckled at that. “Yeah, they are blood related. I had a hard time believing it at first myself, Izu is a bright ray of sunshine, and his uncle is like a rainy Monday. In the middle of December.”

TinyGreenBaby – *I’m telling Uncle you called him a rainy Monday*

“He says that as if that will change anything.” Hitoshi glanced at the time. “We should get in our seats before Aizawa shows up. He’ll be upset if we’re not ready for class on time.”

Chapter End Notes

I have decided that not only do so many of you love ShinTodoDeku, but I do as well. So here is the start of it. Shouto is not subtle. Hitoshi has decided that Izu is almost his boyfriend, but now he also is starting to catch feelings for Shouto. Izu already likes them both, and can't make up his mind which one he wants, so won't confess to either of them.

Just need Shouto to decide he likes both, he will not be subtle with either of them.

Also, I have decided that the HPSC is full of assholes who don't actually care about Public Safety, they just want powerful quirks in the top ranks. So here is the return of Bakugou. I warned you all it would likely happen. And it did. My outline was never updated to get rid of him, so when I started this section and saw him there I just went huh..... well.....

Sorry for all of you who wanted him to be gone for good?

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku was already out on the field when his uncle showed up. He had known, of course, that Uncle Shouta was going to be doing a quirk assessment test today, so he had been out here setting up the tests instead of going to class. Yeah, Hito might be right that he was hiding from Kacchan – Bakugou, he needed to stop calling him Kacchan – but he was doing what Uncle asked him to!

The fact that Izuku had asked Uncle to give him something to do means nothing.

“Izuku, is everything ready?” Uncle asked as he got to where Izuku was waiting and ruffled his hair.

“Yup!” he replied, sunshine smile turned all the way up. “All of the tests are ready, and I’ve got 20 balls here prepped and on standby to be thrown, and a drone on standby to collect them, even the ones that are going to be destroyed.”

Uncle raised an eyebrow. “Tell me, which ones will be destroyed?”

Turning his smile into a sharp grin, Izuku replied, “Kaminari Denki, quirk electrification, he’s going to try to put a little bit of spark into his throw, and while it will work, the electricity will short out the ball’s circuitry and cause a small explosion. Dead ball. Ashido Mina, quirk acid. She’ll try something with the acid, and it’ll eat away at the ball’s mass, making it lighter and able to go further, but again, the circuitry will be fried, and will explode. Uraraka Ochako, quirk zero gravity, that ball will fly into the sun. Kirishima Eijiro, quirk harden, and Iida Tenya, quirk engine. They’ll both hit the balls hard enough to

do some serious damage to it. Maijima-sensei might be able to save those two balls, though." He hesitated and then said quietly, "Bakugou Katsuki, quirk explosion. That ball will be lucky to make it to the ground. The explosion will throw it far but will also cause a secondary explosion of the circuitry. It's likely to burn up before it hits the ground."

Uncle pulled him in for a quick one-armed hug, letting him go shortly after – he's got a reputation to keep after all, can't let the students know he likes one (1) kid. "You going to be okay seeing him again?"

Izuku scowled at the ground. "I think so? I mean, don't think for a hot second that I'm going to be more than a meter away from you at any given time. Hito's not quite as badass as you are yet, and Shouto's too pure to really understand why I'm scared of Bakugou."

"If you're going to cling to me like that, I'm going to have to tell them you're my nephew. That okay with you?"

"Yeah. I'm going to introduce myself as Aizawa Izuku anyways, so the relation is going to be obvious." Izuku shrugged. "Besides, I didn't get into UA on your say-so, and I'm not a hero student, so no one can claim favoritism." Izuku leaned against his uncle for a moment. "It's taking them a long time to get out here, Hitoshi and Shouto are almost here, but the rest just barely got to the locker rooms."

Izuku let loose one of the evil grins that was a copy of his uncle's. "Tell them you're expelling the last place!"

With his own evil grin Uncle said, "Can you believe there are people out there who don't see how we're related?" Uncle chuckled and continued, "Who's going to be last? If you're right, I'll consider it."

“Oh, it’s going to be either Hagakure Toru, quirk invisibility, or Mineta Minoru, quirk pop off. If it wasn’t for all the training you’ve put Hito through and all the inventive ways he’s learned to get people to respond to him, I’d say he’d be in the running for last place too. None of them have quirks that can really help them in these tests. Jiro Kyouka, quirk earphone jack is another in the running for last, but she might be able to augment her grip test with her earphones, and she looks like she’s faster than Hagakure.”

“You can’t pick that many, just choose one.”

“Mineta Minoru. Final answer.

Uncle looked into the distance and saw Hitoshi and Shouto nearing them. “Who’s going to be first?”

“Either Yaoyorozu Momo, quirk creation, or Shouto. She’s got the perfect quirk for this test, so if she knows how to use it right, it’ll be her. If she doesn’t use it right, then it’ll be Shouto. I *want* it to be Shouto, but I really think it’ll be Yaoyorozu.”

“If your predictions are right, we’ll have Katsudon for dinner.”

Izuku laughed at that, “Nice try, Uncle, we’re having Katsudon anyways! Papa said so.”

“Ooh, Katsudon?” Hitoshi said as he got close enough to hear the end of the conversation and gave Izuku a hug. “Zashi makes kick ass Katsudon. Can I come?”

“I’ll ask Papa.”

Shouto looked back and forth between Uncle and Izuku. “I really don’t see any resemblance. Are you sure you’re related?”

Izuku giggled sweetly while Uncle chuckled darkly.

Shouto narrowed his eyes and gestured to them. “See? Nothing alike.”

“Oh, Hito, Papa said you can come to dinner. Shouto, you’re invited, too.”

Hitoshi cheered while Shouto hummed a bit disappointed. “My sister was going to make cold soba for dinner tonight. I’ll raincheck?”

“Sure!” Shouto blushed as Izuku turned his smile on him.

By this time the rest of the class was starting to show up.

Uncle Shouta’s expression changed from his ‘uncle’ look to his ‘teacher’ look and he gave the class his best disappointed stare. “It took you almost fifteen minutes to get here. That is unacceptable. From today on, you will be here within five minutes.” While Izuku was being quiet, he could feel the gazes of the other hero students, along with the burning glare of Ka-Bakugou. “Izuku, introduce yourself so these hellions will stop staring.”

“Okay!” Izuku turned his smile all the way up to eleven and waved at the class. “My name is Aizawa Izuku! You’ll see me in nearly all of your classes, but I’m not a 1-A student. I’m the principal’s personal student, and I specialize in analysis, observation, co-ordination,

research, and strategy! The better I get to know you, the better I'll be able to guide you in the field!"

"Fuck you, Deku, I don't take orders from little shits like you!" Bakugou growled out.

Izuku flinched and took a half-step back towards Uncle, but said, "You don't have to, K-Bakugou. But you'll likely be docked points in an exercise if it's meant to be one I'm guiding."

"Additionally, my nephew's name is *not* Deku, call him that again and you'll be in detention," Uncle reprimanded.

"*Nephew?!"* several students exclaimed.

"Yes, nephew," Uncle repeated. "And I am more than a *little* protective of him, so if any of you give him trouble, you will be answering to me. Understood?" The class all nodded their heads. "Good."

"Now, on to the reason we're out here. You kids have been doing these since junior high, too, right? Physical fitness tests where you weren't allowed to use your quirks. The country still uses averages taken from results of students not using their quirks. It's not rational, especially for heroes in training. Bakugou," Uncle looked at the growling blonde who still hadn't stopped glaring at Izuku. "In middle school, what was your score for a ball toss?"

"67 meters."

"Then, try doing it with your Quirk. You can do whatever you want so long as you stay in the circle. Hurry up. Give it all you've got."

Bakugou caught the ball Uncle threw at him and got into the circle. “Anything goes, huh?” His smirk turned sharp, and he pulled back and threw the ball with a shout of, “DIE!” and set off a massive explosion.

Uncle looked at his reader and raised an eyebrow when “error” was shown instead of an actual score.

“One sec,” Izuku muttered. “The pieces are still falling.”

A moment later the score 705.2 meters showed up, and Uncle showed it to the class. “Know your maximum first. That is the most rational way to form the foundation of a hero.”

"So manly!" Kirishima exclaimed while punching his fists together. "I'm getting pumped up!"

"Awesome! This looks like fun!" Izuku had to turn away when he heard that comment from Ashido, as he knew he was going to be sporting the same grin as his uncle. And sure enough, Uncle Shouta grinned and put an end to the excitement.

"It looks fun you say? So… You all were planning to spend your three years here having a good time while making friends? What happened to being a hero?" Uncle’s tone and expression made the entire group fall silent. "All right then, new rule. Whoever gets the lowest score,” Uncle paused for the dramatic effect, “will be instantly expelled."

"What!? But that's not fair!" Uraraka complained, but that was instantly shut down by Uncle while Izuku did his best to not let the rest of them see him laughing.

"Unfair? Then what about natural disasters? Massive accidents? Or how about villain attacks?" Uncle's creepy ass grin was intensified as he lifted his hair out of his face. "All kinds of unfairness are hurled at heroes on the daily, and it's our job to turn that unfairness around. If you were expecting to have a fun filled, normal high school experience, then you're sorely mistaken. For the next three years of your life in this school, UA is going to be throwing one hardship after another at you. 'Plus Ultra' and all that stuff."

Just like Izuku had predicted, once all of the tests had been completed, Yaoyorozu got first place, and Mineta got last.

"Mineta, I was not joking. You barely gave any effort in these tests, only trying on one. I don't see any potential in you, so you're expelled."

The tiny purple boy started crying and pointed to Izuku. "It's not fair! What about him!? He didn't even participate! He should be expelled! The only reason he's even here is because he's your nephew!"

Izuku raised an eyebrow at him and reminded him, "I'm not in the hero course. Technically, I already graduated high school, I'm literally only here because Principal Nedzu is my sensei and it's easier for him to teach me here."

"Deku's fucking useless," Bakugou snarled.

"Bakugou, that'll be a detention tomorrow. His name is *not* Deku. I warned you," Uncle said darkly.

--

“Hey there baby!” Papa hugged Izuku tightly and planted a kiss on his curls. “How was the first day? Did Shouta expel anyone?”

Izuku giggled as he hugged his Papa just as tightly. “Yup! Some kid named Mineta, he got last place on the quirk assessment test. He kept staring at all the girls in class and making lewd comments about them, too, so it was really only a matter of time before he was expelled anyways. I’m sure if either you or Auntie saw him, you’d give him the boot too.”

“I certainly would have, baby.” Turning to Hitoshi and giving him a hug as well, he asked, “What place did you get, my Purple Cat?”

“Eighth, but it was close,” Hitoshi answered. “I was able to get some help on a few of the tests, but for most of them I was able to just power through it quirkless. I was one of the last each round, so I always knew around where I’d land.”

“Izuku was able to accurately predict each round’s ranking,” Shouta said proudly, causing Izuku to turn bright red.

“Really? That’s great! How long did it take you to make the predictions?”

“Well, I already had a general idea of the final rankings before any of the tests,” Izuku admitted, “but as everyone stepped up to the tests, I was able to factor what I knew about their quirks from their registry and their level of confidence, and then added in a bit of what I could see of their personalities, and. . . maybe about two minutes before the individual tests started? I sent the predictions to Uncle before each one.”

Hitoshi was staring at him in awe. “You know, every time I think you can’t get any more amazing, you do stuff like that,” he said with a soft smile and a blush.

“Eep! Hito! You can’t just say things like that!”

Hito laughed at that. “Oh, by the way, can I get a copy of Aizawa’s entrance to class today? That was the funniest thing I have ever seen, and I swear I almost pissed myself trying not to laugh.”

“Oh?” Papa asked. “What did he do? I want to see!”

Izuku giggled as he sent the video to both Hito and Papa. “Uncle’s chat name should be changed to FutureMoth, he was caterpillaring and it was amazing!”

Chapter End Notes

> Okay, so in case y'all didn't realize this, this is the first fic I've written in about 15 years, so the level of attention this is receiving is blowing my mind! Like, how are so many of you actually liking this??? I post a chapter, wake up and it's gotten over 1k hits? OVERNIGHT?! (⊙_⊙) Σ(ΦдΦlll (ΘΑΘ’)
>
> PS, I love you all!

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku was in class the next day, sitting in the now vacant seat left behind by Mineta, behind Hito, but in front of Shouto. Some of the other students had filed in, like Iida and Asui, but there was one that Izuku really wanted to talk to. Kaminari Denki.

Kaminari had the quirk he had originally been thought to have, his mother had been upset when all he could do was see the electrical signals, and to be honest, Izuku had been a little disappointed as well until he realized what he could do.

But Kaminari! He could *control electricity!* How cool was that?! Well, okay, yeah, he was using it all wrong, but that's one of the reasons why Izuku was in this class! Analysis was his thing, and he wanted to analyze this boy and help him reach the potential he could see in him.

"Ugh, why is he so late?" Izuku complained quietly, but still loud enough to where Hito and Shouto heard him.

"Who?" Shouto asked. "Are you waiting for someone else?"

"Yes, I want to pick apart Kaminari, but he hasn't even reached the train station! He's going to be so close to late, and I won't have time to pick his quirk apart!" Izuku whined. "Shoto, lemme pick yours apart instead?"

Shouto glanced to Hito, trying to see if he should be worried or not. "Yes, you should fear the gremlin," Hito confirmed. "He picked my

quirk apart and put it back together a while ago, and it was *an experience!* 10/10 would recommend the results. Would not do it again, it was uncomfortable as heck, but would recommend getting it done."

Shouto looked back at Izuku who had on a smirk learned from Nedzu. "Okay," he nodded. "What do I need to do?"

"Nothing," Izuku replied sweetly. "Well, nothing yet. The first step is getting your permission to dive into your health, medical, and quirk records, thank you for agreeing to this," he added with an anticipatory giggle. "So now I'm looking through all of your records, looking to see any patterns, anything that stands out. Once I have that basic part done, I'll compile a list of actual questions I want to ask, and experiments I want to run. I know your ice is incredible, I saw you use it in the entrance exam, but I need to see just how much fun I can have with your fire!"

"I don't use it," Shouto said with a hint of steel in his voice.

"I know you don't," Izuku answered easily. "And I think your reasoning, while valid, is dumb as hell." He turned the full power of his smile on Shouto and said sweetly, "This is part of the 'break it apart' process. Don't worry, I'll have you using your fire before the Sports Festival."

"You know why I don't use it, but you still want to make me use it?" Shouto asked.

"Well, yeah. I mean," Izuku paused for a moment and turned his smile to something somewhat sad. "My father had a fire quirk, too, you know. And Bakugou has an explosion quirk, aka a fire quirk. I have a mild fear of fire quirks now, and I'd like to get over that?" He looked Shouto in the eyes and asked, "Will you help me with that? This will

help both of us." Taking Shouto's hand in his he dealt the finishing blow to the discussion. "I trust you not to hurt me, Shouto."

"You're going to make the poor boy catch fire again, Izu," Hito joked, poking Shouto, preventing the smoke that was rising from turning into flames. "Shouto, that was part of his process of breaking you apart. Super effective, and he'll have you using your quirk in no time and feeling okay with it at that. Trust him. This will be good for you."

"He did this to you?" Shouto had a bit of hesitation in his voice as he asked Hitoshi his question.

"Yeah. He's a manipulative shit, learned it from Nedzu I bet." Izuku nodded and Hito continued, "He brought up all the reasons I have for being insecure about my own quirk and psychologically ripped me apart and put me back together, stronger. I don't have panic attacks every time I use my quirk now, and I almost never go non-verbal anymore."

Shouto looked at Izuku with wide eyes. And Izuku's reply grin was terrifying.

--

Izuku was in the teacher's lounge. He had managed to steal his uncle's sleeping bag and was curled up under his Papa's desk napping, while Snipe kept shooting him concerned glances. Or at least that's what it looked like.

In reality, he was observing Class 1-A's battle trials while staying away from the idiot that is Yagi Toshinori. Izuku could feel his IQ drop just by breathing the same air as him.

There had only been a handful of heroes who had blatantly ignored him as Datastream, and Yagi was one of them. The few times Izuku had reached out to him to help, the casualties and property damage had been ridiculous, all because he not only ignored Izuku's help, but he actually did the opposite. Izuku had stopped trying.

All Might was a good hero, yes, and Izuku respected him as a hero. But he was dumb as shit, and Izuku had come to the conclusion that the reason he worked alone was because he was too stupid to know a decent strategy when he heard one. His plan was always 'SMASH!' and let the pieces fall where they would.

Izuku shared his uncle's thoughts on the moron.

Speaking of the moron, he was reading from a script. A freaking script! He should know the scenario for today's battle trial, since *he was the one who wrote it!* Ugh, Izuku could teach heroics better than Yagi could, and Izuku wasn't even a hero!

Well, okay, he did have his provisional Intelligence License, but that didn't count.

As the groups were sorted out – *by lots, seriously???* – and the first two teams got into position, Izuku got his "notepad" ready. He had 19 pages for the individual students, and then another 10 for how they worked as a team. One student would be taking the battle trial by themselves due to the uneven number of students, and Izuku was so glad it was Shouto.

The boy was awesome, and he didn't think there was anyone in this class who could really keep up with him, aside from Hitoshi. Well, Bakugou could probably match him for raw power.

The first round was between Kaminari and Jirou, against Kirishima and Shoji. Izuku was curious about how this would pan out. Jirou would be able to hear and blast Shoji away, and Kaminari could easily handle Shoji, but both would have a bit of trouble with Kirishima.

Oh.

Oh, that poor boy. Kaminari needed his help more than he had realized. What is that – did he seriously short-circuit himself? It looked as if he was so eager to impress everyone, he just. . . let it all out? At once? Yeah, Izuku needed to have a sit down with him.

Next team was Shouto against Hagakure and Ojiro.

Wait, was she *naked?!* Glancing at the information he had on her hero "costume" Izuku decided he needed to introduce her to Maijima-sensei. That was an unacceptable costume. Izuku sent the information to Maijima-sensei so he could look it over and brainstorm some ideas before Hagakure met him.

Izuku briefly considered sending those two condolence flowers for their loss against Shouto.

Hitoshi and Uraraka against Bakugou and Iida.

Huh.

Well, Hitoshi had been wanting to beat the shit out of Bakugou ever since he heard about what he'd put Izuku through, and here was the

perfect opportunity to do so. Instructor sanctioned, at that. When Izuku had told his uncle the day before that Hito wasn't as badass as he was, he meant that Hito's ability to defend someone else wasn't as good as Uncle's. His offensive abilities?

Yeah, Bakugou was about to have a really bad time.

Hitoshi was *fast* and *pissed.* Izuku could see the malicious glee on his face and decided that deserved a screenshot and to be the new background on his phone.

Izuku watched as Hito and Uraraka entered the building and Bakugou ran to confront them, leaving Iida behind monologuing to himself like a villain. As soon as Bakugou came into view, Uraraka split from Hito and went for Iida, while Hito's grin turned into something dark.

Izuku's breath caught at that look and another screenshot was taken.

Hitoshi's beatdown of Bakugou was a graceful dance of kicks, punches, and capture scarf. It was over and done with, Bakugou tied up in the provided capture tape, in a mere two minutes, Hitoshi without so much as a scratch. If Izuku wasn't already in love with his best friend, he would be now.

Uraraka had just barely gotten to Iida by the time Hito was done with his fight, and she wasn't doing too badly. With a quick dash towards her, Iida signed his own defeat – he got within slapping range.

--

"Hito, Shouto, you were awesome out there!" Izu jumped on Hitoshi

and Shouto as soon as classes let out. A few of the other students were looking at them a bit oddly, but only Kaminari approached.

"Hey there, you're sensei's nephew, right?" Kaminari asked nervously. Hitoshi had told him that Izu wanted to talk to him about something, and with him being Aizawa's nephew, the boy was rightfully terrified.

Izu gasped in excitement, "Okay, who brought me my new toy?!" His eyes lit up with glee and he grabbed Kaminari's arm. "You have to let me pick you apart!!! I'll put you back together even better, I promise! Just let me at everything that makes you, well, *you* and you'll be one of the top hero students in the year!"

"Izu, you're scaring him," Hitoshi laughed. "Sorry about him, Kaminari. This is Izu's 'Gremlin Mode,' and he gets like this sometimes. Just do what he says, and you won't get too hurt."

"Um," the confused boy said. "What exactly are you wanting to do?"

Izu nearly blinded them with his smile.

--

Izuku was *excited!* Kaminari had given his approval to pick his quirk apart! So now Izuku had two people to pick apart and play with. Shouto was going to be first, Izuku already knew all about the trauma that caused him to not want to deal with the fire side of his quirk, so that was going to be a lot easier to deal with.

Plus, he had already laid the seeds of his manipulative plan into place. Izuku did have a fear of fire quirks at one time, but he's over that

now. Uncle made sure he got therapy shortly after he was taken in, and Izuku took to therapy like a fish to water.

It was a wonderful thing, and Izuku was so interested in it! He read up on it, and then asked Nedzu if there were any online classes he could take on the subject. So, Nedzu added psychology to his lesson plans.

“Izu, I know you’re excited about picking apart quirks, but you need to eat,” Hito reminded him.

They were at lunch, on their third day of classes, Hito and Shouto were talking about how the press was still at the gates when Hito had noticed that Izuku hadn’t touched his food and was half-Streaming.

Snapping back to himself, Izuku took his chopsticks and started eating. On his second bite, though, the Level Three alarms went off and the cafeteria burst into chaos.

Izuku instantly dived into the Stream and pulled up the footage from all the cameras at once.

The PA system crackled to life and Izuku’s voice rang out amongst the students, “Students, it is just the Press! Please calm down! There is no need to be alarmed. This is UA, after all, aren’t we supposed to be the best? Why are you trampling over each other? Hero students, if you see any one injured, please assist them and escort them to the infirmary. All others, please make your way to your classrooms in an orderly fashion.”

Izuku didn’t get up from his table, though, and neither did Shouto and Hitoshi. They knew that Izuku was vulnerable like this, and they were not going to let him be alone.

TinyGreenBaby – *it wasn't just the press, Nedzu.*

attached: unknown intruder in teacher lounge

RatGod – *where are they now?*

TinyGreenBaby – *I'm sending their location to Hound Dog, he's the closest. They took something off of All Might's desk, but it was a bad angle, and I couldn't see what it was.*

RatGod – *keep your eyes on them and let me know if something changes*

TinyGreenBaby - (ﾉ ◕ ヮ ◕) ﾉ*: ･ﾟ ✧

Izuku followed them to a supply closet? Odd choice of location, but okay. Less than a minute later, Hound Dog opened the door to find it empty.

--

"Tell me about the break in," Nedzu directed to Izuku after school was over. Izuku was in the staff meeting room with all of the other teachers going over the occurrence from lunch, and Izuku turned on the monitor in the room to show the events from how he viewed it.

"The press was eager to invade, as we all saw from this morning, but this person," the image on the camera zoomed in on a person in a black hoodie with light blue hair peeking out, "seems to have some sort of a five-point destructive quirk. Once the press left, I was able to

zoom in on the remnants of the gate, and like I'm sure you and Uncle noticed, the gate was reduced to dust." At this the footage changed to Nedzu and Uncle examining the gate's remains.

"As soon as the alarm went off, I started searching each camera at once for someone who didn't belong," a brief image on the screen of all 572 cameras in the school was shown, making a few of the staff send side-eyes at Izuku, "and I was quickly able to locate the intruder." The camera for the lounge takes center stage. "The person is the same as the one who disintegrated the gate, but I know that their quirk couldn't have gotten them all the way to the lounge in the time it took from destroying the gate to when I located them, so they must have another person helping them."

"After they took something off All Might's desk, they left the lounge and proceeded through a few hallways and stopped at the supply closet. Sadly, there are no actual cameras in the closet, so I don't know what happened once inside, but I'm going to guess that whoever got them inside, was able to get them out."

Nedzu looked over all of the information that Izuku had. "I only have one last question, but this is for All Might." Looking at the hero in his deflated form – Izuku already knew about this form, so he was assured he didn't need to keep appearances for him – Nedzu asked, "What was on your desk? And what is now missing?"

"I don't know," he answered nervously. "It could be anything?"

Chapter End Notes

Ooh, I think we all know what happens next chapter! USJ!

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“It’s just a mild sprain!” Izuku complained.

“I don’t care,” Uncle countered. “If you’re clumsy enough to trip on nothing and hurt yourself, I’m not risking you coming today. Get back to your training, learn to at least not trip over your own feet, and then maybe next time you can come.”

“Ugh!” Izuku had tripped while on the way to the class, excited about the trip to the USJ, and he caught himself poorly, spraining his wrist. Granny Chiyo healed him, of course, but Uncle wasn’t budging. He would have to watch the entire trip remotely.

“But Uncle Shouta, if I stay here, you can’t keep an eye on me! What if I hurt myself somehow here?” Izuku gave his best puppy eyes to his uncle, hoping that would help. Papa can usually get his way when does that.

“Hmm, you do have a decent point.” Before Izuku could cheer, Uncle grabbed his arm and marched him to 1-C’s classroom. Opening the door he said to Papa, “Mic, I need a babysitter. He’s your problem until I get back.”

“Sure thing, Eraser! Come on in, Little Listener! Take a seat at the desk, we were about to start a lesson on verbs!”

Izuku glared between the two for a moment before sighing in defeat and went to the chair behind the teacher’s desk and slumped forward,

face planting directly onto the desk, and buried his head in his arms. “Verb. A verb is a word that in syntax conveys an action, an occurrence, or a state of being. In the usual description of English, the basic form, with or without the particle to, is the infinitive. In many languages, verbs are inflected to encode tense, aspect, mood, and voice.” Izuku’s voice was just barely understandable.

“That’s right, Listener! But let’s have the actual students take a crack at the lesson, ya dig?”

--

Shouta *almost* felt bad about leaving Izuku behind, but after yesterday’s break in Shouta wasn’t taking any chances. No one knew what had been taken, and that idiot Yagi had already used up his three hours of time for the day. Izuku had made a comment while on the drive to school that All Might had been seen performing random acts of heroism all morning. It was as if he had forgotten what his schedule for the day was.

And that had gotten Shouta thinking, maybe *that* was what was taken? Yagi was forgetful enough to need his schedule written out, so if he didn’t see that he had this trip to attend, he likely didn’t realize doing hero work today was a bad idea.

If some villain had the class schedule and knew they were going to be at the USJ, there was no way Shouta was letting his nephew anywhere near there. He had honestly been looking for an excuse to make Izuku stay behind, and him spraining his wrist could not have come at a more convenient time.

Was Shouta overprotective of Izuku? Yes. Did he care? Not in the slightest.

He had asked Izuku once if he minded that Shouta was so protective, not really wanting him to feel as though Shouta was smothering the teen and was relieved when Izuku had said that he not only didn't mind, but that he liked it. He had gone so long being neglected and hated, that he truly felt loved when Shouta showed he cared.

Even if that did mean he got left out of trips to the USJ.

Watching as the kids all gathered at the bus, he noticed that Kaminari and Todoroki were looking a little shell-shocked and kept glancing to a smug looking Hitoshi. Suspicious.

JustLetMeSleep – *have you already sunk your claws into Kaminari and Todoroki?*

TinyGreenBaby – *if I say no, can I come to the USJ?*

JustLetMeSleep – *no*

TinyGreenBaby – *I'm in an English class and I'm learning valuable information about verbs. I'm not allowed to be on my phone while in class.*

JustLetMeSleep – *first, that's not your class, you are already fluent.*

Second, did you?

Shouta didn't get an answer, which for Izuku was as good as a confession. Looking back to the two boys he couldn't help but grin into his capture scarf. He had read that the two had some issues with

their quirks they needed to work on, and that gremlin of his enjoyed fixing people and their quirks.

Looking at the class again, he was now thinking of who else he could hand over to his nephew. This would be fun.

“Alright, everyone’s here,” Shouta schooled his expression into his normal deadpan. “Get on the bus.”

“But Sensei,” Ashido called out, “Izuku’s not here!”

“He’s not coming. He sprained his wrist.”

He saw Hitoshi’s worried look and quickly signed to him ‘he’s fine’ before he could panic. Shouta wasn’t the only protective one.

--

“Hey, Shinsou?” Asui asked as they got off the bus at their stop. “You’ve known Aizawa a while, right? And Sensei?”

“Yeah, I met Izu in my first year of middle school, and since Aizawa’s his uncle, I met him a few days after. Why?”

“Well, I tend to speak my mind, and I’ve been wondering, what’s his quirk? I’ve noticed him zoning out a few times, so I’m thinking it’s a mental type?”

“Eh, close enough. I’m not going to tell you, though. That’s his choice,” Hitoshi shrugged.

“Fair enough,” she said and walked off to rejoin Uraraka.

Shouto glanced at Hitoshi. “Do you even know what his quirk is?”

Hitoshi smirked. “I know more than the rest of the class does, but no, he probably hasn’t told me everything. I think you know more about it, actually.”

“Hmm,” Shouto hummed.

Aizawa handed out com units to everyone who didn’t already have one built into their hero suits, while Thirteen gave their speech on the dangers of quirks and knowing how to regulate your own quirk for rescue.

Once everyone had their coms on and connected, they all heard Izu’s voice in their ears.

“*Hello 1-A! It is I, your resident gremlin! Uncle wouldn’t let me come in person, but I’m still here to observe! If you want any assistance in coordinating the mock rescues, just ask. You don’t* need *to ask for assistance, but part of any good rescue is coordination.”*

“Izuku’s correct,” Thirteen said. “Many of the rescues I have participated in were joint efforts with other heroes. Working together, and with a coordinator, makes the work go faster and smoother.”

Quietly, Hitoshi mumbled, “Would still be nice if you were here. How’s your wrist?”

“I’m fine,” Izuku answered, just talking to Hitoshi. “*Uncle seems nervous about the break in yesterday, I knew he wasn’t going to let me come today, so I may or may not have tripped on purpose to give him an excuse to make me stay behind. Didn’t think I’d actually sprain my wrist, though.”*

“I hope that’s all it is, paranoia.”

--

Izuku still had his head down on Papa’s desk in the 1-C classroom while Papa was lecturing about verbs, clearly not paying attention. He was half paying attention to the trip to the USJ, and half watching Nedzu lecture Yagi about using up all his time in the morning when he is a heroics teacher and should be at the school on time and ready to perform his duties as a teacher.

Suddenly, there was static in his mind.

That. . . that had never happened before. Izuku sat upright, eyes glazed over, still Streaming, but now *confused*. The static was surrounding the USJ. “*Uncle?. . . Hitoshi?. . .”* When neither answered him, he went from confused to *concerned.*

“Nedzu, sorry to interrupt your scolding, but the USJ just went dark. I can’t contact Uncle,” Izuku hacked into the speaker for the room Nedzu was in with Yagi.

“Keep me posted,” Nedzu said. “Also, where are you now?”

“I’m in 1-C with Papa. I don’t want to worry him yet, but he’s looking at me as if he knows something’s up and has his phone in hand.”

“I don’t want to cause a panic just yet, but if you haven’t restored contact in—”

“I haven’t gotten contact yet, but I have the cameras back. I’m sending everyone, there’s an invasion, I see at least 70 villains,” Izuku interrupted. “*It’s the villain from yesterday.”*

“Sound the alarm! We’re on the way!”

Throughout all of UA the Level 3 alarm went off, sounding for an intruder. “*Attention Heroes of UA, the USJ is under attack! Students, remain in your classes, student representatives are in charge. All Heroes make your way to USJ!”*

Izuku was still sifting through the static that was the USJ when he was able to break into the sound system. He couldn’t hear, but he would be able to communicate with the students and heroes there. Soon after he had that, he was able to break into the rest of the audio.

Cursing to himself, he put in a call to the emergency response team. *“This is Datastream. The USJ is currently under attack. Heroes are en route to the location, but there will most likely be injuries. There are upwards of 70 villains on location.”*

“Understood,” came the reply of the dispatcher. “I will send out police and medics.”

“*Thank you. I’ll keep you updated if anything changes.”*

With emergency services on the way, Izuku put all of his attention into getting through the last of the static so he could get back into the individual com units. He could see his uncle in the middle of the group of villains kicking ass, but he could also see that the students had been spread out throughout the various disaster zones. Hitoshi and Asui were on the Shipwreck Zone, and Shouto was in the Landslide Zone with Hagakure. Bakugou and Kirishima were in the Ruins Zone.

Hitoshi and Asui seemed to be doing okay, and he didn’t really have any worries about the other students, they were all doing alright, so he focused his attention more fully on the fight his uncle was in with the group of villains while he did his best to figure out who, why, and *how* he was locked out of the coms!

A minute later he had managed to trace the disruption to one of the guys in the Mountain Zone, with Yayorozu, Jirou, and Kaminari. Izuku glared at the group of villains they were fighting, aware that the one he needed them to take down wasn’t visible.

‘Don’t do it,’ Izuku thought to himself as he saw what looked like Kaminari getting ready to do a mass electrical attack. ‘Shit.’

“*Kaminari, don’t you dare fucking do that!”* Izuku said over the USJ’s PA system, startling everyone except for his uncle. Uncle had become used to hearing Izuku’s voice come over his com randomly to where he was no longer surprised to hear him in an emergency. “*There is an electric shithead with your group, find another way to get him.”*

After Izuku said that, the electric guy with the jamming quirk emerged, realizing his ambush was trashed, and between the three teens the group on the Mountain Zone were all taken care of.

“Thank fuck the bitch with the jamming quirk is down, okay, Datastream is on your coms again! Everyone, get to the entrance, the heroes are on their way.” Izuku switched over to just his uncle’s com. “*The bitch with the hands has been staring at you, and it looks like they’re counting. They’ve figured out your tell, try to throw him off by cutting out early. Also, this is the same shit as yesterday, so watch his hands, do* not *let him touch you.”*

“Oh, is it the same guy?” Uncle muttered sarcastically. “I couldn’t tell from how he looks like the same guy from the break in footage.”

“*Yeah, yeah, I know, you pay attention to security briefings. I just wanted to make sure you knew the* one *villain that hasn’t made a move to attack you yet was analyzing you,”* Izuku slightly pouted.

“Thanks, Zu. I got it from here.”

“Be safe, Uncle. Love you,” Izuku whispered to his uncle.

“Love you too, Zu.”

He turned his attention briefly to the other emergency services to see far away they were and to see how much longer Uncle needed to hold out for back up to arrive. Five minutes for back up, and ten for medical. Okay.

The guy with the hands made his move. Izuku could only watch in horror as Uncle’s elbow was touched, just briefly, but enough to do some damage. Uncle managed to get away from him, and turning his quirk on him, he got a solid kick into the guy, causing him to back off.

“By the way, Eraserhead, I never said I was the final boss,” he said with a smirk. “Nomu.”

The brain guy had Uncle pinned quickly and had broken both of his arms and was slamming his head into the ground. Izuku had to stall for time, or he was going to lose his uncle!

“*Hey, Handjob!”* Izuku yelled over the PA system. *“I heard you’re here for All Might, right? He’s not here!”*

“You!” he shouted. “This is the second time I’m hearing you! Where are you? Are you just playing the admin, hiding behind the scenes?”

“*Well, yeah. I’m no hero!”* Izuku laughed. “*Like I’d be any use against someone who can disintegrate anyone with a touch? Bitch, please. I’m going to keep my happy ass as far away from your nasty hands as I can. And your teleporter, I saw a metal armor brace thing in his neck area. I’d be willing to bet actual money that’s where his weak spot is. And your brain fuck? Yeah, that brain is like a bright, neon sign screaming ‘here’s my weakness!’ So yeah, I’m the ‘admin’ behind the scenes, giving information to whoever needs it.”*

“Where are you?! Come out and face me, you cheating ass!” the guy screamed.

“Ooh, yeah, I haven’t been called that before!” Izuku laughed sarcastically. *“Most of the time people go straight for ‘cheating haxor’ though.”*

“Nomu! Find the admin and kill him!”

"*Hey, so I didn't catch your name, Handjob. Wanna share?"* Izuku said, grateful the Nomu had left his uncle and was now roaming the plaza looking for speakers to smash. The guy just growled at him. "*Oh, okay, no worries, I'll just do some of my cheating haxor things, aaaannnnnnd okay, Shigaraki Tomura! And Warpjob is called Kurogiri. Neat!"*

"How did you do that?!" Shigaraki screamed again. "You shouldn't be able to do this!!"

"And yet, here I am, doing this. Oh, by the way? I have a little secret for you." Knowing full well that Shigaraki and Kurogiri were going to escape as soon as the other heroes got there, Izuku decided to try something new.

He had been working on a method to put a trace on cell phones, sort of like a location tag that he could access whenever he wanted. He had tried it with Uncle and Papa, to ensure he always knew where they were. So far, all he'd tried to do with that was use it as a location tag, but he was hoping he could also use that tag to access the signals around the tag.

"Okay, so my secret is in the form of a joke, you ready?" Izuku could practically see the frustration steaming off Shigaraki, and it was beautiful. "*Okay, so, knock, knock!"*

"Who's there?" Shigaraki hissed.

With a blast, the wall exploded, and the heroes arrived. "*The heroes are here! You're fucked, now, Handjob!"* Shigaraki screamed in rage. "*Hey, Snipe, my man, the thing with the brain? Yeah, it's weakness is the brain. Please and thank you!"*

“Sure thing, Data,” Snipe said as he shot the brain a few times, dropping it.

Shigaraki and Kurogiri quickly made their escape.

Papa was at Uncle’s side seconds later.

Izuku, now that the adrenaline of the attack had worn off, was numbly directing the police and medical units, keeping tabs on everyone’s condition, even while having nearly all his focus on his uncle. Papa had joined the ambulance that had Uncle and was going with him to the hospital. Izuku would be able to catch a ride later.

For now, he had to get this tag to Nedzu. Then he could go to his uncle.

Chapter End Notes

So, no, I didn't weaponize the USJ. Shouta still got hurt just as badly as in canon. I had to. You'll see why soon.

Spoiler: Now, it's personal. (ㅎ _ ㅎ)

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

(ಥ□ಥ) I cried so hard writing this chapter!

That is your warning. This chapter has very sad Zuzu.

Izuku stood in his uncle's hospital room, looking at him asleep, covered in bandages, attached to all sorts of machines that were monitoring his vitals. He had come so close to losing him.

The first person who had ever loved him. The first person who had ever cared about him.

Izuku closed the distance. He wanted to hold his uncle's hand, but both of his hands were in casts, along with the rest of his arms.

Izuku's tears were steadily falling. He wanted to hear his uncle's voice, he wanted to hear him say something sarcastic, or witty, scathing, he wanted to hear his uncle call him a brat, or a problem creep, or a gremlin, or any of the other fond names he uses.

Instead, all he heard was the steady beeping of the heart monitor.

He wanted to see his fond exasperation, the gentle smiles, the crazy grins, the protective glares, he wanted to see his uncle awake!

Izuku was now sitting in the chair he had dragged over to his uncle's side, and pressed his face to his uncle's arm, soaking his hospital gown sleeve in tears.

He knew he should probably be working with Nedzu right now to locate the hand guy, but he couldn't focus on anything right now, not when his uncle was right here, barely having managed to cling to life long enough for the medics to help.

His heart had stopped three times in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

There was the possibility of permanent brain damage, damage they couldn't verify until Uncle Shouta woke up. Something the doctors weren't sure he'd be able to do again. There were probes attached to Uncle's head, monitoring his brain waves, and while it looked promising, they would need him to wake up before they could say he would be fine. They had said that if he was able to wake up, he would most likely be fine. If he woke up.

Izuku had told Nedzu when he gave him the information on the tag that he wouldn't be any help until Uncle was awake. He couldn't bring himself to leave his uncle's side – even if he was physically there, he needed to be mentally there as well. He hoped Nedzu knew the encryption key. Izuku had forgotten to give that to him, so focused on Uncle Shouta.

He didn't want to miss it if Uncle Shouta woke up. What if that was the only time he woke up? And Izuku wasn't there to see it?

No, Izuku wasn't going anywhere until Uncle was okay.

Papa had talked to the nurses and managed to convince them to let Izuku stay even after visiting hours were over, so Izuku didn't have to worry about getting kicked out, now if only Papa could talk Uncle into waking up.

“Hey there, my little baby,” Papa whispered to him as he came back into the room. He had left just long enough to change out of his hero costume and grab Izuku a change of clothes. “How are you holding up?”

“There’s been no changes,” Izuku replied. “Uncle still hasn’t woken up.” Izuku wasn’t even bothering to hide the cracks in his voice. The tears that continued to fall. “Please, Uncle, I need you to wake up,” he whispered brokenly.

Papa dragged his own chair next to Izuku. “I know Shou’s condition, baby, I’m asking about you. How are *you* holding up?” Papa placed his hand on Izuku’s back and a kiss to his curls, knowing he wouldn’t want to be pulled away from Uncle long enough for a proper hug.

“I don’t know,” Izuku answered. “I just need Uncle. I’ll be fine, once Uncle wakes up. Make Uncle wake up!” he broke into heart-wrenching sobs again.

--

Nedzu was both impressed and frustrated by the genius that was Aizawa Izuku. Impressed, because he had been given a location tag for the villains that had invaded the USJ, a location tag that would lead heroes to their doorstep, a location tag that was so heavily hidden and encrypted that he doubted anyone would be able to notice it if they hadn’t been fully aware of its existence, let alone hack into it.

Frustrated because it had been 27 hours since it was given to him, and Nedzu *still couldn’t break through the encryption!*

His student’s skills were outstanding, and one day he was sure he would surpass Nedzu himself, but he really needed that day to not be

this day.

Nedzu decided to take a small break and make himself some tea as he thought through his student's thought process. Maybe he was missing something? He needed to start over from the very beginning. Think, the pup doesn't want just anyone to be able to hack into his location tags…

Nedzu thought back to when he first met the pup. It was about six years ago now, the boy was nine years old. Nedzu had taken a habit of spending time on various online chess sites, hoping to find a mind that could challenge him, or perhaps a mind he could cultivate.

He had noticed one user with the name "HowDoIChess?" and decided to reach out to them. Perhaps this was a person who wanted to learn how to play chess? Or perhaps this was someone who wanted to lure their opponents into a false sense of security? If it was the former, Nedzu would be more than happy to teach them. If it was the latter, Nedzu would be more than happy to rip them apart in three moves.

It turned out the kid really didn't know how to play but was interested. Nedzu spent a few hours teaching him the basics, and after only four matches the kid was good enough to last nearly fifteen minutes against him.

He learned quickly.

Nedzu took the memory and put more focus on *how* the pup learned, not just how *quickly*. Was there a particular path he had used? There had to be a pattern of some kind to it.

Nedzu sat back at his computer with his fresh cup of tea and continued in his attempts to figure out his student's work.

--

“Twenty-nine hours,” Nedzu told the detective. “It took me twenty-nine hours to break his encryption. My student is incredible!”

“Okay, so where does it lead us?” Naomasa asked excitedly. They had been planning to raid the villain’s hideout once they had heard that Datastream had managed to place a location tag on the villain. They needed more information, of course, but the location would be a good start.

“They are in the Kamino ward, located in a bar. Unfortunately, that is all the information I have for you. I have already tried hacking into the cameras in the area, however the ones surrounding the bar are all out of order,” Nedzu said disappointedly.

“Okay, then that will leave us with some good old-fashioned surveillance,” Naomasa said. “We have plenty of officers that specialize in surveillance, we’ll get the information we need.”

--

It had been a few days, but Hizashi’s Tiny Green Baby had finally fallen asleep. Shouta had been hospitalized on Thursday, and it was now Saturday morning. Izuku hadn’t slept the entire time. It had been nearly sixty hours. Shouta was going to kill him when he found out he let their baby do that to himself.

Hizashi lightly tucked Izuku’s green curls behind his ear. His baby was being so strong, and he was so impressed with how he had managed to keep himself pulled together while that creature was hurting

Shouta.

His baby had talked smack to the villain, distracted him, gotten him to send his brain monster away from Shouta. After the other heroes arrived, Izuku had been able to direct all emergency personnel, sort out which of the villains were injured and needed hospitalization, which could be immediately processed and sent to jail, provided a step-by-step walkthrough of the entire encounter, and even sorted through the footage of the attack for the police to review. All while his Uncle Shouta was fighting for his life, knowing full well that he had died in the ambulance three times and wasn't fully expected to make it to the hospital.

He wasn't sure if he would have been able to keep his composure while the love of his life was being hurt like that. He *hadn't* kept his composure while in the ambulance with them. Hizashi had been ugly crying the whole time, keeping his hands clamped over his mouth to ensure his quirk didn't come out in the ambulance.

Izuku was definitely his uncle's nephew.

They were both so strong, logical, and passionate about the ones they loved – even if Shou almost never showed it. Hizashi had a theory it had to do with their brain mutations, but wasn't science-y enough to try to follow that train of thought.

"I love you, both of you," he whispered to them. "Shou, we need you to wake up. Zuzu, while he's doing his best to hold himself together, won't be able to stay in one piece much longer. Please, Shou. This kid loves you more than anything. Please wake up soon, Kitten." Hizashi pressed a kiss to his husband's forehead. "For him. And for me, too."

--

Naomasa was frustrated. There had been zero movement in the surveillance of the bar. No one had come in or out, none of the lights had come on, the windows were all painted black with boards covering them, so there was no way to see in.

The walls were even covered in lead, so they couldn't even try to use any infrared devices to see how many people were in there.

They couldn't cut the power to the bar without tipping them off to their presence, either.

"I hate to say it," Officer Tamakawa Sansa said, "but we need Datastream. There's no other way to find out who's in there, how many, anything."

Naomasa knew he was right. No one else could manage to get the information they needed to plan this takedown, but he knew that the young Datastream wouldn't be able to assist them just yet. He had managed to do this much before he lost focus, and from what Nedzu had said, the boy wouldn't be useful again until Eraserhead was awake.

"He's busy, Sansa," Naomasa replied.

"Doing what?" Sansa was confused.

Thinking about it, Naomasa wasn't sure if Sansa actually knew that Datastream was a fifteen-year-old kid, let alone that he was Eraser's nephew.

“His uncle is in the hospital, and no one knows when or if he’ll wake up.” Naomasa ran a hand through his hair in frustration. “He’ll help when his uncle wakes up. I know he will.”

--

Izuku was awake again, only having slept for about five hours. Uncle still hadn’t woken up, but the machine monitoring his brain waves was showing more activity, so it was looking good that he’d be awake today.

Papa was leaning against Izuku, with a hand in Uncle’s hair, playing with the dark strands. “Baby, are you hungry? You’ve barely eaten anything this whole time.”

“I’ll eat when-“ Izuku started, but was cut off.

“No, you’ll eat when I get back with something.” Papa pulled Izuku into a hug, a little forcefully since he was struggling a bit to stay pressed against Uncle’s arm. “You can’t keep doing this to yourself, baby. I know you’re worried about Shouta, I am too, but when he wakes up, he’s going to kill the both of us for acting like this.”

Izuku looked at the brain wave monitor. “He’s going to wake up soon,” he whispered. “He has to.”

“You’re right. Shouta’s the strongest person I know, he’s going to pull through, and we’ll be going home tomorrow. I’m sure of it.” Papa stood up. “I’m going to the cafeteria, I’ll be back and I expect you to eat when I get back.”

“Okay, Papa.”

“Thank you, Zuzu.”

Papa left the room, and Izuku was left alone with his uncle again.

“Uncle, I don’t know if you can hear me, but I think you’re waking up, so you might? I want you to know that everyone’s okay, all the students are okay. Thirteen got hurt a little, but not too bad.” Izuku paused as he looked at the monitor again. There was a little more activity. He smiled slightly and continued, “Papa has been trying to take care of me, but I’m not making his job very easy right now. I need you, Uncle. I need you to be awake.”

Izuku heard Uncle’s breathing pattern shift, just slightly, but enough. “Uncle?”

“. . . zu . . ?” came the faintest whisper.

“UNCLE!!!”

--

Hizashi returned to his husband's room to find a flurry of excitement, and for a moment nearly panicked, but quickly heard Izuku’s happy exclamations. He knew that if Zuzu was happy, Shouta was awake. Hizashi breathed a deep sigh of relief. They were going to be okay. Everything was going to be okay now.

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

> I apologize for the wait! I know this is the longest I've gone between posting, but the start of this chapter did NOT want to work! I'm good once I can get the first few paragraphs down, it's smooth sailing from there, but I had to re-write the first 500 or so words like ten times before I was happy with it.
>
> I hope you are as pleased with it as I am.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They had come home on Sunday, just as Papa had predicted, and Uncle was being difficult, just as Izuku had predicted. He refused to stay in bed and be catered to, instead opting to lay on the couch with Coffee and Cream doing their best to suffocate him, while Papa was being used as a pillow, Izuku leaning against Papa with Sugar draping herself across his shoulders.

“So,” Izuku said, “I have some Streaming to do. I need to burn the fuckers that had the *audacity* to attack UA, who *dared* to hurt one of the few people I care about.” Izuku paused for a moment, not really registering the looks of terror on Uncle and Papa’s faces. “I’m not really planning to go all the way in, so if you need me, you can *probably* get my attention by poking me, but if I find something really good, well. You know by now how to reach me.”

“Have fun, Zuzu,” Papa said, leaning over to plant a kiss to his curls.

“I will!” Izuku smiled his brilliant smile and started playing with his uncle’s hair as he let the Stream take him.

--

Tsukauchi and a few officers were sitting in the conference room listening to the officers who were assigned to the surveillance of the bar come up empty when Izuku dropped onto the call's signal.

"Wow. This is. This is sad," he said over the call. "I mean, good job, at least you guys found the bar?"

All at once, each officer on the call cheered at him coming on, they knew they didn't have any way to monitor the villains on their own. Tsukauchi knew exactly what his quirk was, the rest all thought he was just an amazing hacker, they didn't know how he was able to do what he did, but they all knew that when Datastream was on the coms, things happened – villains were caught, plans were thwarted, people were saved.

"Yup, it's me! Tell you what, how about you all take a break. Like, a nice, long break. I'll let you know when I'm done, and you can come back."

Tsukauchi and a few of the other officers looked around at each other, not sure if they should accept the offer or not. While it was true they had no way of getting any additional information, they felt they should at least keep up the pretenses of trying to work this.

Izuku took away their choice by simply cutting out the call.

Okay, time to get started! First order of business, despite popular belief, was *not* to dig right into the task. No, the first order of business was a playlist. Whenever Izuku had a lengthy research project, he always loved listening to music, or at least to one of Papa's recorded shows.

Today, though, Izuku was angry. These bastards hurt his uncle. They

tried to take away Uncle Shouta. They tried to kill the first person who had ever really looked at him, the first person to say 'This one. I want this one. This one is mine.' Uncle was the first person to believe in him.

Yes, Papa was also great – he was incredibly supportive, and gave Izuku all the love he could have ever wanted, he supported Izuku, and he was a great person to spend time with, Papa was always interested in anything and everything Izuku could ramble about. Izuku loved his Papa, and he would do anything for his Papa, anything at all.

But Uncle Shouta was. . . he was Uncle Shouta. He understood Izuku in ways that Papa just couldn't. Uncle knew what it was like to be hated at home, he knew how hard it was to have Inko in his life, he knew how bad it was to be abused in school. He understood that when Izuku woke up in the middle of the night with a nightmare, sometimes he didn't want hugs. Uncle Shouta was the biggest emotional support pillar Izuku had ever had.

And those *bastards* tried to take him away from Izuku.

Izuku was going to find them, light a match, and watch them burn. This was going to take longer than three minutes.

He found the perfect list of songs, all angry, rage-filled, and full of fire metaphors.

Now he can dig into the task at hand.

It took no time at all for him to center on the location tag in the Kamino Ward, and he centered most of his consciousness there – he did manage to keep enough of his mind centered at home, still grounding himself with the feeling of Uncle's hair. He then looked for

any street cameras and found what the police had – they were all broken. But who broke them? Looking at the history of the footage showed that they were all broken by the guy with the hands, Shigaraki Tomura.

There were two cellphone signals there, the one that was tagged as Shigaraki's, and the one that was Kurogiri. However, there were a few other signals that weren't phones – there was a computer, a game system, and what looked like a remote viewing monitor? Interesting.

The monitor wasn't currently connected to anything, so Izuku couldn't follow that path just yet, but if they turned it on while he was there, Izuku was going to see where it led. Maybe he'll find their boss?

Regardless, the only two people at the bar were Shigaraki and Kurogiri. Izuku briefly considered just sending in the police now, but with that remote monitor sitting innocently by the wall, Izuku decided to leave them for the moment. If he sent in heroes and police now, he might lose the boss simply because he wanted the minions.

Shigaraki's phone was in an upstairs room, and from the computer that was on in the same room, he could assume that he was playing a game – World of Legends. Oh, he can work with this!

Some of the most difficult things Izuku had ever hacked had been online game servers. Can you believe it? Some game servers were more secure than government servers! Like, he was able to get into the President of France's secure mainframe quicker the first time he tried than the *tenth* time he tried to hack into World of Legends. And he had already had nine trial runs and it was still hard!

But the point is, this guy's RNG was just set to 1. No loot for him. No crits for him. He was going to be doing the bare minimum damage for the rest of the night *at least*, it'll get him nice and frustrated while

Izuku wreaks unholy hell on some of his other games.

Speaking of…

He had a few games on his phone. Key word – had. And oh, whoops, he accidentally just deleted all of his save files on his game systems. Oh, is that a handheld? Well, nothing he can do while it's turned off, so it'll just have to wait until it's turned on.

Izuku returned his focus to Shigaraki's current game. The character he was playing was called Ashes. Izuku looked at the other characters he had on his account and saw that he had max level characters for all of the classes, in both factions. Once again, key words are important – had.

Knowing full well that all he would have to do to get his characters restored was to call customer service and yell at them for five minutes, Izuku deleted all previous save data from the company's servers for his account. He was tempted to delete Ashes as well but decided to let him keep that one for now. Have to keep him distracted, right?

Next, he decided to slow down his PC. Nothing worse for a gamer than lag, and Shigaraki was in a raid, so the lag was really going to drive him crazy.

Opening a window or two. . . hundred. . . in the background, Izuku went to all sorts of various virus-laden porn sites, making sure that PC caught one from each. And. Every. Site.

He then started a few movies on another hundred tabs. All from slightly less than legal sites, also heavily laden with viruses and spyware.

Oh yeah, must disable all of his virus protection and malware stuff.

--

Izuku started giggling and both Shouta and Hizashi exchanged a concerned look before returning to the movie they were watching.

--

Izuku was happy with the level of petty he was being, but he was also getting a little bored. He decided to see if there were any phone numbers saved in this guy's phone and was disappointed to find none. There were calls that had been made, but they seemed to all be from memory – either that or the numbers were written on paper. The one thing Datastream can't hack!

Maybe Kurogiri's phone will yield better results? Nope.

He'd wreaked all the havoc he could for the moment, and he really was bored. He just had to wait for Shigaraki's computer to melt from all of the viruses, spyware, and malware. What do to, what to do…

Izuku was about to mess with the signals to the coffee maker and all the clocks when he felt the remote monitor click on. Ooh, jackpot!

Izuku left some of his mind behind to monitor if there was a conversation, but he threw the rest of his mind into this new signal, following it to just about a kilometer away, and let himself grin a bit. So many computers to play with.

Datastream – *Nedzu! Christmas came early!!* ˚₊✧ ヽ(⁰▿⁰)ノ ✧₊˚

Would you like to help me open my presents???

RatGod – *Oh yes! I'm assuming you found the people who attacked us?*

Datastream - (〃◕◡◕〃✿)

I'm sending you each and every single file they have. There's a lot. I haven't started really going through it yet, but there's some complicated things in here that I don't quite understand.

Looks like science and medical stuff?

RatGod – *oh yes, I can see why you are saying Christmas is early!* \ʕ◕ᴥ◕ʔ/

Izuku sent over all the files and started looking over them himself. Really, none of it was making any sense. It was all information about the Nomu, though, so at the very least they'd have more information to go on.

When the other fifteen were ready.

Oh gods, there were fifteen more of them!

Izuku, in a brief moment of panic, looked into the holding vats? Stasis chambers? Whatever they were, it seemed they were all plugged in and receiving some form of electrical support.

Datastream – *so, uh, if there were fifteen vats of nomu laying around, and they were all plugged in, possibly life support of some kind? I want to turn it all off, but do you think that will tip them off that something is coming?*

RatGod – *turn them all off. Shut down all power to that facility, NOW! Not only to them, but to the entire grid*

A blackout to everyone on the grid will help throw off suspicion.

Datastream – *okay, but with this being such a big thing, I'm going to need you to give the official green light, I only have a provisional license.*

I'm connecting you to the police task force phone line so they know blacking out that grid is sanctioned by you.

RatGod – *that's fine*

--

The phone in Naomasa's office rang, and he answered with a tired, "This is Detective Tsukauchi, how—"

"Detective! How nice to speak to you!" Nedzu greeted him cheerfully. "Datastream, will there be more people?"

"Yeah, waiting for others to connect." A minute later and everyone working the USJ attack was on the call. "Okay," Datastream continued, "so I found a secondary location, and it's full of Nomu. Like, there are fifteen of them."

“And plans to create a lot more,” Nedzu added.

“That too,” Datastream amended. “They are all in some sort of life support/suspended animation? I’m going to shut down all electricity to that grid, but it’s going to shut down electricity for a lot of people, not just this one location.”

“We wanted you to know that I am officially sanctioning this action. Datastream is my personal student, and he has my permission to take this action.” Nedzu was unusually serious, so Naomasa didn’t want to argue, but he did have one concern.

“What if they go on a rampage once the power is cut?”

Both Nedzu and Datastream were silent for a few minutes, before Nedzu said, “It looks like they aren’t completed yet. Only the one that went to the USJ was viable outside the support vats. Cutting the power will destroy them at the current stage they are in.”

Datastream added, “There are only two other people in this location, and one is a doctor, and the other is the boss. He seems to be on some sort of life support, but it also looks like there is a back up source of electricity for him, separate from the back up generators for the Nomu. I want to disable the generators, too, but that will make them suspicious.”

“Don’t draw suspicion until we have an attack force to take them down,” Nedzu said. “Plus, we will need to hit both locations simultaneously, since they have Kurogiri to take them to safety.”

“Right.” Datastream was silent for another few minutes, and Naomasa was about to ask if that’s all they needed, when Datastream asked the single most important question Naomasa had ever heard. “Who’s All

For One?”

“Wh-what?” Naomasa stuttered.

“Are you sure?” Nedzu whispered. “All For One, that’s who’s in there?”

“Yeah,” Datastream confirmed. “He’s the guy on life support.”

“All Might. Call All Might, get All Might on the phone now! We need All Might!” Naomasa exclaimed, nearly panicking.

“Uh, sure, one sec? . . . Okay, All Might, you’re on the phone!” Datastream said.

“Who is this?” Toshinori asked, confused.

“All Might, this is Detective Tsukauchi, Datastream is the one who called you, but we also have Nedzu on the line as well as Chief Tsuragamae. Also, some of you on this call aren’t cleared for this information, so all those I did not specifically call out, please disconnect from this call.”

“Okay, they’re all off,” Datastream confirmed after a minute.

“Data, you don’t need to continue with this,” Chief Tsuragamae said. “This villain is quite a bit out of your league, you can leave the rest to us.”

“Yeah, no. Thanks, but no. This is personal for me, and I’m not going to be left out.”

“Young Datastream, I’m not sure what is going on, but if the chief is requesting you to leave this alone, then you should do as he asks,” Toshinori said. Naomasa wondered if he knew that Datastream was Eraser’s nephew?

“Be silent, All Might,” Nedzu said. “Datastream, I’m going to assume this is about Aizawa?”

“Yeah. Those fuckers nearly killed *my uncle*. I am not going to sit back and just watch. I’m here to help in whatever way I can,” Datastream hissed.

“Aizawa is your uncle?” All Might asked. “But, he only has one nephew, from what I understand. Young Aizawa Izuku.”

“Yeah, that’s me. Thanks for *finally* realizing that. We haven’t been exactly subtle,” Datastream sassed back. “By the way, when this all goes down, and from the seriousness of everyone’s actions it’s going to be big, are you going to actually do what I tell you to? Or will you do the exact opposite, *again*, and get a dozen or more people killed?”

All Might sputtered in indignation. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Young Aizawa!”

“Datastream,” he corrected. “When I’m Streaming, I am Datastream. And if you need me to jog your memory—”

“Datastream, now is not the time to be petty,” Nedzu interrupted.

“Right. Right. Now is the time to plan this raid. I’m good.”

--

Shouta had fallen asleep sometime during the movie, and Hizashi didn’t want to move him. Izuku had slipped fully into his Stream, and Hizashi no matter how many times he poked him, he wasn’t budging. Hizashi looked longingly at his phone, just out of reach. He was in a pickle. He didn’t want to move Shouta, he couldn’t rouse Izuku….

And he had to use the bathroom!

Chapter End Notes

> Oh look, we're going to raid Kamino way before the canon timeline. Huh. I wonder what's going to happen? Will they get caught? Will they escape? WILL THEY DIE?! Who knows!
>
> I know.
>
> I'm not telling. Yet.
>
> ❀ヽ(。◠ ᗜ ◠。)

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Okay, so we’re going to have All Might, Gang Orca, Edgeshot, FatGum, Best Jeanist, Kamui Woods, Midnight, and Mt. Lady. Do we really need *all* of them?” Izuku asked. “I mean, that’s a *lot* of firepower, and the guy is already on life support.”

“Datastream, go to my computer at UA and look in the folder Wildflowers, subsection gamma tau beta nine. The file you’re looking for is O.V.A,” Nedzu said. “Look it over and then tell me we have enough firepower.”

Izuku did as instructed and found a file on All For One, and it included a video on the fight All Might had with the villain, along with the known quirks he had at the time. “Oh,” Izuku squeaked. “Yeah, that… that might be just about the right amount of firepower. Actually, you could probably use another heavy hitter.” Izuku paused. “Tsuka, would you be able to send someone to my place to babysit Uncle so we can have Papa come along?”

“Data, you might want to ask them first,” Nedzu suggested.

“Right. Right.” He was quiet for a moment. “Huh. Papa isn’t answering his phone. He always answers. I’ll be right back, going to check on him.”

--

Izuku blinked back into awareness to find he was no longer leaning

against his Papa, he was instead leaning against his Uncle. “Where’s Papa?” he asked.

“Bathroom. His phone ringing woke me up, apparently between the two of us he was pinned for a few hours.” Uncle shrugged. “He could have just woken me, so it’s his own fault.”

Izuku giggled and gave his uncle a quick hug. “There’s going to be a raid tomorrow,” he said. “The team could use an extra long-range heavy hitter.”

“You want to bring Zashi.” It wasn’t a question.

“. . . Yeah. This guy, this villain, he’s strong enough to stand up to All Might. All Might as he was five years ago, and we all know he’s gotten weaker in the past five years.” Izuku toyed with Uncle’s sleeve. “I don’t want to put Papa in any danger, but he’s the strongest long-range fighter. This guy would be able to just shrug off Snipe’s attacks. Nedzu has footage of the last time this guy fought All Might, and-“ Izuku cut himself off.

“And what?” Papa asked, having come out from the bathroom a little while ago.

Izuku turned around to face his Papa. “This guy scares me,” he whispered. “I read all about him in Nedzu’s file on him. I don’t know if I can share that information with you, though. But I don’t know if All Might can take him on alone.”

Papa glanced at Uncle. “If I go, will you behave and stay home until I get back?”

“Oh, I’m going to have Tsuka send someone to babysit Uncle,” Izuku grinned.

“I’m not the one who needs a babysitter, Zuku. You are totally unresponsive when you’re Streaming,” Uncle glared lightly.

“True, but you’re the one who’s going to try to go into work tomorrow, and you’ll find a way to drag me with you if you don’t have anyone watching you,” Izuku pointed out.

“He’s got you there, babe,” Papa agreed.

“Ugh, fine. Zashi, go get ready for this raid, Zu, tell Tsukauchi to send Tamakawa. If I’m going to have an officer invade my home, it’s going to be him.”

Izuku snickered at his uncle. “Right, the only cat on the police force. I almost want to have them send the chief instead.”

“Do it and I’ll disown you,” Uncle warned jokingly.

--

Shouta was once again laying on the couch, Sansa in the kitchen catching up on some of his paperwork, while Izuku was curled up on the other side of the couch.

Izuku was helping with the organization of the raid for the League of Villains, and he had promised that Shouta would be able to listen in

when the attack happened. Shouta knew his nephew was going to be leading this raid, and this was a huge step for him. Nedzu would be supervising him, and everyone would know the code phrase for if Nedzu felt he had to take over from Izuku, but Shouta had faith that Zuku would be able to run the raid from start to finish.

Zuku was incredible, and he knew he had a lot of support from most of the heroes out there, he had heard nothing but good things about his nephew, even though no one knew Datastream was his Zuku. But he also knew that all of those same heroes knew Datastream was a kid. This raid was going to be hugely important, and they might not follow him due to his age.

While he wanted to believe they would listen to him, he knew there was a chance of things going wrong. He could only hope that if things did go wrong, that Hizashi and Nemuri would be okay.

Izuku would blame himself if anything happened to them.

--

Izuku was ready. His part in this whole mess was to shut down All For One's life support, and then when he and the doctor were trying to get it functional again, the real attack would take place. He would also be coordinating all moves should anything not go according to plan and facilitating rescue after in the case of any casualties.

Edgeshot, Kamui Woods, and Best Jeanist were hitting the bar – the only ones there were Kurogiri and Shigaraki, so they should be able to handle that. Edgeshot could prevent Kurogiri from teleporting away, and between Kamui and Jeanist, they would be able to restrain them both for transportation.

The real fight was going to be at the warehouse/lab. All Might, Gang Orca, and FatGum were going to be the tanks. While All Might was most likely going to be the only one really needed, they didn't want to take any chances, and if he was ever blasted away, Gang Orca and FatGum would be there to soak up the damage while All Might took a second to recover. If all three of them were blasted back, Present Mic would be there to deliver a sonic blast that would disorient the villain long enough for one of the others to return to the fight.

Midnight and Mt. Lady were there to take down the Doctor. They were hoping he wouldn't be able to run, but the two heroines should be able to handle him with relative ease.

That was the gameplan. Izuku was ready. The heroes were ready. The villains were clueless.

So of course, everything went to shit right from the start.

Right as Izuku announced he had turned off the life support of the villain, All Might barged in. He had waited long enough for Izuku to say that he had completed stage one of the plan, and apparently missed the fact that his entrance was supposed to be stage three.

Stage two was supposed to be a ten-minute waiting period as Jeanist, Edgeshot, and Kamui got into position without alerting the villains in the bar while the doctor and All For One attempted to fix the support system, but now the doctor might be able to escape since he wasn't in the room! And All For One wasn't suffering from the ten minutes without the life support.

"For FUCK'S sake! This! *This* is what I meant when I said you were going to fuck this up!" Izuku was yelling at All Might.

“Data, drop it, he took off his com as he ran in!” Orca yelled back as he was running to catch up to All Might and try to salvage this raid.

“Fuck. Fine.” Izuku switched to the Bar Team channel. “Bar team, All Might struck early, I hope to hell you’re in place, I need you to go!” Izuku ordered.

“I thought we had ten more minutes! We’re not ready!” Kamui Woods stated.

“You better get ready reall—okay, that’s a problem!” Izuku switched to all channels. “Okay, so the villains at the bar have been alerted to the fight at the warehouse, and the Bar Team wasn’t in place as they were *supposed* to have ten more minutes. Kurogiri and Shigaraki’s phone signals have left the bar and are now at the warehouse.”

Nedzu’s voice rang out on the channel, “Datastream, make sure you have all signals tagged just in case of escape.”

“Already done, Nedzu.” Izuku ran some quick calculations in his mind and then issued new orders. “Mic, FatGum, break off from All For One, I need you to enter the building and apprehend Kurogiri and Shigaraki. FatGum, watch the hands, Mic, careful of Kurogiri’s portals, I don’t want him to do to you what he did to Thirteen.”

“Got it, Data,” Came Papa’s reply, with FatGum giving similar.

The fight between All For One and All Might was heating up, with Gang Orca only able to stun the villain a few times before he was picked up and thrown out of the area. Izuku noted that Orca had landed hard and wasn’t getting back up. “I need medics to Gang Orca’s location! He’s not getting back into this fight!”

“Midnight,” Izuku directed to his Auntie, “The Doctor is in the next room, if you direct your gas through the cracks in the door you can put him to sleep, he’s *trying* to delete the computer hard drives.” As Midnight sent her gas into the room, Izuku turned to Mt. Lady’s com. “I need you to exit, Midnight’s got the doctor to sleep, FatGum and Mic are after Kurogiri and Shigaraki, you *might* be able to help All Might with All For One.”

“Understood,” she replied and headed out of the warehouse.

Izuku watched as Papa and FatGum managed to corner Shigaraki and Kurogiri, but before they could stun the two villains, Kurogiri warped them out. Izuku was able to pinpoint their signals to another base further North in Morioka, they were well out of the area, so he reached out to Mic and FatGum. “Okay, those two escaped, please rejoin the main fight.”

As they agreed, Izuku sent the new location to Nedzu, they could put together a plan to catch them later on, for now they still had a major villain to take down.

With both FatGum and Present Mic helping to keep All For One occupied, the fight was over quickly. There was a lot more damage to the surrounding areas, damage that honestly wouldn’t have been there if they had been able to run the original plan.

With the villain in quirk suppressing cuffs, they were able to start rescue efforts. Detective Tsukauchi had dragged All Might off to sit in an ambulance while he gave him a lecture on following a plan and working with others.

Izuku was compartmentalizing things, and not letting himself pay

attention to All Might and the lecture he was receiving, nor the pure rage he was feeling towards the idiot – he had rescues to organize. Three apartment buildings had been knocked down, and there were dozens of injured that hadn't evacuated yet.

This was going to be a long day.

--

Hizashi came home alone. His little baby was still handling the aftermath of the raid, but there was nothing left for Present Mic to do – all reports had been filed, all civilians rescued, all villains either captured or escaped. He was upset with how poorly things went but was impressed with how his Zuzu was able to make the best out of the worst possible situation.

Shouta looked up at him as he came in. "Zu let me listen in. Get changed, and then you can rage all you want about Yagi."

"Thanks, babe," Hizashi kissed Shouta on the cheek and went to their bedroom to change out of his costume and shower.

As he came back out, he grabbed a throat lozenge and saw that Officer Tamakawa had already left. He didn't remember seeing him when he came home, did he just miss him? Or did he leave before he got home?

Either way didn't matter. He flopped onto the couch and put his head on Shou's lap. "Zuku was amazing, Shou, he didn't hesitate once to re-order his thoughts and issue new commands when everything went to shit. He was able to maintain control of the situation." Hizashi looked over at Izuku still sitting on the couch with a vacant expression. "Has he gotten up once since this morning?"

“Yes. I managed to convince him to pull out just enough to go to the bathroom a few minutes before everything went down, but he’s been ignoring my calls since. I know he’s still deep in the reports and the aftermath, so I’ll let that slide.”

“So, he hasn’t eaten all day?” Hizashi asked worriedly.

“No,” Shouta confirmed. “I’ve heard his stomach growling a few times in the past hour or two, but he won’t come out to take care of himself.”

“Ugh, like uncle, like nephew,” Hizashi muttered. “I wish I knew what he was doing to be taking so long, though. I’m pretty sure he’s done with all the reports by now, and all rescue efforts were done before I left. He can’t be doing anything with the medical team, right?”

“I don’t know, maybe it’s prisoner transportation?” Shouta suggested. “Surveillance while transporting to Tartarus?”

“Could be.”

--

“Forced retirement,” Izuku suggested. “Not only did he blatantly ignore the plan, this is the ninth time he’s done this to me, but the results could have been so much worse today!”

Nedzu was back in his office at UA while he and Izuku were talking about what went wrong today and what should happen, while Izuku

was watching over the prisoner transportation. That at least was going smoothly.

“Izuku, you know the public would be in outrage if All Might were to be forcible retired. We can suggest he retire, but we can’t force him to.” Nedzu hummed in contemplation. “I’ll think up something.”

Izuku growled. He legitimately growled. Nedzu had never heard the pup growl before. “I swear, I always knew he was an idiot, but he was always at least a decent hero. I had respect for him. But after today, all respect is gone. His actions today could have gotten my Papa killed! Or my Auntie Nem!”

Nedzu was startled, he thought he could hear tears in Izuku’s voice. That couldn’t be, right? “Izuku?”

“I almost lost Uncle Shouta, but thanks to All Might, I could have lost —" Izuku sniffled. “I need him to be punished, Nedzu. Please.”

“Sure thing, pup. I’ll figure something out,” he whispered.

“Thanks,” Izuku said. “The transport just arrived at the prison. They’ve got the rest covered, right? I should probably be getting back home myself, I bet Uncle and Papa are wondering what’s taking so long.”

“Take it easy, Pup. While you don’t need to come in to school tomorrow, I’m sure both Yamada and Aizawa will be. You’re welcome to sleep on the couch in my office all day tomorrow. We can plan All Might’s punishment then.”

“Maybe for a bit, but I might just hang out with Papa and his classes tomorrow.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I legitimately need help. I want Monoma to be in 1-A, and I have a few ideas on how to make it happen.

Option 1 - He's in Gen Ed currently, so he didn't pass the Heroics Entrance Exam and Izu meets him while he's hanging out with Hizashi. Izu goes crazy over his quirk and manages to convince him to do his best in the Sports Fest and gets moved to 1-A afterwards. (Hitoshi's canon story)

Option 2 - He's in 1-B and Izuku sees him in the Sports Fest and goes Full Gremlin on him afterwards, pulls him into his friend circle, and then Vlad all but disowns him after seeing him spend so much time with 1-A.

Honestly, I'm leaning more towards Option 1, but that's really Hitoshi's canon story. But that's the one I like the most?

So please help me pick, or if you have any better ideas, let me know! I will have Monoma in 1-A though. I love him.

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry! It took me ages to update this, even though I had the ideas, I wasn't having writer's block. The thing is, I'm.... I'm....

I'm an adult!! °･º･(˚ ˃̣̣̥᷄⌓˂̣̣̥᷅)･º･°

To be more specific, I'm a supervisor, and it's Year End Review season!

I don't know if the next chapter will be out soon or if it will take another week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi was worried – he had been trying to get ahold of Izu since Thursday, but he hadn't replied to a single message. That wasn't like him at all. Of course, with his uncle having been hurt, maybe he wasn't paying any attention to his phone?

And then there was that raid yesterday, he saw that Present Mic was there, so Izu was probably distracted in watching that raid. He hadn't come to school yesterday, either.

"Do you think Izuku will be in class today?" Shouto asked.

"I hope so," Hitoshi replied. "I'm worried about him."

TinyGreenBaby – *don't worry about me, Hito!*

I'm not going to be in most of our classes today, but I will be in English

"Izu!" Hitoshi breathed a sigh of relief. "Where have you been?"

TinyGreenBaby – *at home. I'll tell you about it at lunch.*

Maybe

If you eat with me in the teacher lounge

"Izuku?" Shouto was just as concerned at Hitoshi was.

TinyGreenBaby – *it was a stressful couple days*

Class is about to start, put your phones away

Reluctantly, Hitoshi put his phone away. "I guess we'll just have to talk to Izu at lunch," he said to Shouto.

The two boys settled back into their desks just in time for the door to open. They were expecting Midnight to walk in like she had the day before but were surprised to find Aizawa-sensei at the door, covered in bandages.

"Aizawa-sensei!" Half the class was shouting at their teacher, wondering if he should really be walking around, let along teaching the class. The other half were wondering where Izuku was – after all, his uncle was back in class, so where was he?

"Settle down you brats," Aizawa grumbled. "As you can see, I'm fine." He ignored nearly half the class exclaiming various versions of 'no you're not' and continued. "As for Izuku, he's become attached to Present Mic."

Well, Hitoshi thought. *That explains where he is.*

--

Hizashi walked into his Homeroom class with his adorable tiny green baby following right behind him. “Zuzu, you can take the seat at the desk again,” he suggested. As Izuku took the seat he had taken on Thursday, Hizashi’s class erupted into chaos.

“That’s him!”

“Oh, I’m glad he’s okay!”

“He was really out of it the other day, I thought there was something wrong with him!”

“Sensei!”

Hizashi laughed and raised his hands, placating the students. “Okay guys, I can see you want a little explanation on this guy. Zuzu, want to introduce yourself?”

“Sure!” Izuku stood up and greeted the class. “My name is Aizawa Izuku! Aizawa Shouta, the homeroom teacher of 1-A is my uncle. My Quirk is weird, and I don’t like talking about it all that much, but it’s a mental one, and I can sometimes ‘check out’ of my surroundings, like what happened on Thursday.” Izuku scratched his head. “Let’s see, what else? Oh! I’m not an official student at UA, so while I might float around between various classes, I’m not on the roster for any of them. I’m the personal student of Nedzu-sensei, and it’s easier for him to teach me here.” Izuku smiled his biggest smile as he sat back down. “If Mic-sensei is willing, I’ll answer a few questions.”

“Since he offered, I’ll allow it. But there are conditions!” Hizashi was quick to say. “One! No asking about his uncle’s homelife – pros deserve privacy too. Two! No asking about his quirk, he already said he doesn’t like talking about it. Three! If I think he’s not comfortable answering a question, I’m going to shut it down. Understood?”

“Yes, Sensei!” the class said.

Izuku grinned at the class. “Okay, I actually know everyone’s names, so just raise your hands and I’ll call on you. Yes, Isogai?”

“Hi, um, what exactly happened to you on Thursday? We were worried about you! You were just thrown into the class and then you were… unresponsive?”

“Ah, that actually falls into the ‘quirk’ category, sorry.” Izuku shrugged. “The alarm triggered my quirk and I checked out. It happens. That’s kind of why my uncle threw me in here, really. He wants to make sure someone he trusts is there to watch over me if I check out like that. Next! Okuda!”

“Thanks! You said you’re Nedzu-sensei’s personal student? What kind of things do you learn from him? I’m assuming it’s not the normal curriculum?”

“You’re right! I’m not training to be a Hero in the traditional way, I don’t want to be a hero like Mic-sensei is, but I’m going to be a hero like Nedzu-sensei! Part of what my quirk does is enhance my intelligence, so Nedzu-sensei has been teaching me strategy, psychology, coding and hacking, manipulation, and various university level classes.” Izuku looked at the next person. “Akabane?”

“Will this be a regular thing? Hanging out in our class?”

“I doubt it,” Izuku answered. “Present Mic was in a situation yesterday, and he’s one of my favorite heroes! Since my uncle and him are so close, I kinda know what happened yesterday, and it was really scary. So, I’m being a bit clingy today, and he’s lucky I’m not forcing him to wear me like a backpack.”

Hizashi chuckled at that. “Okay, that’s enough questions for now. Let’s get class started!”

--

A knock on the door to the teacher’s lounge and Hitoshi and Shouto entered. “Izuku, your friends are here,” Snipe said as he closed the door behind the two newcomers.

“Hey guys!” Izuku beamed and ran over to hug them. “I missed you! Come over and have lunch with us!” He dragged the two over to where he had been eating with his Papa and uncle.

“Looking forward to the Sports Fest?” Hizashi asked the boys.

“Eh, yes?” Hitoshi said a bit uncertainly. “I mean, I don’t think I’m going to really do my best out there, I don’t want the attention.”

Uncle nodded at that. “Yeah, since you’re aiming for the underground, the less attention the better.”

“The second event is always a team thing,” Izuku offered. “If you make it to the second event and then throw the match, you’ll be bringing down your team, but I’d be super disappointed if you threw the event in the first round. At least try to make it to the final event?” Izuku was giving his version of the cute puppy eyes that Hitoshi was weak against.

“We’ll see,” Hitoshi muttered.

“If you don’t try your best,” Shouto started, “that kid from 1-B bill be unsufferable. He’s already annoying as it is.”

“What happened?” Izuku asked. He hadn’t heard anything that would make them any worse than others.

“As we were leaving the class for lunch, there was a crowd of Gen Ed and 1-B students trying to take a peek at ‘the kids who survived a villain attack.’ They declared war on us.” Hitoshi rolled his eyes.

“Ugh, that sounds like a pain. I don’t think I’ve ever been happier to *not* be a hero student.” Izuku suddenly stood up and raised his voice a bit. “No one open that door!!”

Everyone in the room shared a glance with each other, wondering what was going on, when the door to the teacher lounge rattled, the person on the other side attempting to open it. After a few more attempts, there came a knock.

“Problem creep,” Uncle muttered. “Did you lock All Might out of the lounge?”

“I don’t know,” Izuku countered. “Did he ignore orders, almost getting multiple heroes killed?”

Hitoshi and Shouto exchanged curious looks at that, while Uncle just sighed. “At least activate the security bots to chase him away from the door, I don’t want to hear him knocking all throughout lunch.”

A voice was heard over the speakers in the hallway, “All Might, don’t destroy school property!” Nedzu giggled as the speaker cut out.

Muffled by the door, everyone in the lounge could hear All Might mutter, “What does he mean by destroying school property? I’m not knocking that hard—OH SHIT!” He was then heard running away, while metallic whirring raced past the door.

Izuku giggled madly as Hitoshi ruffled his hair. “You really sent the security bots on him?”

Izuku’s giggles subsided, and he pouted. “He almost got my Papa hurt! And FatGum and Gang Orca were sent to the hospital, along with one hundred and twenty-seven civilians who hadn’t evacuated their apartments before the buildings came down. Which wouldn’t have happened if All Might had just followed the plan! I mean, how hard is it to-“

“Zuzu, they’re not cleared to hear the details from that raid,” Papa reminded.

Izuku stuck out his tongue and pouted. “Safe for you to hear version – All Might’s a bitch and I want to ruin his career. I wish he had similar dirt to Endeavor, it’d make ruining him easy.”

Shouto looked at Izuku with wide eyes. “I thought you liked him?”

“Eh, not really, but I respected him. I didn’t hate him.” Izuku shrugged. “It’s hard to know the things I do and actually *like* some heroes. Don’t get me wrong, most are actually good, and I’d trust them, but then there are the ones I hate.” He shrugged again and went back to his lunch.

“On a lighter note,” Shouto said after a few minutes, “I’m looking forward to the Sports Fest. Yumi said mom will be allowed to watch, so I plan on doing my best.” Shouto had a sweet smile on his face. He usually did when talking about his mom.

Hitoshi nudged him. “All the more reason for me to not get into the third round then, don’t wanna show you up in front of your mom.”

Shouto scoffed at him while Izuku giggled.

--

Izuku was in Nedzu’s office, Uncle and Papa were in the teacher’s lounge, Uncle taking a nap and Papa grading papers, while they waited for Izuku’s lesson with Nedzu to finish.

“Izuku, I have been thinking. Would you like to co-host the Sports Fest this year with Yamada and Aizawa? You don’t have to be in the announcer’s booth, I’m sure you could co-host it from home if you wanted,” Nedzu asked.

“Oh, that sounds like fun! And I promise not to let any of 1-A know about the tasks!” Izuku smiled.

Before Nedzu could reply, they heard a loud knocking on Nedzu's door. "That's odd, the camera isn't . . . showing . . . Izuku. Who is at my door?"

"Hmm, who indeed." Izuku hummed in quiet, sadistic satisfaction. "The security in your hallway will be activated in about ten seconds. So. Head's up?"

"I'll let Power Loader know I'll need it recalibrated later," Nedzu sighed. "I suppose I should be glad you haven't found a song you like for him yet?"

"Oh, I already have that program mastered, I don't need to test it anymore. Besides, I want to ruin his career, not kill him, and if I did that to him, he'd be in danger due to his Small Might form." Izuku sported a grin he learned from Uncle Shouta. "No, I'm thinking of other things. More. . . petty things. I actually had a long list of things I wanted to do to Endeavor, but then I found out he was a truly shit person. I barely made a dent in that list! Now, while I wait for you to come up with something to really punish Yagi, I can use some of those ideas!"

"Oh? Do tell!"

"Hmm, he's going to find out about two of them once he finally goes home."

--

Toshinori had been having a really bad day. First, all of his fellow teachers had been giving him the cold shoulder. None of them would

talk to him! It's not like anyone had actually been hurt in the raid the previous day!

Okay, so he went a little earlier than he should have. But can you really blame him? All For One was right there! He had to be dealt with swiftly, and some kid can't really be trusted to come up with such a plan to take down a villain like that!

Toshinori was then further inconvenienced when the security system started to go after him! First when he tried to go to the teacher's lounge for lunch, and then again when he tried to speak with Nedzu at the end of the day.

Young Aizawa needed to be reprimanded, but no one was willing to do such, just because he was Eraser's nephew! Well, Toshinori was not afraid of disciplining the child. The next time he sent security bots after him, the boy would be sorry. He would make the boy run laps, or something, a detention? What did kids do in detention, anyways?

He had stopped at his mailbox before heading up to his apartment, and saw he had a few packages. Odd, he didn't remember ordering anything. Shrugging, since they were most likely from his agency or another hero, he didn't think much of it.

Toshinori had unlocked his apartment door and took off his shoes and set down the larger of the two packages and opened the smaller.

A small 'poof' exploded as soon as the lid was lifted, and glitter was sent everywhere, in all sorts of sizes and colors. Toshinori was not amused. This was going to take forever to clean! And with it being glitter, he knew he'd never be able to clean it all up!

Looking suspiciously at the second package, he decided not to open it.

It'd probably be just as bad as the glitter.

Unfortunately, the second package didn't give him a choice. It appeared to be a bomb of some kind, only when it exploded, it rained cow manure all over Toshinori's living room!

--

Shouta was trying to catch a few extra minutes of sleep before homeroom started, when Vlad walked up him, looking a little unsure of himself. Which was more than a little odd.

"Aizawa."

"Sekijiro."

Vlad let out an irritated sigh of defeat. "Okay, you were right. I should not have fought you in this."

Shouta smirked. He wasn't sure what he was right about yet, but he loved it when he was able to get Vlad to admit he was wrong. "Go on. I'm right on so many things, you're going to have to be a little more specific."

"Screw you, Aizawa!" he snarled, but then caught himself and said, "I mean. The two students. The one you said should have been in my class, and the one you said should have been in yours."

"Yes. Mineta was already expelled from the hero course on the first

day. You had your chance to make him a hero, but now that chance has passed."

"From what I read, I don't want him. There are a lot of girls in my class anyways, and he would not have lasted long there at all. But I'm here to discuss the other. Monoma Neito." Vlad paused, and then sighed again. "He needs a fighting style I can't teach in order to make his quirk truly effective. He needs a quirkless fighting style, like the one you're specialized in."

"Well, it just so happens that I have an open seat in my class." Shouta was internally cheering, he had almost wanted to fight Vlad before the year started for that student. His quirk was complicated and needed a fighting style that Vlad would never be able to provide to the boy, but he decided to accept the perverted child instead.

He had seen the way the kid leered at the girls in the exam footage and knew that if he had passed, he'd be a sexual harassment case in the making, and would need a quick expulsion. After looking into his scores and seeing that he hadn't even made the bare minimum points required for enrollment, he realized that the boy was the child of one of the chairmen on the School Board.

Vlad wouldn't have the guts to expel a board member's kid.

So, he let Vlad take the Monoma kid as he took the Mineta kid.

"I'll let Monoma know he will be transferred into 1-A." Vlad turned and walked out.

"Oh, Sekijiro?" Shouta called out to him before he got too far. "Tell him that he should prepare for a hell training course. My nephew will be planning out his training regiment, effective today. Plus Ultra, and

all that stuff.”

Chapter End Notes

So it was kind of funny how many people seemed to forget that Hitoshi was already in 1-A, and that he had managed to get in via the recommendation exam. His canon story wasn't even almost going to be used, and I didn't need to make room for two transfers. ¯_(ツ)_/¯

I went with a version of Option 2. A few of you did make valid points that Monoma would thrive more with a different fighting style, and I agreed. So then I had to decide why he would have been placed with Vlad in the first place if he would have clearly been a better student for Aizawa, and this is what I came up with.

He's going to have to suffer through Izuku's "Break it apart and put it back together" thing, just like Denki and Shouto did, but that is what will bring him into the inner Izu Crew!

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

> Enter Monoma Neito!
>
> I am curbing his ego a bit (a lot) I just don't want to write him that way. And he isn't as attached to 1-B as he is in Canon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Neito was annoyed. Well, Neito was almost always annoyed, there wasn't anything new about that emotion. From the day his quirk came in, he was constantly annoyed. His quirk was Copy, and he felt it was a pretty cool quirk, but he was the only one who really thought like that.

Most people saw him as either a weak copycat, or a villain.

He hated being seen as a villain, so he purposely chose to appear as though his copy of other's quirks was weaker than they really were. But the truth was, his versions were often times stronger than the original, if only being able to hold them for 5 minutes at a time. Not always, but often.

Some quirks weren't worth the effort, though. Like Tokage Setsuna's Lizard Tail Splitter, it might be a transformation quirk, but splitting off parts of his body was unnerving at best. And then if he didn't bring the body part back within a certain time, it would stop functioning and he'd need to re-grow that body part! Neito had nightmares after he tried that. Never again.

And while he could use mutation quirks, they always hurt to manifest. Shiozaki Ibara's quirk was . . . never again.

But the point still stands. He would rather be seen as a weak copycat than as a villain but being seen as weak annoyed him. He knew full well how strong he could be! He was not going to be able to reach his full potential in this class, though, and nobody understood that!

And he was getting really sick and tired of Kendo hitting him!

“Monoma, I need to speak to you. Bring your things,” Vlad said, entering the class a few minutes before homeroom started.

Sighing, Neito got up with his things. Whatever Vlad-sensei had to say, it was probably about his attitude. Just like in past classes, Neito was probably about to be suspended for his piss-poor comments and would be told to shape up or he’d be shipped off. Same old story.

“Yes, Sensei?” Neito asked as he stepped into the hall, prepared for the suspension.

“Follow me.” The two of them walked to where the 1-A classroom was, and then Vlad turned to him. “This past week, I’ve been watching you, how you fight, and how you use your quirk. I had really wanted a student with a quirk as strong as yours in my class. That said, I know I can’t teach you properly. I can’t give you what you need to be the hero you have the potential to be.”

With a grimace, he continued, “That’s why, you’re being transferred to 1-A. Aizawa specializes in quirkless combat, and with his training, you’ll be able to more easily get in close to your opponent and gain access to their quirks.”

Neito was looking at Vlad with wide eyes. He’d always admired Eraserhead’s combat style, and he had known that was the ideal fighting style for him, or a variation of that at least. He knew that a

lot of melee heroes or five-point quirk users needed to have a solid base of quirkless combat, and no one was better at that that Eraserhead!

And now Vlad was really going to let him go to 1-A? Where he could be trained by Eraserhead himself?!

“Before you get all excited, Aizawa wanted me to inform you that his nephew was going to start you on a training regiment, starting today. That demon child will be putting you through hell, but from the rumors I’ve heard, you’ll be better for it.” He looked again at the door to 1-A. “Have fun.”

And then Vlad walked off, leaving Neito standing at the doorway, looking like a tool.

“Wow, dick move there, huh?” came a voice from behind Neito. He turned around to see a kid with curly green hair grinning at him. “Aizawa Izuku! Welcome to 1-A!”

--

Hitoshi was absently playing a match three game on his phone while waiting for homeroom to start when the door opened and Izuku came in, dragging a blonde kid behind him. “Uh oh,” he whispered, just loud enough for Shouto to hear. “Izu’s got a new victim.”

Shouto looked up from the notebook he was writing in. “Isn’t he in 1-B? What’s Zuku doing with him here?” Shouto hummed.

“Hey guys!” Izu cheerfully greeted. “Monoma, this is your seat.” Izu

shoved the blonde kid into the seat behind Hitoshi.

“Uh, Izu, that’s *your* seat?”

“Ugh, Hito, repeat after me!” Izu said grumpily. “Izuku.”

With a raised eyebrow, Hitoshi decided to humor him. “Izuku.”

“Is not.”

“Is not.”

“A UA student.”

“Yes, you are,” Shouto interrupted. “You’re not a hero student, but you are a UA student. Your teacher is Nedzu-sensei.”

Izu leveled a *look* at Shouto. “Still means that’s not technically my desk.”

“Okay, hold on a moment,” the blond kid – Hitoshi really needs to learn his name – said. “Just who are you?”

“I told you! My name is Aizawa Izuku!” Izu’s sunshine grin was so bright, Hitoshi had to turn his head to avoid blindness.

“Yes, yes, I have your name. But who are you?” The kid was looking pretty annoyed at this point, and Izu wasn’t doing much to help with the annoyance. Looked like that was going to be Hitoshi’s job.

“He’s Aizawa-sensei’s nephew, and he’s the personal student of Nedzu-sensei. Izu has all the teachers wrapped around his little finger and is a damn genius. He’s a strategy, analysis, coordination, and research specialist, and he likes to join the classes to learn more about the students.” Hitoshi looked at Izu again and recognized the slightly manic look in his eyes that screamed he’d found a new toy/victim. “Just out of curiosity, what’s your quirk?”

The blond kid scoffed. “Why do you want to know?”

Shouto had also noticed Izu’s manic look it seems, since he replied instead. “Zuku looks like he just won the lottery, so either you’re a psychological minefield for him to play with, or you have a really interesting quirk. Possibly both.”

Before he could answer, the classroom door opened again and Aizawa-sensei walked in, instantly silencing the class. “Problem Creep,” he sighed, “I thought you were going to be in Nedzu’s office all day?”

“I was.” Izu shrugged. “Plans changed.”

“Right.” Aizawa-sensei sighed. He shot out his capture scarf and wrapped it around Izu’s arm and dragged him to the teacher’s desk and shot him a look that said ‘stay’ before turning to the class. “Class, we have a transfer from 1-B joining us. This is Monoma Neito. Do you want to introduce yourself?”

The blonde kid, Monoma, stood up. “My name is Monoma Neito, and my quirk is called Copy. Basically, I can copy the quirk of anyone I

touch.”

Hitoshi glanced over to Izuku and saw him practically vibrating in his seat, looking for the world as though he just got the best toy to play with. Hitoshi truly felt sorry for this Monoma kid. He should probably warn him.

“Lame,” Bakugou commented. “Some worthless copycat? Please, the useless spark plug over there is more capable.”

“Hey Bakugou?” Hitoshi butted in. “Kindly shut up before I hand you your ass again.”

“You wanna go, Eyebags?!” Bakugou screeched, turning around.

“Bakugou, turn around and shut up. Shinsou, stop baiting him,” Aizawa-sensei grunted.

--

Shouto was watching as Izuku flipped through pages in a binder, sitting at their usual lunch table as he waited for him and Hitoshi to bring their lunch. And their captive?

“I don’t know why I have to accompany you to lunch,” Monoma complained.

“Simple,” Hitoshi replied. “Izu said to bring you. So, we’re bringing you.” Hitoshi shrugged. “You’ll be happier once you learn not to argue

against him. Question for you though."

Monoma raised an eyebrow at him. "And why should I answer?"

Hitoshi shrugged again. "Eh, I was just curious. Depending on your answer, I could have possibly warned you on what to expect. But now I don't want to."

"Wait, warned me about what?"

"Nope, you didn't want to answer a question. You have to suffer." Hitoshi smirked, and Shouto ducked his head to hide a small smile, that Hitoshi still saw. "Speaking of suffering, Shouto, has Izu given you a binder yet? Or is the one he's flipping through yours?"

Shouto blinked in confusion. "Binder?"

"Ah, that one must be yours then. Come on, let's go meet our green overlord." Hitoshi handed the tray that had Izuku's lunch on it to Shouto and grabbed Monoma's sleeve as he tried to escape.

The three boys slipped into the booth with Izuku and Shouto slid the tray to him, receiving a sunshine grin for his efforts. "Thanks, Shouto!"

Izuku slid the binder he had been flipping through over to Shouto and then turned to Monoma. "So. I have a question for you."

"Great, another one," Monoma grumbled. "Listen, I don't know what

your deal is, but—"

"My deal is you've been transferred into class 1-A. You have one of the most interesting quirks I've ever heard of, and you need a pretty strong mastery of hand-to-hand combat to really be able to make use of your quirk. If I'm correct, when you copy a person's quirk, you have an innate understanding of the quirk, and I'm willing to bet real money that you can use most people's quirks better than they can. At least, non-heroes, right? I'm sure a hero or a hero student will have practiced with their quirks enough to where they're at the same skill level you would be." Izuku grinned a feral grin at the blonde, but not one he learned from his uncle. Is this one he learned from Nedzu? "I'm going to create a diet plan for you, a workout schedule, and you'll have supplementary combat lessons with Uncle. I'll be forcing Hito to join as well, so you can spar with someone who isn't *quite* as beastly as Uncle Shouta."

"I love how he asks my permission before volunteering me for these things," Hitoshi said as an aside to Shouto, who snickered. "By the way, that is totally your binder. You might want to actually look through it."

Shouto looked down at the binder in his hands and opened the cover. The first page was a table of contents, starting with a diet plan, then moving on to various exercises that would help him work on his flexibility, then quirk exercises meant for fine-tuned control of his ice. The first half of the table of contents didn't even mention his fire at all.

It was there, though.

The second half of the binder was geared towards the science of fire and fire quirks, theories he had about how Shouto could make soft, or warm fire, fire that didn't necessarily *burn* but was comforting, more light and warmth than anything. The last few sections were geared towards fire as an attack.

Shouto was looking at the contents in total awe, and he almost missed his phone buzzing.

TinyGreenBaby – *if you have any questions, just call or text. You know I can hold multiple conversations at the same time.*

HotElsa – *I thought you wanted me to start using my fire? Yet you barely touched on it?*

TinyGreenBaby – *yes. I want you to use it. You don't need to use it as an attack, though, I need you to use it as an equalizer to prevent your hypothermia. I want you to use it as an attack also, but baby steps.*

Keep yourself warm first, and we'll move on from there. In the meantime, work on fine control of your ice.

You throw glaciers around, but can you create an ice flower that can fit in your palm?

Shouto glanced at Izuku, who was still holding a conversation with Monoma about the benefits of working with him. Izuku glanced at Shouto and gave him a soft smile, causing Shouto to blush.

HotElsa – *I'll make you an ice flower. By this time next week, I'll be able to do that.*

--

The weeks flew by, and Neito couldn't be happier with his transfer. Sure, the students in 1-A were loud, obnoxious, and that one angry blonde wouldn't stop calling him weak, but the rest were nice. And

Izuku was the most brilliant person Neito had ever met!

He wouldn't let him try out his quirk, though.

After Neito mentioned that it hurt to manifest mutation quirks, Izuku let him know that his quirk was a mutation of the brain, and that he wasn't willing to let him go through that for just a few minutes of curiosity sating. And Neito guessed that was fair.

He sparred daily with Shinsou and Todoroki. He had asked why he never was able to spar with Izuku, but Shinsou just laughed and said that Neito wouldn't get anything from beating a nerd into the ground. Izuku nodded sagely at that and said, "I'm not a hero student. I don't fight."

Todoroki would make little ice sculptures when he wasn't sparring with either Neito or Shinsou. He started with little flowers, and then moved on to little animals. He was currently making a cat, crouched in a pounce ready pose, much to Izuku's amusement.

"Young Aizawa!" All Might's voice dragged Neito's attention away from the spar he was having with Shinsou.

The purple haired boy also stopped and turned to All Might, and whispered to Neito, "This is going to be good."

"Why?"

"Izu holds a grudge like you wouldn't believe," Shinsou laughed quietly. "All Might did something stupid a few weeks ago, and Izu hasn't forgiven him. Instead, he's gotten angrier since All Might

doesn't seem to realize what he did wrong."

"What *did* he do wrong?"

Shinsou shrugged. "I don't know the details, but it had something to do with that raid a few weeks ago where over a hundred civilians were injured."

Neito hummed in thought and turned his attention back to Izuku and All Might.

"Why do I keep getting these magazines?!" All Might demanded of the boy, while holding up a colorful magazine that looked like it was geared for children.

"It's a learning magazine, All Might. It helps children learn basic skills, such as following directions! Look, there's even a game in this month's volume, if you follow the directions, it will spell out a story! I wonder if you are capable of doing something even *that* simple."

Neito sucked in a breath. "Wow," he whispered to Shinsou, "You weren't kidding."

"That's it! Young Aizawa, I have been very forgiving of you, and I have let this go on long enough. It ends now! You have detention! And you are forbidden from participating in the Sports Fest tomorrow!"

Izuku snickered and said, "Oh, that's cute! You think I'm a student here!" At the confused look from All Might, Izuku continued, "I am not a UA student. I keep telling people this! The only teachers who can provide any sort of punishment towards me are Nedzu, Uncle, and

Present Mic! And even then, Uncle and Mic-sensei can't give me school related punishments, since I'm *not a student!*"

"Well you still can't participate in the Sports Fest!"

"Again, *not a student!* Only students can participate." Izuku turned away from the hero and, ignoring his indignant yelp of 'come back here,' walked over to Shinsou and Neito. "Okay, so new plan. Hito, I want you to win the Festival tomorrow. Neito, I want you to get in the top 3. I already know Shouto's going to be in the top 3, but I need the both of you to get there as well."

"Izu, you know I want to go Underground," Shinsou countered.

Izuku looked up at Shinsou with huge eyes and a trembling lip. "Please, Hito? For me? All Might is going to be giving the medals out at the closing ceremony, and no one can give a disdainfully apathetic look better than you!" Izuku grabbed on to Shinsou's sleeve and his eyes started watering. "Please? Hito, I'm begging you! I need you to do this for me!"

Shinsou sighed deeply. "Fine. But you *owe* me."

In an instant, Izuku's sad face was gone, and a bright sunshine smile replaced it. "Of course!" He kissed Shinsou's cheek and then turned and ran back to Shouto.

"So," Neito asked casually. "How long have the three of you been dating?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," came the blushing reply.

“Right,” Neito smirked.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all like this chapter!

Question for you all: I am plotting a story, and I'm wondering, if I had a "Good Parent Endeavor" in it, would y'all read it? I'm still in the outlining stage, so I haven't even started writing it, and can change it to mean Endeavor in a heartbeat. It'll just change how I do certain parts. ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Let me know!

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

It's an early chapter! I'm not posting at midnight today! Go me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“GUYS, GALS, AND NON-BINARY PALS, WELCOME TO THE UA SPORTS FESTIVAL! I’M YOUR HOST, PRESENT MIC!” Hizashi paused for a moment to let the crowd cheer. This was his stage, and he knew how to play it. “WITH ME TODAY ARE MY TWO AMAZING CO-HOSTS! GO ON, INTRODUCE YOURSELVES!”

“No,” Shouta stated simply, earning a glare from Hizashi.

Izuku giggled softly over the mics and said, “Hello everyone! I doubt most of you have ever heard of me, but I’m Datastream! I’m not in the announcer’s booth, so for those of you who are trying to look in there, yes Oculus, I’m talking to you, better luck next time!”

“THAT’S RIGHT! AND NOW, SINCE HE DIDN’T WANT TO INTRODUCE HIMSELF, MY IN-BOOTH CO-HOST IS ERASERHEAD! ALSO KNOWN AS THE HOMEROOM TEACHER OF CLASS 1-A!”

“I hate you,” Shouta muttered.

“He’s a grumpy party pooper, but he knows a few things about analysis, so he can stay!” Zuzu chirped happily.

“THANK YOU FOR THAT, DATA! NOW, ON TO THE INTRODUCTIONS OF THE STUDENTS!”

--

“Hey, guys, is it just me, or does Datastream sound a lot like Izuku?” Kirishima asked.

“He can’t be, though,” Sero pointed out, “I heard that Datastream has been active in the hero community for the past four or five years? Right?”

“Hey Todoroki, wasn’t Datastream the one who found all that dirt on your dad and got him locked up?” Ashido asked.

Shouto looked her dead in the eyes and raised an eyebrow. “Your point?”

“Uh, you know him, right?” she hesitated.

Shouto ignored her.

--

“AND HERE ARE OUR STUDENTS!” Hizashi finished up the introductions for the 11 tracks. “LET’S WISH THEM THE BEST OF LUCK!”

“Yeah! I look forward to seeing how you all do!” Zuzu cheered them on.

“NOW LET’S HAND THINGS OFF TO OUR BEAUTIFUL MIDNIGHT!”

“Thank you, Mic! Now for the student pledge! Welcome to the stage the person who scored the highest on the Entrance Exam! Bakugou Katsuki!” Hizashi could practically *feel* Zuzu’s irritation from here, and the baby was in the teacher’s observation box chatting with Maijima.

Hizashi watched as Bakugou sauntered to the stage and smirked into the microphone. “I just want to say. . . I’m going to win.” Instantly the students and the majority of the audience started boo-ing the boy. “Whatever, you extras! You’re all weak!”

Nemuri pushed the boy back towards the students as Hizashi shook his head.

“Thank you for that riveting speech, Bakugou!” Zuzu said with a bit of a cheeky grin in his voice. “I expect to see great things from you! But everyone else, don’t let his words discourage you from doing your best, too! This is UA, after all, I want to see you all go Plus Ultra!”

“That moment when the co-host gives a better student pledge than the actual student,” Shouta muttered quietly, but still audible to the entire audience.

“AND WITH THAT! MIDNIGHT! WHAT’S THE FIRST EVENT!?” Hizashi asked as the randomizer was rolled out onto the stage.

“I’m glad you asked, Mic!” Nem hit the button to make the machine spin. “Let’s see, it looks like… an obstacle race!”

“DATASTREAM, TAKE IT AWAY!”

“Right! So, the first event is the Obstacle Race, it’s a 4-kilometer circuit around the stadium, with various obstacles! Anything goes, so long as you don’t leave the track!”

“If any of you hellspawn don’t give it your all, you’re going to be stuck running Izuku’s Terror Track for a month solid,” Shouta warned the 1-A kids.

“OOH, ERASER! THAT’S A TERRIFYING THREAT! BUT FOR THOSE OF THE AUDIENCE WHO DON’T KNOW, WHAT IS THAT?!” Hizashi lives for this kind of drama!

“Ah, I’ve heard of that!” Zuzu chirped! “Apparently, Izuku is Eraser’s assistant, and he likes building obstacle courses that are as hard or worse than this one! The Terror Track is a joint effort between the Support Course and Izuku, where obstacles are constantly flying towards the students! To date, only one student has managed to make it to the end, and they’ve been running it weekly!”

“Izuku hasn’t even raised the difficulty yet, it’s still in the tutorial stage.”

“THERE YOU HAVE IT FOLKS!” Hizashi crooned as the audience sat in stunned silence at that. “ERASER’S CLASS IS RUN BY A PAIR OF SADISTIC TYRANTS!”

The students all lined up at the gate and watched as the starting indicator lights counted down and then the students were off!

“ERASER, DATA, WHAT IS THE FIRST THING WE SHOULD BE PAYING ATTENTION TO IN THIS RACE?!”

“The door,” Shouta said simply.

“Uhh. Care to elaborate?” Hizashi prompted.

“No.”

“I got it, Eraser, don’t worry,” Zuzu laughed again. “The door is a chokepoint! And it leads into a narrow tunnel, so there are a lot of opportunities to sabotage your opponents.”

“OOH! JUST LIKE THAT! TODOROKI SHOUTO JUST ICED THE ENTIRE TUNNEL!” Hizashi called out.

“Ha! Yeah, he did, but it seems that isn’t enough to stop the majority of the hero course!” Zuzu replied.

“Of course not, they have all been training together for the past few weeks, they should have expected this,” Shouta pointed out.

“Ohh, a second wave of ice?!” Zuku exclaimed. “That didn’t come from Todoroki!”

“No, that came from Monoma Neito.” Shouta didn’t supply any other commentary.

“Err, are you going to explain anything, Eraser?” Hizashi asked.

“No.”

Hizashi sighed. “OKAY, DATA, TAKE IT AWAY! AGAIN!”

“Nah, not this time, sorry Mic! I don’t want to ruin the surprise for the audience!”

“Fine, fine. BUT WHAT’S THIS?!” The first real obstacle had just been reached. “ROBO-INFERNO!! THE ROBOTS FROM THIS YEAR’S HERO EXAM HAVE BEEN RESSURRECTED FOR THIS RACE!”

“And it looks like Todoroki has a plan!” Zuku called out as he watched Todoroki ice the 0-P robots off balance. “Oops, they’re tilting! Watch out everyone!”

As they watched, Hizashi noticed that Hitoshi and Neito were parkouring their way through the Robo-Inferno debris as if it was nothing, neither bothering to implement a quirk. Of course, Hizashi didn’t point them out, he knew full well that both boys wanted to go into Underground Heroics, and the attention would only hurt them in the long run.

Soon enough, the front runners got to the next obstacle. “OH, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE, LISTENERS!”

“I like this one,” Zuku called out. “The Fall! It’s a test of balance for some, but for others it’s an endurance to see how effective they can crawl across the ropes, and for still others, it’s how can they use their quirks to get across!”

Ignoring Hitoshi simply sprinting across the ropes as if they were

regular ground, Shouta pointed out Asui's jumping across the pillars, Todoroki using his Ice to glide across the ropes, and Bakugou's Explosions sending him flying.

But Izuku pointed out something else. "Woah! Look at her! Hatsume Mei of the support course! Using a support item that is of her own creation to easily make it past this obstacle! It's great to see more than just the Heroics courses among the leaders!"

It didn't take long at all for them to reach the final stage. "TIME FOR THE LAND MINES!!!" Hizashi announced.

"They're not all that powerful, since this is a school event," Zuku started, but paused because he knew Hizashi wanted to add his bit of dramatics to the mix.

"JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU PISS YOUR PANTS!!"

Once again, Todoroki was in the lead, but Bakugou with his explosion-based flight was quickly catching up. And Hitoshi was just casually running through the mine field, not pausing, but also not hitting a single mine.

Kaminari had paused briefly upon coming to the minefield, and Hizashi wasn't sure what he was waiting for, until he saw Monoma come up next to him and the two fist-bumped and then started running through the minefield as well, sending sparks out in front of them to trigger the mines before they reached them.

"AND THE LEADERS ARE ABOUT TO CROSS THE FINISH LINE! WHO WILL IT BE, TODOROKI OR BAKUGOU?!" Shinsou had been careful about not passing those two, and it was extremely obvious to all three of the hosts.

Todoroki beat Bakugou, but only by a few inches. Hitoshi was quick to take third place.

--

Izuku knew that the second event was going to be interesting, but he had decided that he had another thing to focus on. Well, he was still going to be commentating with Papa and Uncle, but now would be a good time to maybe get All Might to run out of the stadium trying to avoid a PR nightmare.

One can only hope.

Izuku had spent a lot of time over the past few weeks putting together embarrassing pictures of All Might and had captioned them with increasingly stupid quotes. Well, not all were stupid and embarrassing. Now, while most everyone was focused on the Sports Festival, would be the perfect time to unleash them on the internet!

Creating an anonymous account on a hero forum, Izuku went about posting the first picture. All Might picking his nose with the caption, “I AM HERE! Digging for gold!”

Another one where All Might was ripping apart some of the kid magazines Izuku had sent, “Children’s Magazines are no match for my Mighty Muscles!”

Yet another one was of class 1-A training through a battle trial, and All Might was on his phone instead of paying attention to the students – where one was clearly injured and getting tended to by another student. “Students? What students?”

There were a total of twenty pictures Izuku had posted, all with similarly PR damaging content. Now he just had to sit back and watch the comments come in.

It was beautiful.

And of course, Izuku was listening in carefully when All Might's PR manager called him and informed him it would be in his best interest if he didn't handle the Closing Ceremony. Izuku was nearly dancing in his seat when All Might agreed and left the stadium.

RatGod – *I assume you have a back-up in mind?*

TinyGreenBaby – *Nedzu, I'm almost insulted! Did you really think I'd get rid of him without a back-up in mind?*

I saw Gang Orca in the stands, and it looks like he's fully recovered from the raid. Want me to ask if he's willing to do the ceremony?

RatGod – *yes, that would be wonderful. If he agrees, I'll contact him for a meeting.*

Izuku searched out Orca's phone and once he found it, he called.

"Hello?" he answered.

"Orca! I'm so happy to see you here, I was admittedly a bit worried about you. Are you recovering well?"

“Ah, Datastream, yes, I’m doing well.” He paused a moment as he heard Datastream analyze one of the cavalry teams strategy. “Are you in two places at once?”

“Nope, I am just a multi-tasking god. BUT!” Izuku exclaimed. “It seems All Might, who was supposed to be closing out today’s ceremony, has had to bow out due to some. . . PR issues? Would you be willing to take his place in handing out the Medals?”

“Certainly! I’d be honored to!” he replied with a grin in his voice.

“Great! Expect to hear from Nedzu soon to discuss the ceremony, perhaps over lunch after the calvary battles are over.”

TinyGreenBaby – *he said yes*

With that over, Izuku turned his attention fully to the end of the calvary battle.

--

Hitoshi had finally plopped himself down at the cafeteria table with Shouto, Neito, and Denki. They were waiting for Izu to show up. The four of them had been a team in the Cavalry Battle, and Hitoshi was glad for it.

He had been able to simply act as the horse, without using his quirk, the whole time.

“I don’t know, man, you’re really planning to do this whole thing *without* using your quirk *once?*” Denki asked Hitoshi.

“Yeah,” came the reply. “Izu told me to win, but I still want to be Underground. I don’t want to show off my quirk in some televised circus.”

“I am thoroughly enjoying how many people are trying to figure out my quirk,” Neito laughed. “I hope there’s a betting pool!”

“Oh, there is one!” Izu chirped as he slid into the booth next to Shouto. “Currently, no one’s even considered a Copy quirk!”

Shouto raised an eyebrow as he nudged Izu in greeting. “How can they not? He’s used my ice, Denki’s electricity, Bakugou’s explosions – “

“Nice one, by the way,” Izu interrupted, “I will forever remember the look on Bakugou’s face as you turned his explosions against him!”

“- and Kirishima’s hardening. There is no way that could be anything but a Copy quirk?”

“Who knows?”

Hitoshi had pulled his phone out when he felt is buzzing and saw that there were notifications about All Might having a PR storm. “Um. What happened?” Hitoshi aimed at Izu.

“Hmm, what indeed?” Izu smirked, before stealing a bite of meat from Hitoshi’s plate.

“What did you do?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but as an aside, All Might won’t be handing out the Medals at the Closing Ceremony anymore.”

“Oh good, so I can lose in the first match like originally planned,” Hitoshi sighed in relief.

Izuku leveled a stare at him. “I will disown you in a heartbeat, Shinsou Hitoshi, so help me.”

Hitoshi paled in slight terror. “Oh, uh, I meant, I will still do my very best to win the tournament for you?”

Izu’s blinding grin was worth it. “You’re the best, Hito! And the rest of you,” Izu directed to Denki, Shouto, and Neito. “I expect all of you to be on the winner’s pedestals! I will up the difficulty on the Terror Track to level two and force you to run through it ten times a day if you’re not!”

“Izu, my man, terror of my life, while I’ll do my best, I don’t know how good I’ll do against people like Bakugou? Or Kirishima?” Denki pointed out.

“Oh, don’t worry about them, you’re not going to be facing them. But even if you were, Kirishima’s the only one I’d worry about for you.

Bakugou wouldn't be able to stand a chance against you after all the extra training I've put you through." He gave Denki a soft smile. "You need to have more faith in yourself, Denks! I believe in you!"

Denki smiled a grateful smile at Izu and then turned to his food.

Neito was looking at Izu as if he had hung the moon. "Any words of encouragement for me, oh great green overlord?"

Izuku giggled. "You've gotten a lot better at your hand-to-hand combat. Trust in your skills."

"I feel like you're acting as our personal cheerleader," Neito joked.

"Well, only until you go up against either Hito or Shouto." Izu leaned against Shouto with a grin. "All my cheers are reserved for them!"

Neito grinned at that. "And you say you three *aren't* dating?"

"Izu, which one of us are going up against Neito in the brackets?" Hitoshi asked.

"Shouto."

"Hmm. Neito, what's your stand on being fully encased in an ice coffin?" Hitoshi smirked.

With a thoughtful hum, Shouto said, "Doable. Would you like a design

on your ice coffin?”

Chapter End Notes

Did I decide I didn't feel like writing the Calvary Battle and skip over it to give All Might a PR nightmare? Yes. Yes I did.

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Here is the conclusion of the Sports Fest!

I'm sorry for the train wreck you're about to read. This chapter is hot garbage. Better stuff is coming, but I had to get this dumpster fire posted before I could move on. For some reason, I didn't think anyone would really appreciate "and the sports fest is over because screw you all" as a chapter, but.... That's almost what you got.

Just being honest.....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Shouta, are you going to actually contribute to the commentary for the one on ones?” Hizashi asked his husband.

“Not likely,” was the reply. “I told you all I didn’t want to be here, but you made me come anyways. Suffer.”

“Ugh!”

--

“THE FIRST MATCH OF THE ONE-ON-ONE FIGHTS IS HERE! AND IT IS THE QUIET AND COMPETANT SHINSOU HITOSHI VERSUS THE LOUD AND EXPLOSIVE BAKUGOU KATSUKI!” Papa called out.

Izuku was really looking forward to this match. And *no,* he *hadn’t* rigged the matches, regardless of what anyone else said! *Honestly!*

He merely gave his desired order of matches to Nedzu and said please.

Not the same thing.

The two boys walked onto the field, and Izuku could see, once again, the dark glee in Hito's face as he faced off against Bakugou. As Midnight started the match, Izuku was only commentating on it with the back of his mind. His main focus?

Watching Hitoshi.

Hitoshi was out there, with all the confidence he had built up over the past three years of knowing Izuku and his uncle, and he was showing everyone just what he was made of. He was showing that it didn't matter if someone had a bright, flashy, *heroic* quirk, he wasn't worth any less than they were. He wasn't trash to be swept aside.

He was proving to everyone, and to himself, that he was *not* a villain.

Yes, Hitoshi had a dark sense of humor, he liked the night, the darkness, that's where he thrived. He came alive in the night. He was. . . he was like the moon. He shone the brightest at night. He held a stark beauty, a beauty that only really showed itself when most everyone was looking elsewhere, sleeping, not focused on him. He was ethereal.

Others might see his shining brilliance for brief moments, brief and terrifying moments, but they wouldn't really take the time to actually *look* at him. To truly *see* him. That's the part that Izuku saw.

He saw Hitoshi's fierce protective nature, his good-but very dark-

humor, he saw how he was fierce, but at the same time he was soft. Compassionate.

Hitoshi could hold a grudge like no other he'd ever met, and it didn't even take too much to irritate him, but at the same time, he could also be forgiving if the offence was mild enough and the apology sincere enough.

And his eyes! Izuku loved getting lost in those amethyst eyes, those eyes that were varying shades of purple, sometimes a soft lilac, other times a vibrant shade of violet, or when he was angry, a deep plum. Izuku felt safe in those eyes. Safe in the moonlight that was Shinsou Hitoshi.

Izuku had always loved the night, and Hitoshi, his Moon, shone brightest in the night.

"AND BAKUGOU IS DOWN FOR THE COUNT! SHINSOU MOVES ON TO THE NEXT ROUND!" Papa called out, both startling Izuku from his thoughts and not. After all, he *had* been paying attention to the fight.

Honestly!

"Well, I suppose since Bakugou won't be winning after all, the rest of our contestants have a chance!" Izuku stated, reminding the audience of Bakugou's Student Pledge, causing them to start laughing.

"He'll be running the Terror Track a few times," Uncle muttered.

--

After a quick five-minute break to repair the field from the blasts Bakugou was able to release before Hitoshi started hitting pressure points, it was time for the next contestants.

“Another two from the 1-A class,” Izuku started the introductions, “We have the most sparkly person I’ve ever seen, Aoyama Yuuga! Against the most PINK person I’ve ever seen, Ashido Mina!”

The match wasn’t very long. Aoyama was more interested in sparkling than fighting, and Ashido was a far more flexible and graceful opponent.

“Ashido Mina wins!”

--

“FROM CLASS 1-B WE HAVE-“ Hizashi was interrupted as his mic cut out unexpectedly.

“We have the Lady of the Vines, Shiozaki Ibara! Sorry, Mic, didn’t want you to finish that intro, I know what you were going to say! Versus, class 1-A’s Class Mom! Yayorozu Momo!”

“PLEASE DON’T TAKE MY MIC AWAY AGAIN! IT MAKES ME FEEL NAKED!” Hizashi complained. “WHAT’S A HOST TO DO WITH NO MIC? WHO EVEN IS PRESENT MIC IF THERE IS NO MIC?! AM I JUST PRESENT?!?!”

“Datastream, you gave him an existential crisis, thank you. Now I

have to put up with that for the rest of the match," Shouta grumbled.

Izuku laughed at that, "Well I guess I'll just have to handle the commentary on my own! Ladies, let's get started!"

Yayorozu won with the liberal and creative use of a hedge trimmer.

--

This match was going to make or break Denki's confidence for the rest of the festival. If he didn't do well here, if he fried his brain, if he lost, he'd be depressed for the next few weeks, Izuku knew. Izuku hoped Denki had really been listening to his advice at lunch time. Denki really had made a lot of improvements in his abilities, and he could easily win this match. He just needed to believe in himself!

"THE ELECTRIC KAMINARI DENKI! VERSUS! THE DARK ANY MYSTERIOUS TOKOYAMI FUMIKAGE!"

Izuku watched closely as Denki's charming, yet calm smile slipped as Dark Shadow emerged beside Tokoyami.

"Oh, no, Kaminari seems to have lost his smile! He must be getting serious! Tokoyami, Kaminari, believe in your training! The rest of us believe in you too!" Izuku hoped he was able to encourage Denki without sounding too biased.

As Izuku watched, Denki took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He shook out his arms, and then with a sharp glint in his eyes, he sparked up his hands and took off at Tokoyami.

“Kaminari Denki wins the match,” Eraser stated calmly. “He has really improved his control over his quirk in the past few weeks.”

--

“Oh, this is going to be good! We have our Pink Inventor, Hasume Mei! Going up against the Speedster of 1-A! Iida Tenya!”

“Testing, testing, can you hear me?” Hatsume asked.

“We hear you loud and clear!” Izuku confirmed!

“Great! Time to get this show on the road!”

--

“Hey, she stole my mic!” Hizashi exclaimed. “I’M ONLY PRESENT AGAIN!”

“Eh, she’s Maijima’s Terror Child, what did you expect?” Shouta shrugged. “This’ll probably take a while, so suck on a lozenge and drink some water. Wake me up when she’s done.”

--

“And after a beautiful fifteen-minute presentation, I hope all you

support companies were watching! I'll be making sure to send all of her presented items and her contact information to your emails, Hatsume Mei walks out of bounds! Iida Tenya wins!" Izuku called out.

"Thank you so much, Datastream!" Mei called out, waving to the audience.

"AND THANK YOU FOR *FINALLY* GIVING ME THE MIC BACK!" Hizashi exclaimed. "I DON'T LIKE BEING ONLY PRESENT!"

"I wish some of my students, past and present, were as dedicated to their courses as she is," Shouta sighed.

--

Izuku took a deep breath. This was the only match he was actually worried about. Uraraka was a pretty fierce fighter, and while she could use some more work on her hand-to-hand combat, she knew that her main focus was swiping at her opponents to land a full contact hit.

And that's what Neito was supposed to be learning as well.

"Do I actually get to keep my mic this round, Datastream?" Papa asked skeptically.

Laughing, Izuku said, "I don't know what you're talking about, Mic! I would *never* take your microphone away from you!"

“Uh huh. . . MOVING ON TO THIS NEXT ROUND! WE HAVE THE SWEET MISTRESS OF GRAVITY, URARAKA OCHAKO! VERSUS THE SNEAKY STUDENT WITH THE VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN QUIRK, MONOMA NEITO!”

“What do you mean virtually unknown quirk? Eraser, you know his quirk, right?” Izuku joked.

“Seeing as he’s in my class, Data, yes. But if no one else has figured it out, I’m not going to be the one to tell.”

“Ha! Monoma, Uraraka! Have a great match!”

Neito managed to squeak out a win, but only just barely. He was able to double-tap Uraraka and get her floating before she could hit him, and then gently pushed her towards the outer boundary of the field, releasing her as soon as she was over the line.

--

TinyGreenBaby – *wake me when this is over, ugh*

They have the same fighting style, practically the same quirk, the same personality

JustLetMeSleep – *if I have to pay attention, so do you*

TinyGreenBaby – *I have so many things I could be doing instead of watching two hard boys try to dent the other. Let me know when it’s Shouto’s turn.*

Datastream out!

JustLetMeSleep – *fine*

Shouta showed his phone to Hizashi, letting him know that it'd just be the two of them for the match between Kirishima Eijiro and Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu.

--

Izuku knew that match was going to take for-freaking-ever! And he was not interested in paying attention to that. Kirishima was going to win because his quirk didn't rely on anything he ate, unlike Tetsutetsu whose quirk relied on how much iron he ate.

Keeping a small part of his consciousness in the stadium, Izuku turned to a little side project he'd been playing with. Stain searching.

A few days ago, Nedzu had asked him to see if he could find a pattern for the killer, and of course Izuku would never say no to the RatGod himself! Besides, Stain had murdered 17 known Pro Heroes, and crippled 24 others to the point of being unable to make a full recovery. So, Izuku had been looking for patterns, and other than 'attack 4 heroes and then move on,' Izuku hadn't found any real patterns. He was starting to think Stain didn't have one.

Oh well, he had at least figured out what his quirk was, and who he was. Akaguro Chizome, formerly known as the vigilante Stendhal, quirk was Bloodcurdle.

Izuku had managed to get a report of his findings out to the police and

the hero agencies, and he could only hope that they listened to him and didn't just brush him off because they knew he was a kid.

Izuku was still trying to figure out a pattern of some kind, he just wanted to know what city was going to be hit next. Now that he was officially on this case, he knew it would be solved soon, after all, it's not like the guy could really hide from *him*! Not once Izuku had gotten a single glimpse of him.

But that was the problem, Izuku *couldn't* get a glimpse. No one had managed to get a visual on him, so even if Izuku went through all the camera footage in the areas the crimes had occurred, he didn't know who he was looking for. They were all in bad areas, and while there had been a few sketchy people, no two scenes had the same sketchy people.

JustLetMeSleep – *They tied. Double knock out. When they wake up, it's going to be an arm-wrestling match to determine the winner.*

TinyGreenBaby – *okay, I'm back.*

--

"THE NEXT MATCH IS THE LAST ONE OF THE FIRST ROUND! WE HAVE THE FROZEN PRINCE OF 1-A, TODOROKI SHOUTO! VERSUS THE MOST RELAXED DUDE I HAVE EVER MET, SERO HANTA!"

"Todoroki has been putting a lot of work recently into mastery of his quirk and hand-to-hand combat," Uncle stated. "He has been working with some of his classmates as well as my assistant, and his skills are going to show that."

“WOAH, ERASER, AND YOU GET ON ME FOR BEING BIASED?!” Papa laughed.

“I’m sure Sero has been putting in just as much effort into his training as Todoroki has, right, Sero?” Izuku called out to Sero on the field, knowing full well that Sero had barely been putting in any effort into his training the past few weeks. Uncle had briefly mentioned he had considered expelling him for a day or two to put the fear of Aizawa into the boy. A wake-up call, if you will.

Izuku had suggested public humiliation, instead.

Izuku could see that Sero said something to Shouto that made him smirk slightly and shake his head.

And damn did Izuku like it when Shouto smirked. It didn’t happen often, but when it did, Izuku lost the ability to think properly.

As Izuku watched, Sero paled, and Izuku was certain he saw Shouto’s eyes sparkle in mischief.

And that sparkle, that playful tinkle in his eyes, was almost enough to ruin Izuku.

Shouto’s eyes, when he smiled, reminded Izuku of the stars he used to stay out late to watch – beautiful, but often overlooked, or ignored.

Being with Shouto was as calming and relaxing as any night he would spend stargazing. He loved getting lost in the stories Shouto told, his conspiracy theories, even knowing full well that none of it was accurate, he loved the passion Shouto held when he spoke. It was one

of the few times he was so energetic and full of life!

Shouto knew his theories were trash, but he had fun with them, and he loved to share them with Izuku. Izuku could listen to him all night, he could watch that playfulness, that mischievousness, the teasing nature that only came out when he was with Izuku – or more lately also with Hito – all day.

Shouto glanced at the cameras, and Izuku could swear he was looking directly at him, with that playful taunt in his eyes, and then he looked back to Sero and—

“TODOROKI WINS!”

“It’s going to take forever to clear out that ice…” Uncle complained. “But on a positive note, Bakugou will have company in the Terror Track.”

Izuku shook himself out of the near trance he had been in. That was the second time today he’d done that. First with Hito, and now with Shouto. This was bad! He knew he was in love with his best friends, but why did he have to be in love with *both of them!?*

There was no way he was going to be able to choose. He knew Shouto liked him, after all he’d never been shy about letting Izuku know that. And Hitoshi, well, he had been the first one to start flirting with Izuku back in their second year of middle school. He was pretty sure Hito liked him just as much as Izuku liked him.

--

(I apologize, but I don't want to write the next round of matches. It took me a full week to get the above matches written, I refuse to stay stuck on more matches. Here's the results of the matches:

Round 2

Hitoshi v Mina – Hitoshi wins

Momo v Denki – Denki wins

Iida v Neito – Neito wins

Kirishima v Shouto – Shouto wins

Round 3

Hitoshi v Denki – Hitoshi wins

Shouto v Neito – Shouto wins

Final Round

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"LADIES, GENTS, AND EVERYONE IN BETWEEN! IT'S TIME FOR OUR FINAL ROUND! TODOROKI SHOUTO VERSUS SHINSOU HITOSHI!" Hizashi called out.

"I have a bad feeling about this match," Shouta grumbled. These were Izuku's boyfriends, no matter what the three of them stated, and as such there was going to be some chaotic shenanigans with this fight. Shouta could feel it.

"Aw, relax Eraser!" Izuku giggled. "These two have been performing

amazingly all day, and I'm sure this fight will be just as great as the rest of the matches have been!" Hitoshi lazily glanced up at one of the cameras and gave a small salute.

--

As Midnight started the fight, Hitoshi smirked at Shouto. "I'm tired, and I know you are too. That floral ice coffin you put Neito in was beautiful, but I can see how much it took out of you."

"Yeah, I'd really rather eat some soba and take a nap right now," Shouto yawned.

"Might I suggest an alternative to fighting?"

"Sure," Shouto didn't hesitate to answer, he trusted that Hitoshi wasn't using his quirk.

Hitoshi walked right up to Shouto and held out his hand. "Thumb wrestle. One round. Winner takes the gold."

Shouto softly smiled at that. "Perfect."

"ARE… ARE THEY THUMB WRESTLING?????" Mic asked, with Izuku laughing in the background and they could also clearly hear a heavy thunk, as if Aizawa-sensei had dropped his head on the table.

--

Gang Orca handed the medals to the winners. First place, Shinsou Hitoshi. Second place, Todoroki Shouto. Third place, Monoma Neito and Kaminari Denki.

Chapter End Notes

I hated this chapter with every fiber of my being. I tried, I failed, but it needed to get posted so I could move on. Can you pick out the exact moment I decided "eff this, I'm done" or did I not make it obvious enough? (□◉Д◉)□彡┻┻

I also did not bother to re-read this chapter. I normally do, to make sure it's decent, but again, I HATE this chapter, and I want to put the whole entire thing behind me. If any one says this is a good chapter, I'll know you're lying and only saying that to make me feel better.

For anyone who reads Screech, I am sorry it's taking so long to get a new chapter out, but I got stuck and then this chapter was being stupid, and I just had to finish this one before I could get to Screech, otherwise I could tell I'd never get past this chapter. But now I have.

Perse_Kyova from back in Chapter 9's comments gave me wonderful ideas about some names for Izu, Hito, and Shouto, and I knew all the way back then that I was going to use them, but it took me 12 chapters to finally get Izuku to realize that they are his Moon and Stars.

The three will be officially together in another few chapters, I think.

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

> I apologize for how long this took to come out. Last chapter truly killed me. Even this chapter was a few hundred words shorter than it really should have been.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I still can’t believe you two had a thumb wrestle to determine first place,” Denki said in amazement as the five of them were getting ready to head to the train station. Well, everyone but Izuku, who was just waiting for Uncle and Papa to finish up so they could go home.

“Forget the thumb wrestling for first,” Neito cut in, “I can’t believe Hitoshi *cheated* in thumb wrestling!”

Hito shrugged with a smirk as Shouto blushed and Izuku giggled. “Eh, he looked too adorable, putting all his focus into the match like that. What was I supposed to do, *not* kiss him?”

Izuku giggled, “Shouto caught fire! I thought I was the only one who could make you do that?” Izuku teased.

“Just more evidence to prove my point!” Neito exclaimed. “You three are dating, you just haven’t admitted to it yet!”

“The ice coffin wasn’t enough for you, was it?” Hito asked and watched Neito pale slightly.

Shouto hummed quietly. “Actually,” he started. “I don’t think I’d mind.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but I have to head home,” Hito said quickly, his phone having just buzzed. “Whatever you were going to say, it can wait for tomorrow! My parents are wondering where I am. I’ll see you later!” Hito ran off towards the bus stop, in the opposite direction from where the others were going.

“Well, if there isn’t going to be a sweet confession, then I’m going to head home, too,” Denki said with a wink at Shouto. “Maybe we can get that confession tomorrow?”

Shouto’s face held no expression at all as he said, “Confession to what?”

Izuku giggled, having seen the teasing glint in his eyes, even though neither Denki nor Neito could.

The three boys headed off to catch their trains and Izuku turned back to the main building, returning to the teacher lounge.

RatGod – *pup, can you come to my office?*

TinyGreenBaby – *sure, what’s up?*

Izuku changed direction from the lounge to Nedzu’s office. It wasn’t lost on him that Nedzu didn’t reply, so he hurried his pace and started checking cameras, making sure that Uncle Shouta and Papa were still fine, relieved that they were. A few minutes later, he got to Nedzu’s office, and the doors opened.

“Okay, what happened?” Izuku asked as soon as he walked in.

“Tea?” Nedzu offered. When Izuku only stared at him, Nedzu sighed and said, “There was an attack by Stain during the Festival.”

Izuku sat heavily in one of the chairs in front of Nedzu’s desk and took the offered cup of tea. After a sip, he decided to ask. “Did they survive?”

“Yes. Iida Tensei, Ingenium, he’s currently in surgery. The doctors aren’t sure he’ll be able to walk again after this,” Nedzu replied quietly.

“Ingenium was in Hosu,” Izuku muttered. “That gives me a starting point to search.”

--

Izuku had been looking for Stain for the better part of three days now, ever since Ingenium’s attack. He had been scouring Hosu and hadn’t found anything. He was starting to get frustrated, and if he could throw his laptop, he would. Sadly, he didn’t have a laptop to throw, he was tapped directly into the school’s wi-fi. He was his own laptop.

Izuku decided that he was going to take a minor break and join 1-A for Homeroom today. Uncle said they were picking their Hero names today, and Izuku wanted to be there for that!

When Izuku got to the classroom, about half of the students were already there, including Hito and Shouto. Neito’s seat was currently unoccupied, and since there was still ten minutes before class started,

he took that seat.

“Hey Izu, have a nice few days apparently not off?” Hito joked.

“Ugh, no,” Izuku complained. “The guy I’m looking for? I guess he just doesn’t exist when he doesn’t want to! It’s annoying, and I almost want to say he knows I’m after him, but I don’t know how he would know that!”

“Who are you looking for?” Shouto asked.

Izuku mimed zipping his lips. “Not supposed to tell.” Izuku shrugged. “I’m just here to socialize, I’ve spent too much time looking at screens and camera feeds, I need to unplug for a little bit.”

“Oh, hey there Zuku!” Denki shouted as he reached the class. “Missed you over the weekend! I thought we were all gonna hang out? You left me alone with these weirdos!” he gestured to Shouto and Hitoshi. “Super lame, my dude, super lame.”

Izuku giggled at that. “Sorry, I had an important thing going on with Nedzu-sensei. Unlike you actual students, I don’t get days off just because of a school event.”

“And unlike us actual students, you don’t have a desk. Get up, go sit on your boyfriend’s lap,” Neito quipped as he showed up, pulling Izuku up out of his seat. Izuku laughed again and just sat on top of Neito’s desk instead of anyone’s lap.

Before they could continue the conversation, the bell rang and Uncle Shouta entered the classroom. Izuku quickly scampered over to

Uncle's desk and sat while he started the class.

"Here's the breakdown of internship offers. I'll be handing out the offers, but if you didn't get any, don't worry, you'll still have a list of 40 agencies that work with UA for you to choose from." Uncle glanced around at the students. "Before I do that, though, there's another task for you all to complete. Midnight will be assisting with this."

"HERO NAMES!!" Midnight shouted as she bust through the door. "Your dear Aizawa-sensei is *terrible* at naming things-"

"It's true," Izuku interrupted. "Our cats were almost named Trash, Dumpster, and Bastard."

As the class laughed, Midnight continued. "So unless you want to get stuck with a name like 'Eraserhead,'-"

"Hey, Present Mic is responsible for that name," Izuku cut in again, giggling.

"- you're going to put in a lot of thought to your names! While it is possible to change your name before you go fully pro, it'll be a lot harder, and if any of you really make a good impression, then everyone will know you by the name you started with."

Midnight handed out whiteboards and markers and everyone started coming up with names. Izuku went back to his friend group, wanting to know what names they were going to pick.

"So, what are your names going to be?" Izuku asks as he sits back on Neito's desk.

“I’ve knows my name for years,” Neito said confidently. “I’m going to be going by Phantom Thief! It’s all part of my aesthetic of the gentlemanly thief.”

“That’s cool! How about you, Denks?”

“Well, I want something to do with electricity, but I can’t think of anything.” Denki made a face. “I was thinking of Sparky? But that’s dumb.”

“Hmm… how about… Sparkplug?” Izuku tentatively suggested.

“I refuse to associate with someone named after a car part,” Hitoshi joked. “Stungun?”

“No,” Shouto stated. He stared at Denki for a few minutes, and then said simply, “Chargebolt.”

Denki’s eyes lit up. “I love it! That’s perfect!”

“Okay, how about Shouto now? What’s your name?” Neito asked. “Gremlin Fan?”

“I was thinking of just using my name, actually,” Shouto said, while giving Neito a Look.

“Ew, Shouto, no.” Izuku shook his head adamantly. “You can’t do that,

that'll make your given name nothing special, everyone'll just be calling you Shouto! I won't let that be your Hero name, no."

Hitoshi patted Izuku's knee and asked Shouto, "Are you actually *using* your fire now? I mean, you used it a little at the Sports Fest."

"Yes, I think I'm ready to now. I read the binder from Zuku, and it was very convincing." Shouto nodded.

"FrostFire," was Hitoshi's name suggestion. "If you're using both sides now, then your name needs to incorporate both sides as well."

"I think it's beautiful!" Izuku grinned.

Shouto nodded. "I like it." He wrote the name down on his whiteboard. "What's yours?"

"Hito's name is going to be Psyren!" Izuku firmly stated. "We came up with it years ago!"

Hitoshi nodded and showed his whiteboard that already had the name written. "The demonic gremlin heard me singing and wouldn't let me pick anything else."

"Okay my little ones!" Midnight called out. "Who's ready to present your names?"

--

“Why are you making me carry you?” Shouta asked Izuku. They were heading back to the apartment after school had let out, and Izuku had decided that he didn’t feel like walking.

“Just because,” was the only answer, as Izuku snuggled his face more into his uncle’s capture scarf. “Is it so wrong to want a piggyback ride from my favorite uncle?”

“BABY! I thought I was your favorite uncle!” Hizashi gasped in mock offence.

Giggling, Izuku said, “Nope, but you are my favorite Papa!”

The three trudged up the stairs and into the apartment. “Can I let you down now?”

Izuku gripped Shouta tighter for just a moment and then let him go and hopped down. “Thanks for the ride, Uncle!” Then he darted to the couch and picked up Sugar and instantly resumed Streaming.

Zashi kissed Shouta’s cheek and then went into the kitchen to get dinner started, Shouta following and sitting at the table to watch, absently petting Coffee who had jumped up onto the table when Shouta sat. “Who did all your kids decide to go with on their internships?” Zashi asked.

“Not everyone has turned in their choices,” Shouta said. “But of those who did, I think most of them are good choices. Yarorozu is going with FatGum, Uraraka is going with Gunhead, Iida is going with Manual, Tokoyami is going with Hawks-“

“He put in an offer for an intern??” Hizashi asked incredulously. “He’s never put out an offer before!”

Shouta shrugged. “My bet is it’s because Tokoyami is a bird mutation like him. But he is the number three hero, so I’m going to allow it. Hopefully there was a real reason for the offer and not just because of how he looks.”

“I bet we can get the Baby to send Hawks birdseed if he mistreats Tokoyami,” Zashi joked.

“Oh, I’ll send him birdseed even if he’s the perfect mentor,” Izuku joked from the living room, still immersed in his Stream. “He mentioned in an interview the other day that Endeavor was his inspiration for getting into Heroics, and I’m not going to let that slide.”

Shouta raised an eyebrow at his nephew but didn’t continue. “Kaminari is going with Generator, he said he wants to practice with Rescue, and Generator is a rescue hero. Monoma is going to try his hand at Underground Heroics with Oculus, and Todoroki is going with Snowfall.”

“Isn’t she stationed up in the mountains of Asahikawa?” Hizashi asked. “That’s really far north.”

“Yes, I told him that it’s still practically winter up there, and he said that’s why he choose her. Like Kaminari, he wants to try out Rescue.” Shouta grinned. “Shinsou decided to prolong his torture, and he’s coming with me.”

Hizashi laughed. “You say ‘prolong the torture’, I say ‘live with his first love for a week.’”

Shouta huffed out a laugh. “Yeah, that probably is his real reason, but joke’s on him. We’ll be staying at the agency in Hosu for the week. We’re going to be keeping an eye on Iida in Hosu.”

“Oh? Why’s that?” Zashi asked as he was cutting some pork into slices. Looks like they were going to be having Katsudon.

“You remember how Ingenium was attacked in Hosu, right? Nedzu, Izu, and myself all think that Iida’s going to try hunting down Stain on his own, like an idiot, and other than a gut feeling, I don’t have a valid reason to turn down his internship. Especially since his brother is still in Hosu and Iida’s justification for choosing that internship is to see his brother.”

“You better be careful out there,” Hizashi said, pointing the knife he was using to cut the meat at his husband. “If I find out you got yourself killed while in Hosu, I’m going to find a way to resurrect you just so I can kill you again.”

Shouta grinned at Zashi. “You’ll have to get in line, Izu’s already threatened to download my consciousness into some kind of robot body just so he can torment me.”

Hizashi looked back at Izuku for a moment and then nodded firmly. “I like his plan better.” Turning back to dinner, Hizashi asked, “Are you taking Izuku with you to Hosu?”

“Fuck that,” Shouta said instantly. “He can keep searching for Stain from the comfort of the living room. We’ll all have coms on, he can stay in touch. I’m not letting my nephew anywhere near Hosu until Stain is officially captured or has moved on to another city.”

--

Hitoshi was getting pretty excited. He was going to be going on his internship, and he would be with Aizawa. Which meant he would be with Izu. For a full week! The only thing better would be if Shouto had decided to take an internship closer to home, but he had been adamant in wanting to try out Rescue for the week.

Meh, not everyone could be Underground.

“So, I’m pretty sure I know you only picked me because of Izuku,” Aizawa started, as the two of them were the first to arrive at the train station. “But we’re not going to be staying in the city. We’re going to be in one of the satellite offices in Hosu.”

Hitoshi pouted. “Let me guess, Izu is staying here.”

Aizawa smirked at Hitoshi. “Yep. He’s still on that project from Nedzu, so he’s staying home with Zashi. You’ll be able to talk to him, though. You’ll be on the coms together when we go on patrol.”

Once the rest of the students showed up, Aizawa told them to make sure they were on their best behaviors, and then sent them off. Aizawa and Hitoshi got on the train and were in the row behind Iida, all three of them on their way to Hosu.

Chapter End Notes

Ooh, we're getting close to the part I'm really excited for! Yay!

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

> So, I don't know why so many people want to get Izuku killed! I know he's a gremlin, but that's no reason to want him dead! He can't fight his way out of a wet paper bag, so NO, he will NOT be going to Hosu!
>
> I'm too afraid of his boyfriends to risk getting their little Sunshine killed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mizushima Masaki, Pro Hero Manual, was waiting for them when their train arrived, so Iida quickly said goodbye and the two of them left. Shouta and Hitoshi started walking towards the Hosu branch's Nightwatch Agency.

Nightwatch was the largest of the Underground Hero agencies, and while it was mostly a paper agency, there were a few physical locations across the country – after all, the occasional intern would need somewhere to stay while during their internships.

That was mostly what the physical Agency locations were for – training interns and newly graduated Underground Heroes. Approximately 85% of fresh Underground Heroes joined up with Nightwatch, most of them moving on to either another Agency or Independent within two or three years, once the senior members felt they had a good hold on their basics and would be able to survive on the field.

Shouta was the one who had final say on who was "allowed" to leave, who had the necessary skills to be successful on their own.

Now, that's not to say no one could leave *without* permission, they could, they most certainly could, but they would be forfeiting all the

benefits that being part of an Agency would provide to them, such as reliable backup, a dependable shift rotation, and Paid Time Off. Those were big enough benefits to keep most people on staff long enough to put off the much larger paycheck that came with going independent until they were fully capable of handling being independent.

The Hosu office was only three floors, with the first floor being a training center and gym, the second floor having a few offices and a kitchen/common room, the third floor being dorms for whoever was staying at the Agency. That was where Shouta and Hitoshi would be staying for the next week.

--

Hitoshi grunted as he hit the training mat for the millionth time today. “And here I thought I’d gotten past this part,” he muttered, slowly getting back to his feet.

“You really thought you could *truly* keep up with me after just three years?” Aizawa asked his student. “Izuku is supposed to be the only cute one.”

“Ugh,” was the only reply Hitoshi could come up with as he got back into a defensive position. Aizawa was not going as easy on him as normal, and Hitoshi was disappointed in himself for not having realized before how much the man had been holding back prior. “When are we going out on patrol?” Hitoshi asked. Anything to get away from constantly getting thrown to the ground.

“Tomorrow,” Aizawa answered. “Manual is doing the same thing with Iida that we are, basic training.”

Hitoshi interrupted with a grumble. “Basic training, my ass.”

Aizawa glared slightly but continued. “He’ll be taking him out for patrols starting tomorrow evening, so that’s when we will be going out.”

“I’m surprised, evening patrols? Isn’t Iida going to be trying to hunt down Stain? Wouldn’t Manual want to take him out for earlier patrols to *avoid* the chances of Iida going rogue?”

Aizawa huffed out a small laugh. “Right, and then when the evening comes around and Iida goes off on his own, instead of visiting his brother, or after visiting him even, he won’t have anyone there to try to watch his back.” Aizawa gave Hitoshi a Look. “Think these things through, Shinsou. I’m training you to be Underground, you can’t just think like a Limelighter.”

Without pausing to let Hitoshi answer, Aizawa started their training again.

--

Izuku was getting frustrated. He was constantly scanning all of the cameras in Hosu, and there was just no sign at all of Stain. None.

How was that possible? He couldn’t know about Izuku, no one knew Izuku was actively looking for Stain, outside of a few heroes such as Nedzu, Uncle, Papa, and then Detective Tsukauchi. Maybe Stain was being careful because he knew it was only a matter of time before Datastream was called in? But did he actually *know* about what he could do as Datastream? Izuku didn’t think his quirk details were common knowledge.

Well, whatever the reason was, Stain was avoiding the cameras really freaking well and Izuku was frustrated.

Oh, is that Iida? What's he doing? Looking around, Izuku didn't see Manual anywhere nearby, so was Iida patrolling on his own? Why?

'*He's looking for Stain,'* Izuku thought to himself. '*Great…'*

Taking all of three seconds to lock onto Iida's phone signal, Izuku called him.

"Hello?" Iida answered his phone, more than a little confused at the number coming in as 'Unknown.'

"Hey there Iida! It's Aizawa Izuku! I got your number due to being super special awesome! How's your internship going?" Izuku asked.

"Aizawa-kun, this is only the second day, we have barely even started the internship," Iida stated.

"Oh, really? Everyone else I've talked to says they're already learning a lot. Hito's learning Uncle's more advanced fighting techniques, Shouto's already helped Snowfall rescue a pair of hikers who got stuck in the mountains, and Denki helped Generator power a city block after someone crashed into a power line." Izuku paused. "I think Uraraka is practicing hand to hand combat with Gunhead."

Iida paused in his tracks. Izuku knew full well what Manual's training plans for Iida were, and he knew that Iida was *supposed* to be with his mentor right now. And if he was doing what he was *supposed* to be doing, he would be learning just as much as everyone else.

“Perhaps I am not experiencing the same internships as the others because I am visiting my brother,” Iida lied.

Izuku narrowed his eyes at the Iida he could see through the city camera. “Visiting your brother, huh? That must be rough. Tell Ingenium that I said hi, will you?”

“I will, thank you for your concern, Aizawa-kun.”

“Oh, and Iida?”

“Yes?”

“Your brother’s hospital isn’t in that part of town, nor is Manual’s agency. Stop hunting for Stain. Even if you find him, you won’t be able to take him on your own.” Izuku ended the call before Iida could say anything to him.

‘*Okay, now to tell Uncle that Iida’s being an idiot.’*

Izuku called Uncle and waited for him to pick up. After not getting a reply, Izuku called Hitoshi.

And also didn’t get a reply. Great. They were probably in the gym. Why couldn’t Uncle do like Papa and have a watch that he could buzz? Ugh, fine, he’ll tap into the Agency’s intercom.

--

Shouta had just pulled Shinsou back to his feet when he heard the intercom crackle to life. “Uncle, stop beating up Hito and answer your phone!”

“Don’t assume we’re done here,” Shouta warned his student. “Take a break, but as soon as I find out what Zu needs, we’ll be back.”

Shinsou nodded and lurched his way to his water bottle as Shouta went to the locker room where his phone was and called Zu.

“About time, honestly, just because you’re training doesn’t mean you should be away from your phone!” Izuku grumped.

“I’m assuming you needed something fairly important?” Shouta asked, ignoring Izuku’s greeting.

“Eh, define ‘important?’ I really just wanted to let you know that Iida is patrolling the streets in the area Ingenium was attacked instead of visiting his brother or training with Manual. Not sure if that’s really ‘important’ or not,” Izuku said.

Shouta pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed deeply. “That idiot is going to get himself killed,” Shouta muttered.

“Yeah, that was my thought too. And if you’re beating Hito like I think you are, then you’ll both be too tired to go out tonight. So maybe lay off him for the rest of the day, or week, and I’ll let you know when Iida’s out and about?”

“Fine. Keep me posted on Iida, I’ll keep my phone on me.”

--

Tenya continued to go out alone during the week, not just that one day, but he hadn’t run into Stain. He knew Tensei would be disappointed in him, but he had to make the man who had paralyzed his brother pay!

One thought was concerning to Tenya, though. How did Aizawa-kun know where he was? Was there any truth to what Kirishima had said back in the Sports Festival? Was Aizawa-kun Datastream? He seemed to remember back in the USJ, Aizawa-kun had been speaking to them on their coms, but then when the villains attacked, he disappeared and shortly after Datastream was with their class, distracting the villains and directing emergency services.

Were they the same person? It seemed as though they could be the same person. But Todoroki-kun denied knowing Datastream after Ashido-chan asked him. Didn’t he?

Actually, thinking back on it, no, Tenya didn’t remember Todoroki-kun replying to Ashido-chan’s question, pointedly ignoring her instead. So, it was possible that they could be the same person.

Regardless, today was Thursday, and he only had two more nights in Hosu before he had to return home, and he was determined to locate Stain. The past few nights he had been patrolling with Manual, but he had let his mentor drag him back to the agency afterward and into bed by 9pm every night.

Not this night, though.

Tenya had, like the other nights, gone back to the agency, but unlike the other nights, he had snuck out the window and ran back to the area he was sure Stain would be.

--

"*Uncle*," Izuku said as soon as Shouta picked up the phone. "*Iida snuck out and is Stain hunting again*."

Shouta cursed. "Okay, thanks. Send me his location, Shinsou and I will head back out."

"*Be safe, Uncle, and keep your coms on*."

"I will, Zu. Love you."

"Love you, too," replied Izuku and then hung up.

"Shinsou, suit back up," Shouta said. "Iida snuck out of the agency and is out again."

"I *just* got out of the shower," Shinsou grumbled as he aggressively toweled his hair and reached for his costume. "Permission to smack the living shit out of Iida when we get back in class?"

Shouta ruffled Shinsou's hair but didn't reply. After all, that's not

something he's supposed to give permission to.

--

Tenya was being careful to look in each alley he passed as he patrolled the area, just like he had each night before, but this time he heard something.

Dashing into the alley, he saw him. Stain.

"Hero Killer Stain! I am here to kill you!" Tenya shouted and then ran towards the villain.

--

"Shit! Hurry, Iida found Stain! Three blocks ahead!" Izuku's voice came through their coms, urgent but refraining from panic. *"I'm already calling in for an ambulance. As soon as I saw where he went, I was able to turn a camera into that alley, and it looks like Native is down. I can't tell if he's effected by Stain's quirk or if he's dead."*

"Understood," Aizawa said and motioned for Hitoshi to hurry. "Shinsou, when we get there, you have permission to use your quirk if necessary to get Iida and Native out of danger."

"Right," Hitoshi acknowledged.

Aizawa sped up even faster, going at a pace Hitoshi couldn't match just yet and disappeared into the alley Izu had given. Hitoshi was

about fifteen seconds behind his mentor, and he knew that a lot could happen in fifteen seconds, but he trusted Aizawa to be okay.

Dropping into the alley himself, Hitoshi was stunned. Native was on the ground, bleeding from his leg. Iida was on the ground, bleeding from his shoulder. *Aizawa was on the ground bleeding from his arm!*

Hitoshi stood there for a single second before grabbing Stain's attention, hoping to buy time for someone to get there. There was no way he could defeat Stain if *Aizawa* couldn't!

"What the fuck, man? Seriously, what the *actual* fuck?" It had been trained into Hitoshi for the past three years to always open a fight with an open question, laced with quirk. He didn't think it'd ever really work, but Aizawa and Yamada had both trained that into him. ALWAYS start a fight with a quirk-laced open question.

"I must purge—" Stain dropped his weapons.

"Holy shit!" Hitoshi squeaked, careful not to let his hold on the villain lax. "Holy shit it worked!"

"*Yay Hito! Now tell him to release his quirk!"* Izuku's voice came through the com.

"Right, right. Release your quirk," Hitoshi commanded Stain, and a second later Aizawa was moving again.

"Psyren, keep him held. Datastream, what's the ETA on police and medics?" Aizawa was pure business.

"*Police ETA is 2 minutes, Medics are 3*," Izu replied, just as much pure business as Aizawa.

"Understood." Aizawa turned to Iida, "How badly are you hurt?" Iida was looking down in shame and frustration and didn't reply. "Fine." Aizawa huffed and turned to Native instead. "How about you?"

"My leg's pretty badly hurt, I think he got my tendon, I won't be able to walk for a while, but I'm not bleeding out," Native said. "The kid stopped him from coming at my neck, though, so it could've been a lot worse. I heard you talk to Datastream? Did he say how far out Medical is?"

"Yeah, 3 minutes. More like 2 now, though, and police should be here within a minute now." Aizawa turned his attention back to Iida, looking at how fast he was bleeding, since it seemed as though he was unresponsive, and then turned back to Hitoshi. "You still holding up okay, Psyren?"

"Yeah," Hitoshi answered. "He's trying to fight me, but he's got nothing compared to Nedzu, so I'm still good."

"Of course, you've trained your quirk on the Rat," Aizawa grumbled as the first officers arrived.

--

Aizawa had needed seven stiches in his left arm. Native had been placed on leave for his recovery after he had indeed gotten the tendon cut in his right leg. He would be in physical therapy for a few weeks after his leg healed just to be able to walk again and would likely be

off patrol for a few months.

Iida had suffered minor nerve damage in his right shoulder. Not really enough to truly notice, but he would likely have shooting pain sporadically for a few months while the nerves healed themselves.

Stain was officially caught.

The next morning, Hitoshi was still in a mild case of shock. “I still can’t believe I was able to take him down like that. I thought it would be a lot harder?” Hitoshi looked at Aizawa, still unable to really process what he had managed to do. “Seriously, though, how did *I* manage to do that if *you* couldn’t?”

“Shinsou,” Aizawa deadpanned. “There is a reason I have always insisted you lead a fight with a quirk-infused question. Hasn’t Izu been telling you from day one that your quirk is perfect for heroics? This is *exactly* why. You can stop a fight before it begins. Stain was faster than I had anticipated, we hadn’t ever gotten any of his fights on surveillance, so we didn’t really know how fast he was. But as soon as he replied to you, the fight was over.”

“I guess.”

“Here,” Aizawa handed over his laptop to Hitoshi. The screen was showing the morning’s news.

Hero Killer Stain Caught!

After his reign of terror, Stain the Hero Killer has finally been caught – but not by a fully licensed Hero! A student, who is aiming for Underground Heroics so will not be named, managed to intercept Stain along with his Mentor, also an Underground Hero who will

remain nameless. When the student's mentor was injured, the student was able to step in and defeat the infamous Hero Killer. This student's name will likely never be known outside of the Underground Heroes, but well done! Thank you for your service to our society!

Hitoshi looked up at Aizawa. "This is real, right?"

"Shinsou, you did good last night. You caught Stain, not me." He reached over to ruffle Hitoshi's hair. "I'm proud of you."

Chapter End Notes

> Yay! Next chapter is the one I've been looking forward to for weeks! It's been in my outline, teasing me, begging me to skip over everything and just write it. The temptation was great. I just hope I can do justice to that chapter.
>
> (ノ◕ヮ◕)ノ*:･ﾟ✧

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

> Sorry, this chapter is the one I've been wanting to write for ages, and I had to make sure it was good.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi had spent all day Friday and Saturday training with Aizawa. Now that Stain had been caught (he still couldn't believe that he had really done that) Aizawa didn't feel the need to keep up with the same schedule of following Iida.

Also, Iida had been sent back home early from his internship, officially citing his injuries, but unofficially due to his actions. Hitoshi knew Aizawa was pissed at Iida, but Izu had convinced him not to expel him. Just like with Sero, Izuku thought humiliation would be a better punishment.

Hitoshi couldn't wait to hear what plans Izu had. He had been very adamant about not telling, wanting to keep it a secret, only hinting that he'd done this before and enjoyed it. Hitoshi would find out on Monday.

Sunday finally came, and as it was the last day of the internship, Aizawa and Hitoshi got on the train and returned home. Hitoshi had given his costume case to Aizawa, as he was going to be heading into the school to visit Recovery Girl to get his stiches removed and offered to drop off Hitoshi's costume.

Hitoshi was in a really good mood as he made his way back home. He had proven he was a hero! Okay, well, hero student, but he had *taken down the Hero Killer!!* There were multiple comments under that news article that had thanked him for what he'd done. Just thinking of all the people who were impressed with him, and who had wished him luck in his career as a hero made him mist up, even three days later.

Remembering the look on Aizawa's face as he said he was proud of him. Hitoshi wished his foster parents were half as supportive as his mentor was.

It was still early afternoon by the time Hitoshi unlocked the front door and headed into his foster home. He knew his fosters wouldn't care about his accomplishments, they never did, so he didn't bother telling them - he just nodded a greeting at them and headed up to his room to put his things away.

Upon opening the door, however, he saw that all his things had been packed up in black garbage bags. They were getting rid of him.

With tears in his eyes, Hitoshi dropped his bags. While this home wasn't supportive, this had been the longest placement he'd ever had – three years. This home hadn't abused him like all the others, they had mostly left him alone. They had allowed him to train with Aizawa-sensei! They had let him enroll at UA, even!

What had he done wrong? Why did they decide, now, to get rid of him? He had followed all the rules, he never spoke while at home, he did all of the cooking and the cleaning, he took care of the yardwork. Why didn't they want him anymore? What did he do wrong?

Stifling his tears, Hitoshi went back downstairs. '*Why?'* he signed, knowing he'd be punished for speaking, even if they were getting rid of him.

"You're dangerous!" his foster mom exclaimed. "We always knew you were a villain, but now? First you show how dangerous you can be without your villain quirk at that festival, and then you go off to Hosu. Don't think we didn't put it together, we know you're just trying

to get in everyone's good graces so you can betray them later! We know it was you who that article spoke about!"

His foster dad added, "Your social worker will be here in about five minutes. Come here."

Unable to stop the tears from coming again, Hitoshi did step forward. He knew what was coming – the muzzle.

--

Izuku was in the teacher's lounge, laying on the couch, using his uncle as a pillow. Izuku was looking through his vast library of good morning memes, trying to decide if he should send a grumpy cat, or a psychotic owl, or some type of living coffee mug to the group chat with Hitoshi and Shouto. He decided on all three.

He then set up Iida's proximity theme for the day and added an extra layer to the code that would lower the volume while in the presence of their teachers. Izuku didn't want to upset the faculty, just Iida.

HotElsa – *Good Morning, Zuku*

TinyGreenBaby – *Morning Shouto! Morning Hito! I'm totally looking forward to hearing about everyone's internship experiences!*

HotElsa – *I'm sure everyone will be wanting to hear about your own, as well.*

TinyGreenBaby – *well, if I was a student and actually went on an internship, maybe I would have a story to tell.* (╱￣ ˚3˚)╱￣

HotElsa – *Toshi, didn't Zuku help you in Hosu?*

TinyGreenBaby – *I don't know what you're talking about, Shou, I stayed home all week with my Papa. We watched movies and took the cats to the vet for their check-ups. Cream needs to have a tooth pulled.* (⊃˘̩̩̥̩̥ ˘̩̩̥̩̥)⊃

HitElsa – *while I believe that happened, I am also sure that Datastream was helping in Hosu.*

TinyGreenBaby – *maybe I was, maybe I wasn't.*

The conversation paused for a few minutes.

TinyGreenBaby – *Hito? Are you feeling okay? It looks like you're still at home?*

HotElsa – *call him?*

TinyGreenBaby – *one min*

Izuku called Hitoshi and waited for him to pick up. And continued to wait. Izuku frowned as he was sent to voicemail. Hitoshi never sent him to voicemail.

TinyGreenBaby – *he sent me to voicemail? He never does that?*

HotElse – *maybe he's just really tired? I mean, Aizawa did run him pretty hard…*

"Hey Uncle? Was Hito super sore yesterday?" Izuku asked, poking his uncle until he woke up.

Grumbling a half-coherent reply, Uncle said, "No? If he was, he didn't say anything. Why?"

"He hasn't left his house yet," Izuku answered.

"I'm assuming you've tried calling him?"

"I tried, but he sent me to voicemail. And now it's been turned off?" Izuku looked up at Uncle. "Something's wrong with Hito. He'd never send me to voicemail and then turn off his phone."

Uncle looked at Izuku's worried face and then nudged him to get off. "I'll call his fosters. Maybe he came down with something and is sleeping it off?" he said doubtfully, adding on when Izuku gave him a Look, "I know, he would have texted you, but I'm attempting to be hopeful here, since you apparently can't do your job properly. You know you're the designated Sunshine Child, right?"

Uncle pulled out his phone and called Hitoshi's foster parents, Izuku listening in.

"Hello?" came the voice of Hito's foster mother.

“Hello, is this Tanaka-san?” Uncle confirmed.

“Yes. May I ask who’s calling?” she verified.

“I am Aizawa Shouta, Shinsou’s Homeroom teacher and Mentor. My nephew is one of his friends and was worried about him, since he hasn’t answered his phone all morning. Can you let me know how he is?”

“Oh, no I cannot. That boy no longer lives with us. He was relocated to another home yesterday. He left his phone here, and we were not informed of where his new home is. I was actually going to be coming by UA today to remove my husband and I from his contact information.”

Uncle was stunned silent for a few moments. “I see. Can you give me the contact information of someone who would know where he is and how to contact him?”

“No, sorry. I didn’t catch the name of the social worker who came for him.”

Uncle raised an eyebrow at Izuku’s vacant stare, obvious signs of Streaming visible and knew he was searching for Hitoshi. “Thank you, we’ll find him on our own.” Uncle hung up the phone.

“I’ll find him, Uncle. Go to class.”

Uncle ruffled Izuku’s hair and said, “Okay, but get in the sleeping bag

first, otherwise you know people will try to interrupt you." Izuku grabbed the sleeping bag and went to Uncle's desk, got in the bright yellow abomination, and then curled up under the desk. "I'll come get you for lunch if you haven't found him by then." Izuku hummed in assent and then fully immersed himself in the Stream.

Someone tried to take his Moon away from him. He needed to find him. He needed his Moonlight.

--

Shouto had gotten to class a little earlier than normal, hoping to spend a little more time with Hitoshi. He wanted to congratulate him in person for his defeat of Stain, even though he had already done so over the phone a few times already.

Hitoshi was still in shock over defeating the villain, and it was adorable.

Shouto found it odd how his phone had started playing some song as he had gotten closer to the classroom. It was a song he didn't recognize, and it didn't look as though he was getting a phone call. He couldn't figure out why his phone was making that noise until he had opened the door to the classroom and found Iida somewhere between a glare and a pout.

Ah, Izuku was annoyed with Iida for something. He remembered how Izuku had done that to his father a few years ago.

"Iida," Shouto greeted as he walked to his desk to wait for Hitoshi to arrive.

“Todoroki,” came Iida’s stiff greeting.

The two of them remained silent, just listening to the song on their phones, Iida clearly knowing what song it was, while Shouto was clueless.

Ten minutes later, half the class had arrived and each of their phones had started playing the same song by the time they had gotten close to the classroom. Shouto had kept himself occupied by finding and sending cat pictures to the group chat between Izuku and Hitoshi, hoping that Hitoshi would reply.

Denki and Neito entered at the same time and made their way over to Shouto. “Man, it’s the Sonic the Hedgehog theme!” Denki cheered. “I haven’t played that since I was like ten!”

“I wonder what Iida did to upset our benevolent green overlord,” Neito laughed. “Hey, where’s Hitoshi? He’s usually here before us?”

“I don’t know,” Shouto said, a bit concerned. “We’ve tried texting him, and Zuku’s tried calling, but we haven’t gotten a reply yet.”

“That’s odd.” The three boys all exchange glances. “Well, I’m sure Izu will let us know what’s going on with him, there’s no way he hasn’t already found him,” Neito said.

“You’re right,” Denki said. “So, how was your internship?”

--

He’s not going to cry. He’s not.

He’s been through this before, this time isn’t worse than the last time. It doesn’t hurt more than any of the other times. The closet isn’t smaller than any other closet. The muzzle isn’t smaller than any other time.

It’s not a muzzle, it’s his Persona Chords, he just doesn’t want to talk. There’s no one to talk to in this closet. He just needs to get the strap on his Persona Chords adjusted a bit, it’s a little tight. He’s not ignoring the fact that his Persona Chords don’t actually have a strap.

He’s not going to cry.

Hitoshi didn’t have his lockpicks on him, so he couldn’t remove the muzzle. It’s not a muzzle, it’s his Persona Chords.

He didn’t have his phone – did they even send his phone with him? – so he wasn’t sure how long it would be until Izuku found him, but he knew he would. His Sunshine would definitely find him.

And Izuku was his Sunshine. He had a presence that lit up the room, his smile was like a warm sunny day, chasing away his doubts and fears. No matter how dark his thoughts, a simple smile from Izu could make everything alright again.

The homes he had been in before had left scars on his mind, but Izuku had been able to heal most of them. A gentle touch when he had been expecting to be struck, a kiss on the cheek, where his old muzzle scars were had caused him to be less self-conscious about them.

Izuku cared about him.

Izu would know something was wrong, right? When he didn't text him a good morning cat? Shouto would know, too, right? He always texts him an ice princess meme in the morning, he'd realize something was wrong.

Shouto was still new to their group, but he was every bit as important to him as Izuku was. Shouto was brilliant in a quiet and subtle way, a way that complemented both him and Izu. He was a flirt, and he was not subtle about *that* at all, but Hitoshi thought it suited him. His quiet, brilliant sparkle. Shouto was. . . he was like Starlight.

Izuku was his Sunshine, and Shouto was his Starlight. His Sun and Stars.

They'll know something is wrong. They'll find him.

Right?

'But what if they don't?'

--

"Okay, so I still can't find Hito, but I found his social worker. Her name is Tachibana Rie. She's been his worker for the past three years, and she was the one who had initially spoken out against his last placement and got him removed." Izuku was info-dumping on Shouta and Nedzu while he was pretending to eat the lunch Uncle had brought him.

Taking another tiny bite, Izuku continued, “She’s not the one who took him yesterday, though, she’s on vacation in England. I still don’t know who took my Hito, or where he is.”

“Zu,” Shouta muttered, pulling Izuku into a tight hug, “I know you’ll find him. And when you do, I’ll go pick him up.”

“If he’s in a bad home,” Nedzu corrected. “Let us not assume the worst. It is quite possible that he is not in school today because he is settling into his new residence.”

“He would have called by now,” Izuku said. “He would have called either me or Shouto. Shou’s worried about him too.”

Shouta tapped Izuku on the head, softly but still firmly, when he noticed that Izuku’s eyes were showing signs of Streaming again. “No zoning out right now, Zu, finish your lunch first.”

Izuku pouted but took a huge bite of food.

TinyGreenBaby – *when I finally have the location for where Hito is, can you take Shouto with you?*

“I suppose I can. We can bring a new phone for Hitoshi, and the three of you can chat for a while,” Shouta agreed.

Izuku nodded. “I’m a little bummed Hito hadn’t kept his costume case and let you take it back yesterday,” Izuku added. “It’d be so easy to find him if he had the case on him, since there are trackers in his case

and costume."

Nedzu perked up a little at that. "I'll speak with Power Loader. I think I want to see about getting you a necklace with a tracking device in it so we never have to worry about you being abducted."

Izuku smirked at that. "Unless there are some heavy-duty quirk suppressants in use, you will never have to worry about not being able to find me, Nedzu." Izuku paused. "But, if you can get me two of those, I'd like to make sure Hito and Shouto can never be out of my reach again? Not knowing where my Moon is, is making me a bit nervous. More than a bit nervous, actually."

Shouta looked at his nephew with slight amusement. He hadn't missed the fact that Izuku had been occasionally calling Shinsou his 'Moon' and even Todoroki got a name, 'Star.' If those three weren't an item by the end of the week, Shouta was going to lock them all in a room until they confessed to each other.

--

How long had it been? A day? Two? A week?

Hitoshi didn't know anymore. He wasn't even sure they were looking for him. Wouldn't they have found him by now?

He couldn't even pretend this muzzle was anything other than a muzzle at this point, and he had been scratching at it, trying to pry the damned thing off for what felt like days, to no effect. He was hungry, thirsty, tired. He wanted his Sunshine, his Starlight, he wanted to go home, but where even was home?

Home would be with his Sun and Star.

But do they love him like he loves them? What if they aren't looking for him? What if they are happier now that he's gone? Gods, Hitoshi should have told them how he felt when he had the chance, now they would never know.

He was probably going to die in this closet, starved, dehydrated, isolated.

He wasn't going to cry, he wasn't. He could get through this.

But what if he couldn't?

If no one was looking for him, no one would find him.

Hitoshi lifted his head. Was that a noise? Was there someone here?

His eyes opened frantically, were they going to help him or hurt him? At this point, he didn't care, he needed to get out of this closet, get this muzzle off. He started to weakly kick at the door, hoping that he was making enough noise for whoever was on the other side to hear.

"Hitoshi?" Oh, *oh,* that sounded like Shouto! He kicked at the door again, as hard as he could with the little strength he had left. "Sensei! He's in here!" he heard Shouto call out. "Hang on, Toshi, I'll get this door opened."

Hitoshi could hear him trying to force the door open, but then called

out, “Sensei, there’s a padlock. Can I use my quirk to open it?”

“Let me try it first, Todoroki,” came his mentor’s calm voice.

They really had come for him. They cared enough to find him. They didn’t abandon him like so many others had before.

The door of the closet opened, and in the bright light outside the room, Hitoshi could see Shouto. He let his tears fall. He had been holding them back for so long, but now he could let them go. He was saved. His Starlight was here, his mentor was here, was his Sunshine here too?

Shouto reached into the closet and pulled Hitoshi into a tight hug, while Aizawa examined the muzzle and started using his lockpicks to remove it, working around Shouto. As if he could hear his thoughts, Shouto said, “Zuku isn’t here, he’s getting all sorts of abuse and neglect charges pulled up on the people who run this home. He’s the one who found you, though. And he’s waiting for us to call him.”

Hitoshi nodded slightly, clinging to Shouto with everything he had left in him.

The muzzle fell away.

Chapter End Notes

Shut up, I'm not crying, you're crying!

Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

What's this? An update within a week? Le Gasp!

Okay, so really, I couldn't just leave you all with that major angst for an entire week (or two) so I decided to give you this.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Neglect, abuse, kidnapping, fraud, child endangerment-“

“Kidnapping?” Hizashi interrupted Izuku.

“Yes. I don’t care if he was ‘legally’ transferred into their custody, they kept him in a closet and refused to let him out, they didn’t even feed him!” Izuku was practically spitting fire, he was so mad. “They tried to kill him! I’m adding attempted murder to their charges! They’re lucky-“ Izuku was interrupted by the door to the infirmary opening and Hitoshi walked in, being supported by Shouto and followed by Uncle.

“*HITO!”* Izuku jumped up from the bed he was laying in and ran to Hitoshi and clung to him, sobbing uncontrollably. “I was so worried about you! I’m so sorry it took me so long to find you, I swear I was looking the entire time!” Izuku pulled his face away from Hitoshi’s chest and grabbed his face in his hands and started kissing his face. “I was terrified I was going to lose you when it started taking longer and longer to find you.” Hitoshi’s arms were weakly holding on to Izuku, even though that was as tight as he could.

“Come on, Zu, let’s get Shinsou into a bed so Chiyo-san can look him over,” Uncle said, guiding the boys to the bed next to the one Izuku was in before.

While Recovery Girl was scanning Hitoshi for injuries and cleaning the cuts on his face from the muzzle, Izuku never once let go of his hand, and Shouto on his other side did the same. They were not going to let him go.

"Okay," Recovery Girl said finally. "You don't really have enough stamina right now for a healing, so I'm going to have some food brought up for you and then you're going to get some sleep. When you wake up, I'll heal you. Sound good?"

Hitoshi nodded. Izuku noticed that Hitoshi hadn't spoken a single word so far. *'Oh no, please don't let the mutism have returned? He's been doing so well.'*

Rubbing his hand, Izuku looked Hitoshi in the eyes. "Hito? Can you say something? Please? It's okay if you can't, but I really want to hear your voice," he whispered.

Hitoshi clenched his hand around Izuku's, and Izuku could see tears starting to form in Hitoshi's eyes. He took a few deep breaths and then, in the smallest whisper Izuku had ever heard from him, "Hi."

Izuku let his tears stream down his face as he smiled brightly at Hitoshi. "Hi." He kissed the cuts on Hitoshi's face, and then pressed his forehead against his. "Whatever you need, you know I'm here for you. I'm going to burn those fuckers who did this to you-"

"I'll burn then literally," Shouto interrupted, holding Hitoshi's hand tightly.

"Right, Shouto will literally set them on fire, while I legally set them

on fire. They won't get away with what they did to you. No one hurts *my* Moonlight and gets away with it," Izuku finished venomously.

Hitoshi's eyes widened at that. "Moonlight?" he asked quietly.

Izuku blushed and pulled a little bit away. "Yeah, you're my Moonlight, Hito. You're so bright, beautiful, almost ethereal, and you shine brightest in the dark. I love everything about you," he finished in a whisper.

Hitoshi let loose a wet little laugh, and in a weak and cracking voice said, "And here I thought I was being unique, thinking of you as my Sunshine, and Shouto as my Starlight."

Izuku giggled at Shouto's wide eyes. "I've been thinking of Shouto as my Starlight too!"

"Who would have guessed that all three of us would think the same thing?" Shouto softly added. "My Sun and Moon."

Shouta had never actually left the room, so he made his presence known then. "Will the three of you finally admit that you're dating now? For fuck's sake, the only reason I'm not going to lock you in a room until you admit it out loud is because I'm *not* going to risk triggering any episodes. But know that *had* been my plan last week."

The three boys looked at each other and then nodded in unison. "Hey, Uncle Shouta? I have two boyfriends now!" Izuku giggled.

Shouto nodded. "Indeed. I wonder, do you think if my father found out, he'd have a heart attack?"

Hitoshi leaned his head against Shouto's shoulder. "Want to write him and find out?"

"For science!" Izuku exclaimed.

--

After Hitoshi had eaten and the three of them had scooted Izuku's bed over to Hito's to make one big bed for the three of them to pile on, Hitoshi asked, "Izu, why were you already here? Did you sprain your wrist again or something?"

"Mm, or something, yeah. Quirk exhaustion," Izuku was playing with Hitoshi's hand, tracing the callouses gently. "I learned how to do something cool with my quirk, and each time I tried it out, it knocked me on my ass for like ten hours."

"What did you do?" Hitoshi nudged his knee with his own.

"Well…" Izuku hesitated, glancing up at Hitoshi through his bangs.

"Want me to start it off?" Shouto suggested. "I clearly can't explain everything, I didn't really understand it all, but I can start it." When Izuku nodded, Shouto continued. "We were worried when you never replied to any of our texts or memes on Monday. Zuku tried calling you when he noticed you hadn't left your house but was sent to voicemail." Shouto's face darkened. "We both knew you'd never send Zuku to voicemail."

Hitoshi nodded at that. In all the years he'd known Izu, he'd never sent him to voicemail. At first, even when he didn't want to talk, he'd been too afraid of losing his only friend to dare ignore a call, and then when he was having non-verbal days, he'd answer before immediately hanging up and sending a text. Now, he loved hearing Izu's voice so much that he'd rather take a kick to the face than ignore a call from Izu.

"Zuku had Aizawa call your fosters, and they said you no longer lived there, so Zuku spent the rest of the week looking for you. He found you this morning."

"I guess that's where my explanation comes in, huh?" Izu nervously tugged one of Hitoshi's fingers. "Well, like Shou said, I tried to track you down. First, I looked for your social worker, Tachibana Rie. I remembered you said you liked her, so I was curious why she had chosen to move you, but I was both relieved and annoyed to find she was on vacation in England and had no part in this. So that was a dead end."

Izuku continued, "Next, I knew you had arrived at home about three in the afternoon on Sunday, so I just had to look at the signals of who else was there from that time onwards. There were four people, but only one who had any connection to the Child Social Services."

Izu turned fully towards Hitoshi and just hugged him, laying his head under his chin. "Long story short, I figured out how to identify, isolate, and track brainwaves."

Hitoshi choked on air at that and just gaped at the head of hair under his chin. "Uh, Izu, you're going to need to make that short story a bit longer, because what the actual fuck?"

Shouto snorted. "I think I had to restart my brain when he told me."

“Okay, well, remember when Uncle was in the hospital, and no one knew if he was going to wake up?” When Hitoshi nodded, Izuku continued. “Well, I think I subconsciously tapped into his brainwaves and made him wake up. I’m not sure how, but I think I did.”

“Anyways, back to when I was looking for you. I had been searching for you for a full day, I was ignoring Uncle and Papa telling me to take breaks, I was getting desperate. Uncle finally Erased my quirk on the second day, I think I was on hour thirty-six of no sleep. This was the first time he’d ever Erased my quirk, and he had given me plenty of warning that he was going to do it,” Izuku shrugged. “The experience was. Different.”

He stopped for a little, long enough for Hitoshi to think he needed some prodding, so he ran his fingers through Izu’s hair, “Then what?”

“Uncle’s quirk doesn’t effect Mutations.” Izuku said simply. “Datastream is a Mutation. But I saw it. I *saw* the way Uncle’s quirk tried to affect me. I saw his quirk. I saw how his quirk was an extension of his brain waves, how the brain waves were electrical signals.” He paused again. “Erasure didn’t affect me. But it did show me a new aspect of Datastream.”

Izuku sighed deeply and snuggled closer to Hitoshi. “It took a few more days of scanning brainwaves before I found you. I would much rather view every single camera in Japan for ten hours straight than scan brainwaves for five minutes, the quirk exhaustion would be less, but I’d do it again in a heartbeat if it meant I could save you, Moonlight.”

“Every time he did that, he would be unconscious for about eight hours, and he never gave himself time to recover from the migraine before he jumped right back in,” Shouto added softly.

“Izu,” Hitoshi whispered. “Do you have a migraine right now?” Izuku nodded and mumbled something that sounded like ‘but you’re worth it’ and Hitoshi ran his fingers through his hair again. “Can I put you to sleep, Sunshine? You deserve a good rest. And I think I’m about to pass out myself.”

“Okay,” he muttered, and Hitoshi grabbed his mind.

“Sleep, Sunshine.” Hitoshi kissed the top of his head. “How about you, Starlight?”

Shouto leaned over and kissed Hitoshi’s cheek before laying his head on Hitoshi’s shoulder, kissing Izu’s green curls. “Please.”

“Go to sleep.” After Shouto fell asleep, Hitoshi looked between his two boyfriends, and then let himself fall asleep, a soft smile on his face.

Yeah, home is right here, with his Sun and Stars.

--

“I won’t allow anything like this to happen again,” Nedzu said to the gathered teachers in the staffroom. “While Shinsou Hitoshi is the only student in the heroics course in foster care, he is not the only student in foster care at this school. Therefore, to ensure that an incident like this does not occur again, I will be implementing a dorm system, and all foster children will be offered the chance to become a ward of UA if they are unhappy with their current placement.” After a moment’s thought, he added, “As will any student who may be in an unsafe home environment.”

“The students will be moving in after their Final Exams. They can move their things in anytime during the summer break.” Every one of the teachers nodded their assent. “Good!” Nedzu chirped. “Ishiyama-kun, I hope you will be willing to assist in the construction of the new dorms?” Cementoss nodded in agreement. “Excellent! That was everything I needed to discuss! Dismissed.”

As the teachers left the conference room, Nedzu noticed that Yagi was still sitting at his seat, clearly wanting to speak with Nedzu privately. Once the room was clear, Nedzu addressed Yagi. “Something on your mind?”

“Ah, yes, actually. As I’m sure you’re aware, I have chosen a successor for One For All. Togata Mirio,” Yagi started, but was interrupted.

"Yes, Chiyo-san has informed me of how many times the boy has come to her with shattered bones. I was wondering, Yagi-san, when you were going to reach out for some assistance from a competent teacher.”

Yagi narrowed his eyes at Nedzu for a moment before relaxing again and ignoring the pointed jab. “Well, I’m reaching out now, Nedzu-san. While I may have benefited from informing someone earlier, both Mirai and myself were confident we could train Young Togata. After all, Mirai was able to train him on how to use his own quirk effortlessly.”

Nedzu stared at Yagi for a few moments, not letting any of the shock he was feeling show. Nedzu had spent every Saturday for four months in three hour long one-on-one sessions with Togata Mirio to help him completely understand how to make the most of Permeation. Was Sir Nighteye attempting to take credit for this?

“Yagi-san, may I ask why you are coming to me for this? Surely you know of another quirk counselor who could assist?”

“Well, Young Togata mentioned that you had given him some advice on his original quirk, so I figured you could help with One For All. Especially since you already know about the quirk.”

Nedzu hummed. On the one hand, he most certainly could assist Togata-kun. Clearly, the quirk did not manifest the same for him as it did for All Might, so a different approach would be needed. It would be a puzzle that Nedzu would be able to play with and figure out.

Oh, but on the other hand, how much fun would it be to force Yagi to play nice with Izuku? Nedzu wasn’t as young as he used to be, and that pup would be taking over for Nedzu sooner or later, he can start taking some of Nedzu’s duties now!

While Izuku didn’t have his certification for quirk counseling just yet, that was only because he needed to be sixteen before he could legally take the examination. It was already scheduled for July 17th, two days after his pup turned sixteen. This could simply be part of his duties as Nedzu’s personal student! Izuku will be taking over Nedzu’s quirk counseling duties, and Nedzu will only step in if Izuku truly needs the assistance.

With that thought in mind, Nedzu grinned. “Of course, Yagi-san, I will be glad to offer the services of my personal student to assist Togata-kun master his new quirk! You will, however, need to explain the details of One For All to my student if you wish to have him be truly effective.”

“No,” Yagi refused. “I am asking for you to assist, and *only* because you are already aware of the origins of my quirk.”

“Well, therein lies a problem,” Nedzu hummed in disappointment. “I will not be assisting directly. If my student feels he is in need of guidance, then I may step in a little for him, but he will be taking over all of my quirk counseling appointments in the near future, starting with this one.” With one of his trademark grins, Nedzu tacked on, “You either get his assistance, or find another counselor.”

Yagi glared at Nedzu for a few more moments before finally sighing. “Very well. Which of your students will you be assigning to Young Togata? Will it be Young Yamada, or Young Aizawa?”

Oh, oh this would be fun! Yagi thought Nedzu was talking about either Hizashi or Shouta! Which, while they were both also his personal students, they had never been in the running for Nedzu’s successor.

“Why, Aizawa-kun, of course!” Nedzu exclaimed, knowing full well that Yagi was going to be expecting a different Aizawa.

Chapter End Notes

So, there were reasons for the angst last chapter, and my reasons for that are as such:

1. They needed snuggle time so they could finally confess to each other! If they hadn't been so desperate they were going to lose one of them, they may never have stopped dancing around each other and just confess!

2. I needed to have a good reason for Izuku to discover that aspect of his quirk. And yeah, I know back when Shouta was in his coma, I had said that Izuku couldn't actually do anything with the brain's electrical signals, but hear me out - I'm the author and I can do what I want!

So.

I'm hoping that All Might gets his head out of his ass next

chapter, but I'm not too sure about him. ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

> I realized I didn't explain the dorms very well last chapter, so I put in a better explanation in the first scene.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’ve got a few choices, Shinsou,” Aizawa said. “You can either go to another foster home while the dorms are being built and have that family act as your legal guardians for the next three years, or you can become an official ward of UA, and have a teacher become your acting guardian.” Aizawa shrugged. “It’s your choice.”

Hitoshi gave him a look that questioned his sanity. “Is that really a question, Aizawa-sensei?”

Yamada snickered. “Shou already got the guest room fixed up for you to stay while the dorms are built. We just wanted to make sure you knew you didn’t *have* to come with us if you would rather not.”

“Will Izu be staying at the dorms too?” Shouto asked.

Aizawa nodded. “Yes, but in the teacher’s dorms. He’ll have his own room in our apartment there.”

“Aww, but why am I going to be stuck there? I want a room in 1-A’s dorm!” Izuku complained.

Yamada ran his fingers through Izu’s hair. “Zuzu, my tiny green baby, you’re not a 1-A student. You’re not an official student at all, so you can’t room in any of the student dorms. You are my sweet baby bean, though, so you get to stay on campus with us.”

Izu pouted a moment, but then sighed. “Yeah, I guess that makes sense. And I’m sure I can always visit the common rooms for 1-A, right?” When he saw nods of agreement from Aizawa and Yamada, Izu grinned. “Then I suppose it’ll be fine.” He leaned back against Hitoshi again.

Shouto tilted his head. “Will these dorms be optional, or mandatory?”

“Mandatory, at least for now. We’re going to be doing an investigation into everyone’s homes and family lives. Nedzu is not willing to take the risk of any of the students being in an unsafe home environment, and we know that Shinsou isn’t the only student in foster care. We’re not risking the safety of *any* of the students. After we’re sure all of the students have safe homes, we may lift the mandatory requirement, though.”

Shouto nodded his head. “I know I’d be extremely excited about this if it had been a few years ago and my dad was still free. Maybe this will help someone else to get away from a bad situation, too.”

“That’s right,” Yamada said. “That’s what Nedzu was thinking when he set this up.”

“Well, I suppose I’ll get the investigation started?” Izuku suggested. “I’m sure Nedzu-sensei will put me on that soon enough anyways.”

“Zu, you *just* woke up and you’re still in a tangle of limbs with your new boyfriends. You can take a few days to just rest and enjoy the company before you start diving into another research project.” Aizawa gently scolded. “Keep Shinsou company over the weekend, and maybe Nedzu will give this project to you on Monday.”

Hitoshi wrapped his arm around Izuku and pulled him a little closer. “Yeah, stay with me for the weekend. I just went through a traumatic event, I need my emotional support boyfriends. Shouto’s staying too, right?”

Shouto snickered. “As if I could turn down that invitation.” He kissed Hitoshi on the cheek.

--

The weekend passed by quickly, and by the time Monday rolled around Hitoshi was mostly back to full strength. All of his injuries had been healed, but he still felt a little weak, so Aizawa had stated he wouldn’t be allowed to participate fully in Foundational Heroics for the week but would be able to participate the week after.

After all, they did have their final exams coming up soon.

“DUDE! You’re back!” Denki called out excitedly when he got to class and saw Hitoshi sitting in his desk. He tossed his bag at his own desk and tackled Hitoshi for a hug. “We were so worried about you!”

Hitoshi patted Denki on the back and grinned. “Thanks, Denks, it’s good to be back.”

“What happened? Our lord and savior wouldn’t say, just told me I’d find out when you came back if you were willing to talk.” Denki was giving Hitoshi his best puppy eyes, and even started jutting out his bottom lip to reinforce his pout.

Hitoshi rolled his eyes and huffed out a laugh. “My old foster parents

gave me up, and it was a *situation* getting a new home that would allow me to keep going to UA. That's all. I'm back since my living situation has stabilized."

"Oh. That's not as worrying as I was thinking it was." Denki grinned. "I was worried you were kidnapped and being held in a tiny, soundproof room, being starved by some villain, possibly in retaliation for something you did, or being held hostage since, you know, you're friends with Lord Gremlin."

Hitoshi looked at Denki with a raised eyebrow. He had gotten pretty dang close to what really happened. "Wow. Um. Hmm."

"What? I have an active imagination, and you were missing, and I was worried! I'm glad it was nothing like that, though." Denki hugged Hitoshi again and then got comfortable in Neito's seat, just in time for said boy to walk in and glare slightly at him.

"Toshi, welcome back!" Neito grinned, lightly brushing his hand against Hitoshi's. "Hey, Denks?"

"Yeah-" Denki's eyes glazed over as he got caught up in Neito's copied quirk.

"Get out of my seat." As soon as Denki got up, Neito sat down and released Denki and cocked an eyebrow. "Now, what have we learned?"

Denki pouted. "You're a dick and have no shame."

"Precisely. My seat. Only our Green Master can take my seat."

“All hail the Green Master,” Denki joked, causing the other three to laugh.

“Where is Izu, anyways?” Neito asked. “He had said he’d be joining classes again once you got back?”

“Oh, Nedzu stole him. He’ll likely be joining us at lunch, though,” Shouto said.

--

“That’s an interesting quirk,” Izuku deadpanned to Nedzu. “You know what would make it even more interesting? If you had told me about it before I found out on my own.”

Nedzu blinked at him, more than a little surprised. “You already know about One For All?” he asked.

Izuku let out a sigh of annoyance. “You had me look on your computer, in Wildflowers, subsection gamma tau beta nine. The folder O.V.A had a mention of One For All, I got curious. Started looking into it, figured out it was a transferrable, stockpiling quirk, and now I know it’s already been transferred. I think it’s gone to Togata Mirio, but I don’t have it confirmed just yet.” Izuku shrugged and took a sip of the tea Nedzu had offered him.

“Your deductive skills are quite impressive,” Nedzu complimented. “Let’s take that a step further. Can you tell me what task I am about to assign you?”

Izuku smirked slightly. “Togata is the new holder of the quirk, isn’t he? I noticed his quirk had a major ‘mutation’ a few weeks ago and now he can’t control his strength and keeps hurting himself. Since you’re telling me about the quirk, and I’m so close to getting my Quirk Counseling License, I’m going to guess you want me to council Togata on his new quirk? With the added bonus of intimidating the crap out of All Might?”

Nedzu cackled and clapped his hands. “Yes! Precisely! You do remember how to intimidate others, yes? I know we haven’t practiced that particular skill in a few years, but I want you to go all out with it today when you meet with Yagi-san.”

Izuku let all expressions fall from his face and brought up Datastream to the surface. Normally, when Izuku was actively using his quirk, he was withdrawing into himself, allowing his consciousness to pull the signals into his body. That was the way that was the most unnoticeable, the way that few people outside of his family and closest friends would notice, the only evidence being his slightly dazed eyes.

That was not the only way Izuku could use Datastream, though. No, he could bring his consciousness out to dance amongst the signals, causing his eyes to glow red and what looks like red electricity to dance in his eyes. This way was far less effective and extremely obvious, so it was rarely used, but Papa had said that the glow and the electricity that occurred when he did that made him look even more like Uncle Shouta.

When he paired that with the intimidating stare Nedzu had taught him at twelve, Izuku was able to scare almost anyone.

“Perfect! Use that whenever Yagi-san says or does something insulting to you! He is already going to be expecting Shouta-kun to show up to tutor Togata-kun.”

Izuku let his stare drop and grinned. “It always amuses me how many people thing Uncle Shouta has a quirk councilor license. All he does is Erase a quirk, he’s never bothered looking into the theory behind quirks, or focused on ways to improve them, or even methods of wresting control over wayward quirks. If someone wants advice on their quirks, they’re a lot better off going to either myself or Papa.”

“Yes, they would be. But Yagi believes that your uncle is the student of mine I am sending to help Togata-kun.” Nedzu’s grin turned sharp. “You’re going to show him exactly why *you* are my successor, and not Shouta-kun.”

Izuku’s grin turned just as sharp as his mentor’s. “Certainly, Nedzu-sensei.”

--

“Are you sure Aizawa-sensei is going to be able to help me with this quirk?” Mirio asked All Might. They were waiting for Aizawa-sensei to show up in Gym Upsilon, one of the by far least used gyms on the school grounds. “I was always under the impression that Aizawa-sensei didn’t care about quirk theory.”

“Well, he must, he is a teacher after all!” All Might laughed confidently. “And he’s Nedzu’s personal student, so I’m sure he’ll be able to figure out how to fix your issues and help you to figure out my quirk.”

Mirio hummed, not quite convinced. Yes, Aizawa-sensei was a student of the principal, but that didn’t mean he was gearing towards the quirk sciences. Besides, from what Mirio had heard from the rumor mill, Aizawa-sensei’s nephew, Izuku, had been helping the students in

1-A with their quirks and it was common knowledge that he was Principal Nedzu's current student.

Mirio wouldn't be surprised if Principal Nedzu had been referencing Aizawa Izuku and All Might mistook him for Aizawa Shouta.

Well, it didn't matter much to Mirio which of the Aizawa's he got for his trainer, so long as one of them could help him to get some control of One For All. This quirk was so much more difficult for him to figure out than Permeation ever was! And Permeation was a nightmare to figure out and master.

The door to the gym opened and in walked a small, green-haired boy. "Sorry I'm late, but it's really your own fault," he complained. "Honestly, you had to pick the furthest gym, huh? You couldn't pick Gym Rho? Just as secure, and just barely past the regular gyms. Take note, Togata-san, next session, go to Gym Rho. I'm not trekking my ass out here again."

"Understood!" Mirio agreed easily. He was excited to see that his quirk councilor was going to be Aizawa Izuku! He had heard that this kid had helped to train all four of the students that had medaled at the first years Sports Festival this year!

"Young Aizawa, where is your uncle?" All Might asked condescendingly. "Nedzu said he was going to be assisting Young Togata."

"No, he didn't," Aizawa countered, "he said he was sending his student. You asked which student, and he told you he was sending me." He shrugged. "Not his fault you didn't bother to verify which Aizawa he was talking about."

Turning to Mirio, Aizawa grinned. “Okay! So, I know the basics of your quirk, and Nedzu-sensei let me read all his notes on Permeation, so let’s see what this new quirk does!”

“Now wait just a minute,” All Might interrupted. “You can’t possibly know what you’re doing! I insist on your uncle being the one to assist me in training Young Togata.”

Aizawa leveled a stare at All Might, and Mirio could swear the very air in the gym thickened, and All Might paled slightly. “Now, while I’m sure you didn’t mean to insult me, *again*, All Might, I do believe that between the two of us, I’m the one half-way finished with my teaching license. And in three months, I’ll be fully certified as a quirk councilor. Can you say the same?”

“T-that’s r-ridiculous!” All Might stuttered. “You’re f-far too young to have c-completed any of that!”

Aizawa’s eyes turned red and started glowing. “My age has nothing to do with this. Now, go sit on the sidelines while I figure out how to prevent your student from breaking every bone in his arm *again*. Which,” he added as an aside, “is another good reason as to why Gym Upsilon was the stupidest gym for you to choose. Do you know just how long it will take for Togata-san to get medical treatment if something goes wrong?”

Mirio had thought about that as well as they had been walking to this out of the way gym and was admittedly nervous. But if Aizawa was thinking about this, then he was sure that the boy wouldn’t have him attempt anything too rigorous today.

Aizawa completely ignored All Might and the fact that he hadn’t even bothered taking a single step towards the sidelines. “Okay, so hello Togata-san! I’m Aizawa Izuku! I’m pretty sure you’ve seen me around,

or at least heard of me?"

"Oh yes, I heard you were the one who personally trained the winners of the First Year's Sports Fest this year!" Mirio beamed at the younger boy.

"Well, three of them, yeah, but my uncle is the one who trained Hitoshi. I helped him with his quirk, but he didn't bother using it at all the whole time." Aizawa shrugged again. "Anyways, since my uncle is a teacher here, just call me Izuku. It'll help to reduce the confusion." He winked. He honestly *winked* at Mirio! Oh, they knew that there was going to be confusion today as to why he was here and not Aizawa-sensei!

Mirio laughed at the boy. "Of course, Izuku-san! In that case, please call me Mirio!"

Izuku smiled a bright smile at him and agreed.

"Okay, Mirio-san, let's see what I'm working with here! First step, can you please power up the quirk? I don't want you to release the energy, just build it up."

"Uh, here's the first issue," Mirio rubbed the back of his neck. "I'm not too sure how to do that? One For All doesn't feel anything like Permeation, and the only advice I've gotten on how to activate it is—uh, well." Mirio had just barely stopped himself from admitting what All Might's 'advice' had been. He really didn't want to admit that 'clench your butt cheeks and yell smash' was the advice he'd received, at least not while the man was right there.

Izuku narrowed his eyes as if he already knew what the advice had been, and then shrugged. "Alright then, looks like we're starting

completely from scratch. Meditation! I want you to be able to feel the quirk inside you, both quirks, actually. I need you to be able to feel the difference between One For All and Permeation. You know how to meditate, I'm sure?" When Mirio nodded, Izuku smiled. "Great! Hop to it! I'll be watching and I'll let you know if I see any signs of it activating so you can stop."

For the next hour, Mirio and Izuku worked on simply identifying the feeling of the quirk and separating the two quirks. They had a plan in place for the next session, in Gym Rho, much closer to the main campus and any medical treatment that may be needed.

Mirio felt much more confident in Izuku as his trainer than All Might – even though Izuku had no idea about how the quirk was supposed to work when they had started, he already had much more advice on how to use the quirk after just one hour than All Might had in the weeks they had been working together.

They were on their way out when Izuku turned towards All Might and said with a smirk, "*That* is what a quirk counselling session is supposed to look like."

Chapter End Notes

> So. Final Exams are supposed to be next chapter. Y'all remember how I didn't want to write the one on one matches? Yeah, same thing here. So unless anyone is going to DEMAND the full exam fights (I will fight anyone who demands this, btw), I'm just going to have the boys summarize them at lunch or something. Or maybe have Shouta and Hizashi talk about them. I don't know, but probably one of those. I'm not going to spend three weeks getting stuck on matches that will tempt me to discus throw my laptop again.

Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

Final Exams! I actually really like how this chapter turned out!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“That’s stupid, no, I don’t want to,” Izuku stated flatly. Shouta was going over the line up for the finals in a few days, and after speaking with Nedzu, they had decided that Izuku was going to be one of the opponents for the students this year. “Uncle, I’m a student! I have a final exam of my own to take! Uh, I think?”

“Yeah, you do. This one.” Shouta ruffled Zuku’s hair affectionately and said, “Nedzu told us that he wants you to start taking more of his duties. Well, I *was* going to put Kaminari and Ashido against Nedzu, make those two actually think for once-“

“Yes, do that!” Izuku nodded.

“-but then I decided to completely redo the order to remove Nedzu from the lineup, and now I have Shinsou and Monoma going up against you.” Shouta finished.

“That is a bad idea. A very very very bad idea!” Izuku shook his head fervently. “Uncle, you do remember that whole part about how I *can’t fight* right? I mean, you yourself have told me that I’m not allowed to go out by myself after dark! And Hito is a freaking *beast* in a fight now! You have done too good a job in training him, what do you expect *ME* to be able to do against *him?!*”

“That’s the final. You against those two. They need to figure out a way

to get past you, and you need to figure out a way to stop them." Shouta grinned his wicked grin. "I am looking forward to seeing how you do this."

"Noooooo, Uncleeeeeeeeeee, why do you hate meeeeeeeeee?" Izuku pouted. "That's it, Papa's my favorite now!" Izuku got up from where he was laying on the couch with his head in Shouta's lap and went to the kitchen where Hizashi was cooking dinner. "Papa, Uncle's being mean to me!"

Hizashi laughed and kissed Izuku's forehead. "Oh, my poor sweet baby, what's that mean, grumpy old man doing to you?"

--

"Zuku, are you okay?" Shouto asked, hugging Izuku from behind and pressing a kiss to his cheek. The two of them were watching Hitoshi spar with Uncle, both thoroughly enjoying the show. "You've been a bit distracted all day."

Izuku twisted around in Shouto's arms and pressed his face into his neck and muttered, "I found out what my final is going to be and it's stupid, and I don't want to do it."

"I see," Shouto muttered and started running his fingers through Izuku's hair. "One of the second years told Ashido that our final is going to be fighting robots. I don't know if I trust that or not, it seems too easy for a hero course final."

Izuku kissed Shouto's neck lightly before pulling away a little bit. "For someone like you or Denki, yeah, it'd be too easy. Your quirks are too overpowered for robots. But for someone like Neito or Hito?" Izuku shrugged.

And then he had to put every single ounce of acting to the test as he refused to let his face show that he had just figured out how to pass his test! ROBOTS! He could control the robots, and if he went to Maijima-sensei now, he could probably have a few robots made in time for the final next week! The entrance exam robots would be too easy for them, especially since they could use their full hero costumes in the finals.

But a stealth-type robot would be fun! Izuku let a portion of his mind start designing what he would need to be able to make this plan work.

“You’re right,” Shouto agreed. “Toshi and Neito wouldn’t really be able to do much against robots with their quirks. I’m fairly sure Toshi wouldn’t need his quirk to destroy a few robots, though.” He looked up at where Hitoshi was training with Uncle and shuddered. “I don’t think I could win a fight against Toshi if I couldn’t use my quirk.”

Izuku giggled. “Even with your quirk, Shou, it’d be super close. Maybe if you were going all out with your fire? But Hito’s trained in slippery footing, and his reflexes are insane, so your ice would really only help him more than hurt.”

“He really is amazing, isn’t he?” Shouto whispered with a small grin. “How did I get so lucky to have the both of you?”

“Shoooooo!”

--

Maijima-sensei lifted up his hair so he could fully see Izuku. “You want me to build you three robots, all stealth-based models, and have

them ready for the finals next week. Seriously?"

"Yes," Izuku nodded. "I am apparently going to be fighting one of the teams of hero students for their finals, and *my* final is to be able to hold my own against them." Izuku dropped his head onto the worktable Maijima-sensei was at. "Why did I ever agree to being Nedzu-sensei's successor? I should have just become a barista at a cat café."

"A barista. Right. Because you totally haven't messed up the coffee so many times Aizawa has banned you from touching the coffee maker," Maijima-sensei snorted.

"Ugh, not you too! Why is everyone being so mean to me?" Izuku whined. "I could totally just up and leave now, and no one would ever be able to find me! I could set up shop in some small fishing village, just me and a few cats, sell coffee to the random tourists who want to see, I don't know, what small town life is like?"

"That would last all of three minutes, and then you'd get bored and come back." Maijima-sensei laughed at him again. "Okay, Mini-zawa, if you want these robots by next week, you're going to have to help me design them. I have finals for my own class-"

Izuku interrupted him. "I already have them fully designed, I just need them to be built. I already did a mock simulation to ensure they were viable for what I wanted using the system you built for robot simulations. I emailed the designs to you while you were criticizing my imaginary life choices already."

Maijima-sensei picked up his tablet and pulled up the designs Izuku emailed him. "Hmm. These look pretty good." He looked up at Izuku. "It's not too late, you can always join support, you know. You don't *have* to be the second coming of the Rat God."

Izuku smiled sweetly. “You know, even though I joke about it often, I really am happy with where I am. I really admire Nedzu-sensei, and I’m so happy he saw something in me that was worth nurturing. If it wasn’t for him, I don’t think I would be here today.”

“Aw, no, kid I’m sure you’d still be amazing even without his help,” Maijima-sensei refuted. “You’re a great kid!”

“I know that,” Izuku agreed. “But my life before Nedzu-sensei was bad. I don’t think I ever would have even met Uncle a second time if I hadn’t been actively helping him out as Datastream. I got myself seriously hurt, and without all the practice I had at contacting heroes through the HeroNet coms, I would have died in that park. I wouldn’t have been able to contact Papa. No one would have been able to find me in time to save me.”

“Alright, I get it.” Maijima-sensei ruffled Izuku’s hair. “Y’know, with all that, I’m curious. Who’s your favorite hero? I always thought it was Aizawa, but now I’m thinking it might be Nedzu.”

“My favorite changes almost daily,” Izuku grinned. “Get those robots built for me on time, and my favorite hero will be you for the day!”

--

The week had passed quickly, and on the morning of the exams, Higari had delivered the three robots Izuku had requested for the exam. Shouta was impressed with what Izuku had decided to use for the exam. He had been worried that Izuku would simply use the same set up that Nedzu had been planning – a construction zone maze with a wrecking ball – even though the pair he was going to be up against would easily be able to get through that.

He was going to be using the construction zone still, but Shinsou and Monoma would need to be able to get through the maze while being hunted by robots that could fire tranquilizer darts. Or destroy the robots. While the robots would triple in strength, power, and speed each time one of the three robots was destroyed.

And since all of the teachers had a handicap, Izuku's handicap would be that his exam would be during a quirk counseling session with Togata.

As the students all gathered around to hear about what their finals would be, Shouta ducked his face into his scarf to hide his grin and whisper to Nedzu hiding in his scarf, "Is Zu ready?"

Nedzu's reply was a quiet cackle that Shouta decided to take as a yes.

"Greetings, class. I'm sure that by now some of you will have heard of what the practical exam will consist of."

Ashido and Kirishima both jumped up and exclaimed, "We're fighting robots!"

Shouta snorted quietly as Nedzu jumped out of his scarf and countered, "Nope!" with a wide grin, and Shouta almost couldn't hold back his laughter as both Shinsou and Todoroki paled upon seeing the principal.

"We have decided that for this year, the hero course students will be facing the teachers in combat!" Nedzu cackled. The rest of the teachers were standing behind the students, each with similar looks of amusement. "Since the teachers are all pro heroes, they will all have a

handicap to allow you a fighting chance!"

"The pairs will be as follows," Nedzu continued. "Aoyama and Uraraka, you will be up against Thirteen. Jiro and Kouda will be up against Present Mic. Hagakure and Shouji will be against Snipe. Kirishima and Sato are against Cementoss. Yayorozu and Ashido are against Aizawa. Iida and Ojiro are against Power Loader. Tokoyami and Asui are up against Ectoplasm. Bakugou and Sero against Midnight. Kaminari and Todoroki against All Might, and finally, Shinsou and Monoma are against Izuku."

Shouta really did laugh as Monoma yelped and Shinsou cursed.

Shinsou raised his hand and Shouta nodded at him to continue. "Uh, you said we're fighting a teacher. Izuku isn't a teacher, though?"

"Quite right," Nedzu said. "Izuku is, however, my personal student, and he is taking my place in this." Nedzu paused a moment and then grinned wickedly at Shinsou. "Would you rather go up against *me*?"

Shinsou paled further and shook his head furiously.

--

Denki turned to Hitoshi as they were all waiting for the busses that would take them to their various battlegrounds and said, "I thought Izuku couldn't fight? Why is he going to be participating?"

"Denks," Hitoshi said quietly. "Do you see Izu anywhere?" At Denki's head shake, Hitoshi continued. "He's going to do something techy, I just know it. And me and Neito? We probably *are* going to be up

against robots.”

Shouto gasped quietly. “We talked about that last week! I mentioned to him that Ashido said the exam was robots and we both laughed at how that would be stupid for our class, as robots would be too easy for quirks like mine and Denki’s but would be on the more difficult side for you and Neito as your quirks can’t do anything about them.”

Hitoshi cursed again. “You probably sealed our fate with that conversation, babe. Izu is definitely going to be sending out an army of robots at us.”

Neito gripped on to Hitoshi’s arm. “I don’t want to die!”

Pulling his arm away, Hitoshi snorted. “Drama queen.”

--

Mirio lit up in yellow lightning, with red streaks across his body. “There we go, now try to up the output just a little, you’re at what, fifteen percent right now? Let’s see if you can get to twenty.” Izuku was doing his best to split his focus between both Mirio and the test with Hito and Neito. He knew that Nedzu was watching this counseling session, making sure that he was focused on his job with Mirio and that he could always watch the battle with the students later.

Mirio was able to get to eighteen percent fairly easily, but Izuku could see he was starting to struggle getting to nineteen. “Okay, let’s hold here for a little bit. Don’t drop it, just hold firm at eighteen. Let this sensation flow through you, and you can try going up another percentage in a few minutes.”

Mirio nodded at him, and a few minutes later, he was able to reach twenty. “Good, now just try to walk around the room, without dropping the quirk at all.” Even though Izuku was focused on Mirio, he still freaked out the older blond when he suddenly grinned. Hitoshi had caught one of his robots and smashed it into a wall.

Now the other two would up the difficulty level. “*Fuck, fuck, fuck! I don’t want to die!”*

“Uh, Izuku-san? You good over there?” Mirio asked.

“Yeah, I’m multitasking. You’re doing great, keep walking. Although, if you want to, maybe try running? I’m curious as to how fast you can move at twenty percent,” he suggested.

At the end of the counseling session, Mirio was able to use twenty three percent of One For All, while Hitoshi and Neito had managed to make it out of the maze in one piece, after destroying two of the three robots.

--

Hizashi was twitching. He could still feel all the bugs crawling all over him, and it was freaking him out. He’d already taken three showers and was about to head in for a fourth. So many *BUGS*!

“Distract me, I need a distraction, I don’t care what it is!” he pleaded to Shouta. “Recap the matches, anything, just-“ he interrupted himself by violently scratching at his hair, only stopped when Shouta gripped his wrists and then laced their fingers together.

“Skipping over your unfortunate loss, it seems that Aoyama figured out that Uraraka has a crush on someone in class,” Shouta said, quickly trying to distract Hizashi from the feeling of *hundreds of legs crawling all over him!* “Uraraka blushed and let go of her hold when he mentioned Asui to her.”

Hizashi’s laugh was a little strained, but still genuine. “The kids in your class are just pairing up left and right, I swear. How did your fight go?”

“Eh, not too badly. My kids passed. Ashido doesn’t normally follow orders very well, instead she does her own thing, and Yarorozu hasn’t really been doing too well in her confidence. I put those two together to see if Yarorozu would be able to take charge of the situation and if Ashido would follow orders for once.” Shouta gently rubbed circles on Hizashi’s palms, helping to calm him down even more. “I was pleasantly surprised to see that Ashido was willing to follow Yarorozu’s words like holy writ.”

Hizashi took a deep but still shaky breath, and Shouta continued with another of the matches.

“Nem’s fight was great. There was nothing for Sero to use as leverage to swing from, and he wasn’t willing to argue with Bakugou in any case, so the two of them rushed her. The two boys failed within two minutes, but Nem just stood there and let the time tick down, looking to see if they would wake up and maybe have some sort of a chance at a redemption.”

Hizashi laughed at that. Nemuri’s gas would be too strong for those two if they really did try to rush her. They should have had Sero shooting his tape at her from a distance while Bakugou used his explosions to cause a backdraft in the wind current to disperse her gas and distract her with debris as she got tangled up in the tape. “It

would have been so easy for them to defeat her!”

Shouta shrugged. “You feeling better now?” he asked, pressing a kiss to Hizashi’s forehead.

“Mmm, one more?” Hizashi pleaded.

“Sure. Which do you want to hear about next? Snipe, Cementoss, or All Might?” Shouta asked.

“Oh, All Might! I’m assuming he lost his fight, right?” he hoped.

Shouta snickered. “He was up against two of Zu’s army of gremlins, of course he lost.”

“Kaminari and Todoroki, right?” Hizashi confirmed.

“Mhm. All Might brushed off Kaminari as a threat from the very start, and only focused on Todoroki. So, they decided to use that as part of their strategy – Todoroki was the distraction, and Kaminari managed to latch on to All Might and deliver a pretty strong shock before getting the cuffs on him.”

“Those kids, they’re awesome!” Hizashi laughed. “Is Zuzu going to design the training for the camp?”

“No, Nedzu is going to have Zu working on his own abilities. I think Nedzu is designing the camp training himself, or maybe he’ll give it to you to work on.” Shouta shrugged. “Either way, we still have a bit of

time left before camp, and I can think of a few things I want to do before then.”

“Oh?” Hizashi raised an eyebrow.

“Mhm. You’re at the top of the list,” Shouta smirked, and pulled Hizashi into their bedroom.

Now *that* is a good distraction from the crawly feeling.

Chapter End Notes

Ooh, look at Shouta being all smooth like that! ♡ \ (￣ ▽ ￣) / ♡ Shouta is such a good husband!

Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

> Real Life has been a NIGHTMARE lately! I had a migraine that lasted nearly a week, so no writing happened then. Then I had an issue at work that stressed me TF out, so again, no writing (although I did manage to get a chapter of Screech out). This past week, though, I finally managed to get back to the story. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you ready for the summer camp!?” Ashido asked excitedly. “I think I have everything I need, but we should totally do a class trip to the mall to make sure everyone has what they need!”

Kirishima looked up at her with a depressed look. “You guys have fun. I’m not going to be able to go. I failed.” He legitimately looked like he was about to cry, and Izuku just couldn’t let that happen.

“Hey, did Uncle say you couldn’t go?”

“Yeah, he said that anyone who failed the finals would be left behind.” This time it was Sero who answered.

“Hmm. Well, I’m not sure if you realize this, but my uncle is a lying liar who lies. So, I’m like, 99% sure he lied,” Izuku grinned. “Besides, this is a *training* camp, wouldn’t the people who failed need the most extra training?”

“I hope you’re right, man,” Kirishima said.

“Well, since we’re likely all going,” Ashido said hopefully, “we should go out shopping for the trip! How about Saturday! We can all go to

the mall and get supplies!”

“Pass,” Hitoshi deadpanned. “I already have plans.”

“Mhm,” Shouto agreed. “He’s being kidnapped by Izuku and myself.”

Izuku sighed wistfully. “I missed Shouto’s kidnapping in January, so Hito’s has to be extra special.”

Sero and Kirishima exchanged nervous glances, “Uh, kidnappings?”

Izuku’s eyes lit up with a nearly manic glee. “YES! I had *plans* for Shouto’s birthday! But then we didn’t meet in person until *February!!!* I missed it! So, I’m overcompensating by making Hito’s extra special!”

Hitoshi pointed at Izuku. “See? That’s why me and Shou can’t come to the mall with you guys on Saturday.”

--

Shigaraki Tomura smiled at his screen. He had finally gotten a new character back to max level – Duste was a Warlock that specialized in Decay-type magic. Much better than that Mage he had – Ashes – which for some reason had been nerfed to hell the same time the rest of his World of Legends characters were deleted.

And yes, he was still upset about that, all of his hard work, gone! Thousands of hours of gameplay, ruined!

But Duste was his new main. Duste was Undead, and looked a lot like Tomura himself, with his blue hair and lanky frame. Now he just needed to get some decent gear! All his gold had been on his old Warlock Rhayge, but Tomura knew how to play the auction house, so while he was nowhere near where his old fortune was, he still had enough to buy a decent set of gear.

"Shigaraki Tomura," came Kurogiri's voice from outside his door. "Will you be doing anything productive today?"

Tomura had to think about it for a minute. With Sensei gone, the entire League was now his. However, with Sensei gone, his mind was also clear for the first time in years. That insatiable itch in his neck had diminished, also. He couldn't really remember exactly *why* he had hated All Might for so long.

Yes, yes, he had been hurt by his family, killed his parents with his quirk, was neglected by every passerby on the street, and Sensei was the only one who had stopped to care for him. But really, how was that All Might's fault? Tomura knew that All Might had been on the complete opposite side of the *world* at that time.

Okay, so also yes, society leaned too heavily on All Might's "Symbol of Peace" gimmick, and had become complacent, but *again*, how was that All Might's fault? If anything, it would be Sensei's fault – if he hadn't been attacking society for years, then they wouldn't have had a need for such a strong hero to rise above and be the Pillar of Peace!

All Tomura wanted was to sit here and go on raids with his World of Legends friends and guild. Duste was now level 200. He had agreed to go on a raid with ThatGreenDruid once he got his ding, and now he got the ding!

“Shigaraki Tomura?” Kurogiri called again. “We really should be planning the next strike against All Might.”

Tomura glared at the door but didn’t answer. He didn’t want to deal with Kurogiri and his stupid loyalty to Sensei. But he knew that if he didn’t get back to planning, Kurogiri would just move them again. He kept moving them every few days, and he didn’t even let Tomura take any of his tech with him! All he was able to take was the clothes he had been wearing.

He hadn’t even been allowed to take Father!

But. . . Tomura wasn’t actually upset about that. He didn’t know why he didn’t mind, but he didn’t mind.

The only part about the constant moves he had been really upset with had been not being allowed to keep his computer. Each time they moved, Tomura had to find a computer to log onto so he could play his games again. And that always upset Kurogiri and caused another move.

“Fine!” Tomura hissed out. “I’ll be ‘productive’ if it gets you off my back for one stupid day!” Tomura packed up his laptop and put it in his bag.

Maybe he can go to a café and play? Some good coffee, a pastry, gaming without Kurogiri looking over his shoulder, what could go wrong?

--

As it turns out, a lot could go wrong when the café he chooses is a cat café that is frequented by hero brats. Tomura had already been set up and was mid-dungeon when the three boys came in – one with green hair, one with purple hair, and one with red and white hair. He recognized two of them from the failed attack on the USJ a while back.

The trio set up in a section fairly close to where Tomura was sitting, and he didn't know how he felt about this. On the one hand, he could probably kill them, and that would get Kurogiri off his back for a while, but on the other hand… *why??*

There really was no reason for any of this. Tomura wasn't really all that interested in being a villain anymore. He wanted to go into game design, or something similar. With the weeks away from Sensei, his mind was a lot clearer than ever before, and he just wanted to be done with everything.

Maybe… maybe he could approach these teens and see if they could get him in contact with some heroes who could actually help him?

He looked back down at his screen and realized he had a whisper from ThatGreenDruid.

ThatGreenDruid – *dude, grats on the ding! About damn time!*

Duste – *srsly, irl blows*

ThatGreenDruid – *tell me about it. I had to go through finals this past week, and my teacher is a sadistic rat, I stg*

But I passed, and that's all that really matters

Duste – *oh, you're in school? High school or college?*

ThatGreenDruid – *high school. You?*

Duste – *. . . I never went to school. I wasn't allowed. I managed to learn how to read and write, and my caretaker taught me basic math, but. . .*

ThatGreenDruid – *damn, that blows. Living in isolation like that must have been hard. I'm glad you seem to be able to live a little more freely now!*

Duste – *yeah, actually, my old 'Sensei' got arrested, and I've started to see that he was manipulating me just for my quirk.*

ThatGreenDruid – *dude…. I'm so sorry about that. Have you tried to reach out to see if you can get like, some help? It sounds like you were a prisoner or something?*

Duste – *I was actually thinking about it, tbh. Sensei had me do something pretty fucked a few weeks ago, and I don't know if I can really reach out to anyone without getting put in prison myself.*

ThatGreenDruid – *you won't know unless you try, my dude.*

Duste – *I wouldn't even know who to reach out to.*

ThatGreenDruid – *can I let you in on a little secret?*

Duste – *sure ig*

ThatGreenDruid – *okay, but you gotta promise not to get mad, k?*

Duste – *you're the only one I've been able to talk to at all in the past few weeks, I seriously doubt I can really get mad at you at this point.*

ThatGreenDruid – *I'm holding you to that…*

I'm the one you called "admin" in your attack on the USJ

Tomura just stared at his screen in shock. ThatGreenDruid was the admin that ruined his attack? That pesky *cheater!* That two-bit hack! How dare he ruin his perfect plan to kill All Might and then pretend at being friends with him!

Wait…

Tomura took a deep breath and allowed himself to calm down. ThatGreenDruid admitted to being in high school just now, so it was likely some of those students were his friends. He was probably protecting his friends, that's why he ruined the attack.

ThatGreenDruid – *my guy?*

You there?

Come on, dude, you said you wouldn't be mad at me!

Duste – *you were really the admin? You stopped my attack?*

ThatGreenDruid – *well, I didn't stop it, more like, I called for help and distracted you, and got you to send that monster to running around the facility instead of killing the single best hero in existence.*

Duste – *but All Might didn't show up?*

ThatGreenDruid – *oh, that's precious, you think I was talking about that useless moron*

No, the single best hero in existence is Eraserhead, and your brain monster was about to kill him.

If you're willing, I can get you into contact with him, and he can help you.

Duste – *I'll… I'll think about it?*

ThatGreenDruid – *that's fair. But you might want to think fast, since he knows where you are. I fully suggest turning yourself in when he shows up. That, or teleporting out, but really, running after this conversation would only hurt your chances.*

Duste – *you've known who I am this whole time, haven't you?*

ThatGreenDruid – *this is the first time you've been close enough to Mustufu for me to actually send a hero I trust to get you. Most others would likely try to hurt you, but Eraserhead won't. Not unless you attack him or someone else, that is.*

Tomura looked at the trio of hero brats. They were acting all cute and cuddly, with the green one scooping up whipped cream from his drink with his finger and plopping it on the purple one's nose. The red and

white one leaned in and licked the whipped cream off his nose.

It was disgustingly cute.

Tomura closed his laptop but didn't get up. If he was going to be approached by Eraserhead, he might as well pack up before he got there.

--

Shouta wasn't panicking, he wasn't. But he was ignoring a few traffic laws to get to the café Izuku was at with his boyfriends. Izuku had told him that Shigaraki was at the café, and Shouta didn't want to risk him attacking his nephew.

Or, y'know, any of the other civilians, either.

Shouta had made sure to tell Izuku that both Todoroki and Shinsou had permission to use their quirks if Shigaraki tried anything before he got there, but Izuku was pretty sure the villain would sit there calmly and wait for Shouta to arrive.

Shouta calmly walked in the door, not showing any of his anxiety, and quickly spotted his nephew and his two idiots – boyfriends, his two boyfriends – and approached them.

Shinsou looked up with a grin, whipped cream on his nose and cheek. "Aizawa, what are you doing here?"

Shouta just looked at him blankly. '*Why does he have whipped cream on his nose and cheek?'* He looked at Todoroki and Izuku, one had whipped cream on his lip, and the other on his finger. '*Ah, they're being cute and flirty.'* Shouta sighed in defeat. "You have a little something on your nose," he deadpanned to his purple student, causing him to blush bright red.

He glanced at Izuku and raised an eyebrow, subtly asking where Shigaraki was, and just as subtly got a gesture towards a back corner. Nodding, Shouta left the three to their date and went to where the villain was.

"Checking in with your students, Eraserhead?" he asked. "I haven't done anything other than look their way a few times."

"I know. Mind if I join you?" At Shigaraki's gesture of assent, Shouta pulled out a chair and sat. "Datastream has been keeping tabs on you since the attack at Kamino."

"Who's Datastream? Is that the hacker admin from the USJ?" Shigaraki wondered.

Shouta snorted. "He gets called a hacker all the time, but I think you're the only one to call him an admin. But yes, he's Datastream."

"His gamer tag is ThatGreenDruid." Shigaraki looked at the three boys again, and Shouta was sure he saw a light of recognition in his eyes. "That's him right there, isn't he?"

Shouta didn't reply.

“He said you won’t send me to prison if I cooperate.”

“That’s not what he said, but it’s close enough. There is a villain and vigilante reform program, and with the endorsement of a Pro Hero, you could enter. So long as you abide by the rules of the program, you can avoid prison. You would still be on preventative parole for a few years after completing the program, but so long as you don’t break any laws while in the program or on parole, you will be allowed to live your life as though nothing ever happened.” Shouta gave him a hard look. “So, if I’m going to give you my endorsement, I want to know why? Why did you do what you did?”

Shigaraki looked down at his hands, two fingers on each hand covered by artist gloves. He narrowed his eyes and then said, “Sensei. He found me when I was a kid. My quirk manifested, and before I knew what was happening, or what I was doing, or anything, really, I had killed my entire family. I was scared, I just wanted to hug my mom.” He took a sip of his coffee. “No one stopped to help the kid who was obviously distraught, sitting in a dirty alley, no one but Sensei.”

“Would it be safe to assume that ‘Sensei’ is All For One?” Shouta questioned.

Shigaraki nodded. “He took me in. Said it was All Might’s fault no one else would help me. Said things along the lines of how heroes were useless. That the world belonged to people like us, people who could just take what we wanted and kill whoever got in our way.” He took another sip of his drink. “To be honest, all I want is to play video games.”

“It didn’t seem like that during the attack,” Shouta prodded.

“No. But Sensei had done something to my mind, I think. I don’t know, but these past few weeks since he’s been arrested have been

really nice. I don't feel the constant itch that has been in my neck for years, I don't feel the insane need to kill All Might, I don't feel the need to bring down hero society." He looked up at Shouta. "I feel free for the first time since I met Sensei. If I had another option, I can promise you I wouldn't be a villain anymore."

Shouta leaned back in his chair and looked at Shigaraki. "I will be requiring you to wear quirk cancelling cuffs during the transportation to the reform facility. When you get there, they will be doing a full psychiatric evaluation, as well as getting your official statement from a detective with a lie detector quirk to validate your story. Once you pass both parts, then you will be officially enrolled into the reform program. Do you understand?"

"Yeah." He paused for a moment. "Can you verify if that green kid over there is Datastream? If he is, I'd like to talk to him for a few minutes."

Shouta pulled out his phone.

JustLetMeSleep – *he wants to talk to you*

Izuku gave both Todoroki and Shinsou a head ruffle and then walked over. Pulling out a chair next to Shouta, he sat down.

"You wanted to talk?" Izuku asked with his signature sunshine smile. Shouta could see the second Todoroki and Shinsou realized who else was at the table with them. Shouta shook his head slightly at them and they backed down but didn't get any less tense.

"I just have one question," Shigaraki stated. At Izuku's nod, he continued. "Did you delete all of my World of Legend characters?"

Izuku let his sunshine smile fade. “You see this man here? Eraserhead?” Shigaraki nodded. “Not only is he my favorite hero of all time, he’s also my uncle. He was the first person to give two fucks about me. The first person to look at me and see someone worthy of being loved. And you and your brain monster almost killed him. So yeah, after I was sure he was going to live, I took out my frustrations on you. I’m a petty shit when I want to be. And I am one hell of a hacker.” Izuku smiled gently. “Make it through the reform program, and I might remove the nerf I put on Ashes.”

Shigaraki glared slightly at Izuku. “I rather have my priest back. Hana was my favorite, and the name’s been taken by someone else.”

“I made sure the data for all of your characters couldn’t be retrieved. But I can get the name back for you if that’s what you want.”

“Please.” He was quiet for a moment and then whispered. “Hana was my sister’s name.”

“Complete the reform program, and I’ll get her name back for you.” Izuku reached over to touch Shigaraki’s hand. “I have to go, but if they let you have access to a computer, I’ll keep in touch with you online. Take care of yourself, Duste.” With that, Izuku walked back over to his boyfriends.

“You ready to go?” Shouta asked.

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m ready.”

Chapter End Notes

Honestly, I had forgotten about Shigaraki for the longest time, but when I was thinking of if I should have him intrude on the mall

trip or not, I decided on this instead. There are too many comments for me to comb through, but someone suggested that Izuku had been making friends with him online, and I decided to roll with it.

Anyone got ideas on Dabi and/or Toga? I know I mentioned Dabi ages ago, but I never did anything with him. If anyone can give me a good suggestion, I might do something, or I might just leave him as a simple mention and not do anything else.

The story is coming to a close, I don't know how many more chapters there are, but I highly doubt we're going to hit 40.

Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

> Okay, so, you know how AFO is in prison, Shigaraki turned himself in, and I haven't bothered talking about other villains? Yeah, the summer camp is peaceful.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m going to miss my baby!!!” Papa was clinging to Izuku while Izuku was clinging just as tightly to him, both of them tearing up.

“I don’t want to leave you for a whole week, Papa!! I don’t want to go to stupid quirk camp with stupid Uncle!!” Izuku’s face was pressed into Hizashi’s chest.

“I swear to god, if you two don’t start acting like semi-functional beings, I’m going to throw you both out a goddammed window,” Uncle warned.

Izuku looked up at him still with tears in his eyes. “But Uncle!!! It’s Papa’s birthday!!! You’re making me abandon Papa on his birthday!!!”

Uncle rolled his eyes. “Yes, yes, very sad. Happy birthday, Zashi, I’m taking Zu to summer camp now. We’ll be back in a week.”

Papa sniffled. “Can I come too?” Uncle stared blankly at him, picked up both his bag and Izuku’s bag, and walked out the door. “SHOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!”

“Uncle is so mean!” Izuku said. Once Uncle was out the door, both Izuku and Hizashi stopped their crying and acted as if nothing had happened. “Okay, so your reservations are set, three days after we get

back from camp. You will have four days at the resort."

"Thank you, baby! You're the best son I could have ever asked for!" Hizashi kissed Izu's cheek. "Make sure you get Shou totally frazzled so I can make sure he actually wants to come to the resort with me. Really torture him for me."

"Will do, Papa!" Izuku hugged Papa tightly again. "Have fun while we're gone. And if I manage to get a signal out there, I'll call you or text you with pics and updates! Love you, Papa!"

"Love you, too, Zuzu!"

--

Izuku had managed to steal his uncle's sleeping bag and was smugly snug inside it while laying across both Shouto's and Hitoshi's laps, grinning every time his uncle passed a glare at him for the pilfered yellow monstrosity.

The bus had been going for about three hours when it finally came to a stop. "Everyone out, rest stop," Uncle said. The entire class piled out, with Izuku being the last, having to get out of the sleeping bag first.

"Zu," Uncle muttered, coming to help him out. "Stay close to me, don't join your idiots. This part is for the hero class, not you." Izuku nodded. He had suspected something like this to happen.

As they got off the bus, Izuku jumped on Uncle's back, both to be annoying, and to have a decent excuse for not joining up with Hito

and Shouto. “A little warning, next time?” his uncle grumbled, to Izuku’s giggles.

Situating Izuku better on his back, Uncle turned to the black car that had just approached them. Izuku grinned as he saw who got out of the car –Sosaki Shino and Tsuchikawa Ryuko, also known as Mandalay and Pixie-Bob, two of the members of the Wild Wild Pussycats! They were his uncle’s favorite heroes, even though Uncle Shouta would never admit it out loud.

As Hitoshi’s eyes lit up in excitement, also being a fan of the Pussycats, Izuku saw the sudden alarm enter Neito and Denki’s eyes as they realized Izuku was still with his uncle.

“Uh, guys, we, um. I think we should get back on the bus,” Denki said, Neito nodding in agreement.

“It’s too late,” Shouto muttered. “Whatever Sensei has planned for us, it’s too late to get out of it.”

Shortly after Shouto’s statement, the ground below them crumbled away as Pixie-Bob sent them tumbling to the ground below them. “Get there by noon, or you don’t get any lunch!”

Izuku giggled softly at her as Uncle Shouta set him down.

“Sosaki, Tsuchikawa, good to see you again,” Uncle said. “This is my nephew, Izuku.”

“It’s nice to you meet you!” Sosaki said. “This here is *my* nephew, Kota.” She motioned a small black-haired boy over. “Say hi, Kota.”

“Hmph.” Kota turned away with a scowl on his face. “I don’t know why I had to come meet a bunch of hero wannabes.”

“Oh, same, kid!” Izuku said. “My uncle made me get off the bus! I was all wrapped up in a sleeping bag, cozy and warm, and he made me get up just to watch the rest of them get tossed off a cliff.”

Kota looked at him. “Aren’t you a hero wannabe too?”

“Pfft, no! I can’t fight my way out of a wet paper bag! I keep myself well out of danger, nice and safe at home!” He turned a side-eye to Uncle. “Which is where I’d rather be, by the way. Home with Papa.”

Uncle sighed in exasperation. “Yes, I know, you haven’t exactly been subtle about not wanting to be out in the middle of nowhere. And I’ve told you why you’re here.”

Pouting, Izuku said, “Doesn’t change the fact I rather be home with Papa.”

Tsuchikawa ruffled his hair and laughed. “If you’re not a hero student, why *are* you here?”

“He’s going to be working on his quirk,” Uncle stated. “He needs to work on range, and how to pick up a signal when one isn’t available.”

Izuku gave her a bright smile. “I’m working towards my Intelligence Hero License! I’ll be able to coordinate rescue efforts, direct evacuations, fully plan and lead raids on villain hideouts, collect

information and evidence on cases for various departments, and various other things!”

Both Sosaki and Tsuchikawa stared at him, blinking.

“He’s Nedzu’s personal student, and the rat has already pegged him as his successor. Izu’s already taking over some of his duties – he’s led a few raids and done some evacuation coordination, he’s getting his Quirk Councilor license in just over a week, and he’s been helping a lot of Underground Heroes for the better part of five years now.” Uncle shrugged and ruffled Izuku’s hair again.

“Wait, wait, wait…. That…. That sounds like Datastream...?” Sosaki whispered.

Izuku smiled brightly at her. “Yup, that’s me, the one and only Datastream!” He then winked at Kota. “And I’m *not* a hero.”

--

When they had gotten back to the camp, Shouta decided to make sure Izuku knew exactly what the expectations for this camping trip were.

“You will not be allowed to use any of the signals from any of the phones, laptops, or any other electronic device that is here at the camp. Now, I know there is no way for me to be sure you aren’t using those signals, but I’m trusting you to be honest. Understood?”

“Yes, Uncle. Nedzu-sensei already told me. He wants to see just how far I can stretch my range. He thinks I might be able to access cell phone tower signals, or even satellite signals. I don’t know how well

that'll work, but ever since I learned how to access brain waves, Nedzu-sensei has been wanting to see just how far I can go." Izuku rolled his eyes. "You know, Plus Ultra and all that."

Shouta smirked. This kid, honestly. "You're going to be the next principal of UA, you of all people should put more effort into the Plus Ultra mentality," he teased.

"I still have years to go before that happens, Uncle," Izuku protested.

"You have years until it's *official*, yes, but the rat's going to be pushing all of his duties to you one by one. You'll be the principal in all but title by the time you graduate, is my guess."

Shouta looked up at the forest, he thought he heard something. "It's only been three hours, the class can't possibly be done already."

"Why not?" Izuku asked. "Pixie-Bob said they had three hours to make it to camp."

"Izuku. Did your gremlins lead the class here in three hours?" Shouta asked deadpanned. Izuku's reply was just a smirk. "Great…." Shouta turned away from his nephew and went to find the other members of the Pussycats, only to see Ragdoll already on her way out of the cabin.

"Eraser, I thought they weren't going to be here until closer to six? They're early!" Shiretoko Tomoko exclaimed as she walked up to them.

"I blame my nephew," Shouta gestured to Izuku. "He's been training a few members of the class, and they are unholy terrors now."

--

It was the third day, and the entire class and the Pussycats were instructed to turn off all electronics during the hours they were going to be training. After all, Izuku kept cheating and tapping into someone's phone or other electronic device, defeating the entire purpose. There was only one phone that was still on, and it was with Uncle, and only to be used in an emergency, and Kota had a TV with a selection of DVD's to watch when he wasn't out exploring the forest.

Those were the only signals Izuku could see during the training hours.

Izuku was going a little stir-crazy, being so used to having access to a signal at all times, and now there aren't any. He has no idea what's going on in the outside world, everything is closed off to him during the training hours. He still has… well, he doesn't know how long he has left, with no signals for him to access, he's just as useless as anyone else. What if someone needs him? He won't know!

Oh no, what if Papa needs him? What if Nedzu-sensei needs him? What if his Moon and Star need him? No, they won't need him, they're right here with him. Izuku turned his head to the direction his boyfriends were and saw Shouto freezing and melting a bathtub of water, repeatedly, while Hitoshi was fighting against Tiger and Uncle at the same time, and surprisingly, holding his own against them.

So, none of the people here needed him, but what if Papa or Nedzu-sensei needed him? He needs to be able to reach them!

Izuku knew he was starting to slip into a panic attack, even though he hadn't had one in years. This was the first time he was completely vulnerable, without any useable signals, in ten years. All of the colors

were gone, his vision was clear.

He hated it.

This must be what it felt like when his uncle Erased someone's quirk, when they were totally cut off from everything. His breathing was starting to speed up, he needed to access a signal, any signal, he needed one.

He desperately reached out to the phone that was on his uncle, just to check the time and to check Papa and Nedzu-sensei's phones, to make sure they were okay. It had only been thirty minutes since he had started training, and both Papa and Nedzu-sensei were fine.

This was going to be one of the longest days he's ever experienced, if only thirty minutes is enough to send him spiraling. Izuku put his head in his hands.

Okay. Let's think about this logically. What do I know about Datastream? Izuku thought to himself. *I can access electrical signals. There aren't any electrical signals around to access. That is less than helpful!*

Izuku let out a sigh of annoyance, and then realized he had company. Turning to the side, he acknowledged Kota sitting next to him. "What's up, kid?"

Kota looked at Izuku and then back to the other students. "Why are they all trying to be heroes? Don't they know how stupid heroes are?"

Izuku hummed in contemplation for a moment, and then said, "Well, some of them are doing it out of pure spite, some are trying to help

their families, and others just think it's the best path for them. But no, most heroes aren't stupid. I mean, yeah, there are some idiots out there, but they're a bit rare."

"They just want to show off, and the villains just want to show off, and then they all try to kill each other! They're all stupid!" he cried.

"Hey now, not all heroes want to show off!" Izuku put his arm around Kota's shoulders, pulling him in for a hug. "I know at least one hero who never shows off. He's so unknown that the only reason I even learned about him in the first place is because we met one night on a rooftop."

"R-really?"

"Yup! You see the black-haired man over there, sparring alongside Tiger with the purple boy?" Kota nodded. "He's Eraserhead. He's an Underground Hero, and other than the students he teaches, and the police he works with, the only people who ever really learn about him are the people he saves and the criminals he takes down. None of his fights are televised, he's not on the Billboard Rankings, he stays out of the media at all costs."

Kota kept looking at Uncle. "Okay, so maybe some aren't stupid," he admitted. "But what about the rest?" he motioned to where Bakugou was sticking his hands in boiling water and then causing an explosion in the air above him. "You can't say that's not stupid."

Izuku laughed. "Yeah, that's kind of stupid looking, huh? But that's only because you aren't old enough yet to understand the science behind why he's doing that. You see, the hot water is causing his sweat glands to open up more, so he is secreting more sweat than he normally would. His sweat contains fuel for explosions, so the more he sweats, the bigger his explosions can be. So, while it looks really

stupid, it's not."

"Okay, well, what about her?" Kota pointed to Uraraka, floating above everyone. "What's she doing?"

"Her quirk makes her nauseous when she uses it on herself for too long," Izuku explained. "She's trying to build up her tolerance."

Kota folded his arms and pouted. It seemed Izuku was able to counter all of his arguments. "What about you?"

"What about me?"

"What are you doing? You looked like you were about to freak out when I got here."

"Oh. Well, yeah, I was. Still am, honestly, but talking to you is helping me calm down a bit."

"How?"

Izuku ruffled his hair and thought how to answer this. "Okay, think about it this way. We're out here in the woods, there are trees literally everywhere, right? Well, imagine if there were no more trees around, you can't see any trees anywhere. But you know there *should* be trees. And you know if you could just look a bit further out, you would be able to see trees again, but you're stuck here and there aren't any trees."

Kota looked around, looking at all the trees. “That would be weird.”

“Yeah. That’s kind of like my quirk. I can see electrical signals, but out here, there’s no signals for me to see. That’s why I’m freaking out. I’m in the woods, but there aren’t any trees.”

“But you said the trees are out there still? Then, what if you use binoculars? Could you see the trees that way?”

“I’m not allowed to use them, except in an emergency.” Izuku shrugged. “That’s what I’m trying to do out here, learn how to find a signal when there aren’t any.”

Kota hummed a little. “Well, at least you can’t show off with your quirk like the rest of them are doing.”

With a laugh, Izuku said, “Oh, I can totally show off with my quirk! You wanna see?”

Kota rolled his eyes. “No.”

“Hmm. Well, if you change your mind, just show me your quirk. Then I’ll show you mine.”

Kota glared at the ground for a few minutes, and then he raised a hand and let loose a small splash of water. “Now it’s your turn!”

“Woah, you can use water?! That’s so cool!” Izuku smiled his Sunshine Smile™ at him. “Well, a promise is a promise!” Izuku brought

Datastream to the surface, letting his eyes glow red and start sparking. “Normally you’d never see me… do… this…?”

Izuku gasped in surprise. When he brought his quirk to the surface like this, he could see signals! Jumping to his feet he ran to an empty area and looked up at the sky with a manic grin on his face. “SATTELITE SIGNAL!!!” he yelled and reached up at the sky. “DATASTREAM IS BACK ONLINE, BITCHES!!”

--

“Papa!” Hizashi smiled at his son’s excitement. “I managed to get online! Without cheating, this time!”

“That’s great, Zuzu! How did you do it?” he asked.

“Okay, so it’s super obvious in hindsight, but you know, hindsight is 20/20 and all that.” Hizashi could practically see his baby shrug at that. “But you know how I normally bring the signals into myself and tap into them? Well, I never put any thought into going out to meet them, since I don’t like it when others can see me Streaming, but I was purposely showing off to Mandalay’s nephew, so I brought Datastream to the surface, and I was able to see the satellite signals! And after a little while, I could also see cell tower signals!”

“I’m so proud of you, baby! If you were here, I’d hug you!”

“Thanks, Papa! So now I need to practice keeping my quirk on the surface, since this method is giving me a major headache. So, for a while, whenever I’m Streaming at home, if I’m not doing it this way, make me stop and switch, okay? Uncle already said he was going to, but I need you to also.”

“Okay, Zuzu.” Hizashi nodded, even thought he knew Izuku couldn’t see him. “But I thought you didn’t like doing it that way because it wasn’t as strong as pulling the signals to you?”

“Well, yes, and no also? I mean, maybe it’s because I’m not used to using it that way? Or maybe it’s just a good way to get the really far signals? I don’t know, but I never noticed a difference when I’d brought Datastream to the surface before, and I think it’s because I just was never isolated enough to actually *see* any new signals? After all, when you have a million signals in your vision, one or two extra aren’t really going to be noticed.”

“I still can’t believe just how many signals you can see normally.”

“Ugh, I hate it out here, it’s so… dull. It looks like what I’m sure it’d look like if Uncle’s quirk could actually affect me. When I’m not bringing Datastream out, it looks like what everyone else can see.” Hizashi could imagine his baby scowling now, just like Shouta does, and he grinned.

“Well, since you’re having such a bad time, I’ll make sure to have a nice dinner and cake here waiting for you when you get home. How does that sound?”

Chapter End Notes

I apologize if you thought I was being sarcastic. It really was a peaceful camp!

And Kota, I figure that if he knew from the start that Izuku wasn't a hero student and didn't want to be there, maybe he'd be a bit more open. ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Also, I have now finished outlining the last few chapters. There's only about 5-7 left, depending on how cooperative Izuku and his group of gremlins are.

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The move into the dorms was a pretty painless process, the worst thing that happened was Kirishima and Sero setting the kitchen on fire when they tried to prove to Bakugou that they could cook.

Spoiler – they can't.

The rest of the summer was spent training for their Provisional Licenses. Hitoshi wasn't too worried about his license, not only had he been training with Aizawa for years, he'd mastered his quirk with the assistance of his Sunshine.

The entire class, actually, had gotten some tips from Izu in the past few weeks, from Ashido creating a new move she called Acid Blast, to Uraraka's Gravity Reversal, and even Hagakure figuring out how to bend light to make Light Refractions, Izuku was fully invested in making sure this class would pass their Provisional License exams.

Izuku wasn't going to be attending, though, he had his own exam to go through. From what Hitoshi could understand, the Intelligence Hero Licensing exam was a true nightmare. Not only would Izu need to be able to list about a hundred different laws, but he'd also have to be on a "patrol" with someone hovering over his shoulder and watching, grading his every move and decision.

It'd be one thing to just have a physical exam like what the regular hero courses have to go through for their exams, but Izuku's exam will be a lot harder.

“So, my question for you is – why aren’t you worried about your exam?” Hitoshi asked his beautiful green boyfriend as he was laying his head on his lap.

“Why would I be worried?” Izu tilted his head, so he was looking up at Hitoshi. “Hito, the practical portion of this exam is the only part that’s going to be difficult at all, and I’ve been doing basically that for five years.” Izu shrugged and turned his attention back to the TV they were watching.

“You’re not worried *at all* about your practical?” Shouto asked as he played with one of Izuku’s hands.

“Nah. Like I said, I’ve been doing this for about 5 years. You want to know what was nerve wracking? The USJ. I was calling for backup, emergency medical responders, the police, *and* helping whoever was in a tangle with villains, that then turned into watching my uncle nearly get killed. And *then* I had to help the police handle the aftermath of the attack, sort out which of the villains were just unconscious, which were in need of medical attention, get the surveillance footage to the proper parties, all while Uncle was dying in an ambulance.” Izuku took a deep breath. “After that, nothing else can really measure up in terms of difficulty.”

Hitoshi leaned down to kiss Izu’s head. “Yeah, I can see that. I guess you really don’t have any reason to be worried about the exam after all.”

“Are you worried about your exams?” Izu asked them both.

Shouto smiled softly and leaned against Hitoshi. “No. Between all the training I’ve done with you and Toshi, I feel I’m ready for the exam.”

“Same here,” Hitoshi said.

“Okay, just remember, Hito, you can’t use your quirk much. It’ll likely be marked against you,” Izuku reminded.

And yeah, Hitoshi had almost forgotten about that. The HPSC didn’t want someone with a quirk like his to make it as a hero. Well, joke’s going to be on them, he’s going to pass this exam, get his provisional license, and start making a real name for himself in the Underground with Aizawa-sensei.

--

The day of the exams quickly arrived and Izuku gave both of his boyfriends a kiss and wished them the best of luck. He had his own exam and wouldn’t be able to attend, but he was going to make sure to check in later to see who all passed.

Izuku was driven to one of the remote offices the HPSC used for surveillance and watched as one of their examiners with an intelligence quirk was set up to be able to see and hear what Izuku would be doing.

Izuku almost felt bad for the guy, he knew what his mind was capable of, what his vision looked like, this guy wouldn’t know what hit him by the time everything was said and done.

Once the official was all plugged in, Izuku started his Stream. “Can you see everything?” he asked, just to make sure, and the guy affirmed he could, so Izuku did what he did best, and started camera hopping.

An hour later, Izuku had helped to direct Heroes to twelve petty crimes, called in their takedowns, and coordinated an ambulance on two of them when the Heroes hadn't gotten there in time to prevent all injuries.

Just as they were about to end the test, an emergency signal came through in an area that Izuku had been directed away from.

"This is Shroud, need emergency backup at Kiyashi Ward Shopping Center!" came the panicked voice of one of Izuku's favorite Underground Heroes. "The villain Muscular is here!"

Izuku quickly got to work and was instantly having multiple conversations at once.

"Shroud, this is Datastream. Keep him away from the civilians, I'm getting you some backup now."

"Jump-Start, Miruko, this is Datastream, villain Muscular is at Kiyashi Ward, your assistance is requested."

"Musutafu General, this is Datastream, there is a villain attack at the Kiyashi Ward Shopping Center, there will likely be injuries, please ensure you are prepped for immediate injuries."

After getting the assents from all three, Izuku spent some of his focus on the villain himself. Fortunately, Muscular was seeming to enjoy torturing the shoppers and hadn't yet killed anyone.

"Shroud I need you to put up an illusion that's showing the villain a mall of panicked shoppers attempting to evacuate but getting in

everyone's way. I have both Miruko and Jump-Start on the way, but I don't want him to see them until they're in position," he directed to her.

"Got it!" came her instant reply, and she got to work setting up the requested illusion with her quirk, Illusionary Wall.

Shroud was able to get all but the one victim that Muscular was actively tormenting to safety before Miruko and Jump-Start showed up, and Izuku was able to get all sixteen of the injured carted off to the hospital. Once the two heroes were in position, Shroud dropped her illusions, startling Muscular enough to where he wasn't fast enough to dodge Miruko's kick to the face, and while he was stunned from that, Miruko got the last victim away from him while Jump-Start sent enough electricity through him to render him unconscious.

Izuku had the last victim in an ambulance on the way to the hospital and police on the scene minutes after the quirk cancelling cuffs were on the villain. He let himself sigh in relief. The entire ordeal, from emergency call to villain arrest only took ten minutes.

"Thank you, Aizawa, you can disconnect now," came the voice of the examiner.

Izuku came back out of his Stream blinking. He had honestly forgotten he was still taking his licensing exam at the end, more worried about making sure the victims were safe and the villain caught. Izuku looked at the examiner and was a little amused to see that he was shocked, with his eyes wide and staring at Izuku.

"So, how'd I do?" Izuku asked with his best Sunshine Smile. He didn't want to scare the examiner anymore than he already was, after all.

“How. . . how did you do that?” he asked. “The initial hour alone was enough for you to pass the exam, but that last event. How?”

Izuku shrugged. “I’ve been training with Nedzu for years. He knows how my quirk works, and he’s helped me develop it. My brain processes information at the same speeds as a computer, and just like a computer I am able to focus on multiple tasks at a time.”

“I see…” he replied quietly. “Well, I would like to inform you that you have passed, and you are now a fully licensed Intelligence Hero. Congratulations, Datastream.”

--

TinyGreenBaby – *guys! You passed! All of you!*

CoffeeAddict – *yeah, we did.*

How did you do on your exam?

TinyGreenBaby – *oh, I passed, too, flying colors. I had an hour to “patrol” and the examiner said I would have passed just on that, but a few minutes before the exam was over there was an attack at a shopping center.*

A pretty big-name villain showed up and started hurting people just because he could, and I handled it.

CoffeeAddict – *congrats!*

So you’re now, what, a Pro Hero?

TinyGreenBaby – *shut your mouth, no, I am NOT a pro hero!*

I'm a fully licensed intelligence hero. There is a difference.

HotElsa – *uh huh. But you can now do your whole Datastream thing out in the open, right?*

TinyGreenBaby – *yup! I think Nedzu is going to do a whole debut for me, officially introducing me to a few heroes and letting them know that they don't need to go through him to get into contact with me anymore.* ¯_(ツ)_/¯

There goes my free time

--

Sasaki Mirai was staring at the screen in surprise. He had used this analyst a few times before on cases, and they had always been a huge help on any case he was working at the time. But never once did he think that Datastream was a child! According to this, the boy is just barely sixteen years old, and he's been helping Mirai on his cases for the past four years.

Since he was twelve!

Mirai had been thinking of reaching out to Datastream for assistance in his latest case, but this new information is upsetting. There is no way he's going to be using the help of a child! And now that he knows just how young he was, he's going to have to go through all of the old cases he's worked on to make sure they were all completed correctly.

Ugh, there is going to be so much extra work for him to go through now, and he just doesn't have the time right now. The Shie Hassakai

Yakuza case was starting to pick up speed. They had recently had a run in with The Reservoir Dogs, and the small team had somehow survived this encounter. Not only were they all alive when they were found, but all of their chronic health conditions had been cured. There wasn't any information about there being a healing quirk among their ranks, but the research was still in the early stages.

--

"Ugh, I have so much work now! Nedzu-sensei, you never told me I'd have so many work requests once I got my full license!" Izuku complained. "Why do I have thirty different requests all of a sudden? Do you have this many? I don't think you have this many!"

Nedzu blinked at his student. He had not thought that Izuku would have that much work after only being licensed for three days. It had taken him almost five years before he was well known enough to get that many requests at a time. "You don't have to accept them all, Pup. In fact, it's quite common for those of us with an Intelligence License to only accept three or four cases at a time."

"Really? That few?"

"Yes! Well, I will usually have about six or seven at any given time, but I am also running a school," Nedzu admitted. "Since you're only just now starting out – officially – I wouldn't expect you to have more than three at once right now. I know you are capable of doing much more, but please keep in mind that you are still in the process of learning your future tasks."

"Mhm, Uncle said that I'd be principal in all but title by the time I graduate. Was there any truth to that?" His only answer was a sharp grin. "Right. So, I shouldn't take on more outside work than you for a while." Izuku started sorting the work requests into separate stacks to

make it more manageable.

“Oh, class 1-A is going to be meeting with the Big Three today to learn about work studies,” Nedzu mentioned as an aside as he was working on a case of his own. “I think Togata is going to try to fight the entire class at once to show them how much they can learn through the experience.”

“He’s going to get his ass handed to him if he does,” Izuku muttered absently.

“Shall we watch the fight when it happens?” Nedzu’s eyes gleamed with mischief.

Izuku’s eyes gleamed to match. “I would love to see how 1-A treats Mirio.”

--

Shouta watched in amusement as his kids got into position, ready to face off against Togata. After all the work these kids have put into their training, and all the time Izuku had put into them as well, this was the best class he’d ever taught. He had agreed to let Togata fight the entire class, not for them to see his level of experience, but to show off his class to Togata.

Kirishima and Sato made the first moves, like they often do, but they rejoined the rest of the class when Togata disappeared into the ground.

Togata’s first target seemed to be Aoyama, who was quickly taken out

of the fight. However, the others had been watching, and Asui spit into her hands and then started to rub it onto her stomach.

Just in time, too, as Togata's next target was Asui. The spit she had rubbed on herself seemed to be her paralytic spit she had recently developed, and Togata's movements instantly slowed down. While he was distracted, Bakugou came up with an explosive punch to his side. The punch hit, but Togata activated his quirk moments later.

Shooting back up to the surface, he was met with a spray of acid by Ashido, and a cocoon of tape from Sero. Before he could get the chance to recover from that, Uraraka came in fast and low and slapped him, sending him floating.

Togata blinked in surprise at the students, surprised that they were able to take him down so quickly.

The only part Shouta was surprised about was that his nephew's gremlins didn't get a hit in.

--

"Remember, not everyone who was able to host you for your internships will be able to host you for your work studies. You will need to reach out to new heroes if your internship hero is not able to host you. If you are unsure, please come see me, and I will let you know and help you find a new hero to do your work studies with," Shouta addressed the class after Togata and the other members of the Big Three left.

He was certain that Shinsou was going to pick him again, and to be honest, he was counting on it. That boy was well on his way to being a force of nature, and Shouta wanted to make sure he would be able

to take his place as the number one Underground Hero when he eventually decided to retire from hero work.

Monoma, though, he had interned under Oculus, and she didn't take work study students. Shouta remembered that Monoma had enjoyed his internship, and he was thinking of offering him a work study under him along with Shinsou.

With that in mind, Shouta's next thoughts went to Todoroki and Kaminari. They had both interned under rescue heroes, Snowfall and Generator, and unless he was mistaken, they also didn't offer work studies. Come to think of it, neither did the heroes that Uraraka and Asui interned with.

Shouta was curious where they would choose to go to for their work studies. Maybe Zu would have some ideas.

JustLetMeSleep – *work study ideas for your gremlins. Go.*

TinyGreenBaby – *Hito and Neito are going to you, they both want to be Unders, and there's no one better than you.*

Denki and Shouto should go to Papa. They both said that while they liked the rescue work they had done, it wasn't something they could see themselves doing long-term. They both want to be limelight, and with such powerful quirks, I think they would be best with someone like Papa.

Plus, Papa mentioned wanting an intern, and while this isn't an internship, it's close.

JustLetMeSleep – *good ideas. You talk to your boys, I'll talk to Zashi.*

TinyGreenBaby - ☆⋆:∞.o(≧▽≦)o.∞:⋆☆

Chapter End Notes

Not going to lie, this was mostly a filler chapter. The next chapter is the beginning of the end.

Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Not much of our favorite Green Gremlin in this chapter. Huh....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dabi was scrolling through his phone, looking for what kind of flowers to send his family. He had finally decided that it was time for him to go home. After ten years, he was done trying to make it on his own.

He had left home and was presumed dead when he was 12 years old. Dabi never finished school, so he wasn't really able to get a legal job, but he also really hated the thought of being a criminal. He had compromised by doing vigilante work, stealing cash from the criminals and villains he took down, but that really wasn't sustainable in the long run, nor was his regular job at the grocery store. He needed to finish school at the very least, and to do that, he needed to go home.

With his father having been in prison for the past three years, he felt that going home might actually be an option now.

So now he needed to apologize to his family for being gone for so long.

'The primary Blue Hyacinth symbolism means making peace. The color blue has calming effects that can calm a person's anger. And it conveys the message of "I'm sorry. Let's make peace." Choosing a blue hyacinth also says that you put serious thought into your apology and that you're eager to make peace and fix things,' he read. That flower could work. And with it being blue, maybe it could really speak to his family, reminding them of his blue flames?

‘The most significant purple hyacinth flower meaning is regret. Therefore, using purple hyacinths in an apology bouquet symbolizes your feelings of sadness over the disagreement. They can also ask for forgiveness. Sending these flowers also means that you are willing to forgive the person of their faults and be your apology.’ Well, there really weren’t any faults from his family for him to forgive. His brothers and sister were blameless in his decision to leave home, and his mother had tried her hardest to protect him from his father. He didn’t blame her either.

‘The Star of Bethlehem represents reconciliation when sent alone. It’s best to use this flower when apologizing for wrongdoing that might forever destroy a relationship. Sending this flower says you want to start over again and have a hopeful outlook for the future.’ Oh, now that one sounded good. He did really want to start over with his family.

He was so absorbed in his research of the perfect apology flowers to send his family that he didn’t notice the little girl with the white hair that came tearing around a corner, running as if she was running for her very life, until she slammed into him, knocking them both to the ground.

“Hey kid, you okay?” Dabi asked, concerned. He could see she was barefoot, and both her arms and legs were covered in bandages.

“Please,” the girl whispered, terrified, “please, I don’t want to go back.”

As Dabi looked at this little girl, he was painfully reminded of himself – she was covered in injuries, more than any child should have, she was clearly terrified, she had on a simple, old, and dirty dress, and he could see tangles in her hair.

Whoever she was running from, they were abusing her. If there was one thing Dabi hated more than anything, it was a child abuser.

“It’s okay, kid, I’ve got you, you don’t have to go back,” he said in his raspy voice. He knew he wasn’t the most comforting person to look at, but he hoped he was enough to make her feel safe enough to calm down a bit. “Come on, kid, I’ll take you somewhere safe, okay?”

The little girl hesitantly nodded, so Dabi picked her up and held her close. “What’s your name, kid?”

“E-eri,” she whispered.

“Eri, huh? That’s a cute name. You can call me Dabi.” Just as he was about to turn around to start walking to the police station, he saw a man turn the corner, wearing a green and purple coat, sporting a plague mask. Weird fashion sense aside, though, Dabi felt the little girl in his arms tense up, and he knew instantly this was the man who had hurt this little girl.

Dabi’s ‘Big Brother’ senses were going crazy, and he knew he would protect this kid.

“There you are, Eri. Come along now, it’s time to go home,” spoke the man in the plague mask.

“The kid’s scared, man. I don’t think she wants to go with you,” Dabi spoke up.

“She’s my daughter, she ran off because she was scolded. Now, I’ll take her home.”

Dabi wasn't buying it. But even if he was really her father, Dabi knew that not all dads were safe for kids to be around. Looking down at the kid's trembling, how she was clinging to him as if her life depended on it, he made his decision. "She's got some pretty nasty injuries. She should go to the hospital. In fact, I'm gonna take her there. You can feel free to tag along," Dabi stated, and then turned to start walking.

But he wasn't going to the hospital. He went down a different alleyway than the one the girl had come out from, and the guy claiming to be her father followed.

"Well, it was so kind of you to come into this very isolated alleyway," the guy started.

"Yeah, well, I'm glad you followed," Dabi countered with a smirk. "You see, I know all about abusive fathers, not that I actually believe she's your kid. So, here's what we're going to do. You're going to leave here, and never come after this kid again, or I'm going to make you wish you took my advice."

The guy (Dabi almost wants to ask his name, but why bother at this point?) just glares at him. "It's funny you think you can do anything to me." He started taking off his gloves, and Eri tensed in Dabi's arms and then tried to get down.

"Hey, kid, stop struggling," Dabi hissed. "I don't want to drop you."

"Put me down," she whispered. "He'll kill you!"

"Nah, I don't think he will," Dabi smirked. Looking back at the guy, Dabi raised a hand to him. "Last chance, my guy. I really rather not kill you in front of the girl, but if you don't leave, I will kill you."

“I’d like to see you try,” was the hissed reply.

Dabi just shrugged. “Well, since you insist.” And then Dabi let loose a torrent of blue flames at the man, who screamed in pain as the flames burned him alive.

What Dabi wasn’t expecting, however, was for the girl in his arms to panic and activate her own quirk. The horn on her head started glowing, and lightning surrounded both her and Dabi. He could feel something was happening to him, but he couldn’t figure what it was.

“Hey, kid, it’s okay, he can’t hurt you, and I’m not going to hurt you either. You’re safe now, trust me kid, please.” Dabi kept soothing her, he put her down when she started growing, but kept rubbing her back. “You’re okay, everything’s okay. I promise.”

Eri managed to close her eyes and look away from the burning corpse of the man who claimed to be her father, and her quirk slowly stopped. “I’m sorry,” she whispered to Dabi.

“It’s okay, kid, you were scared, but everything’s going to be fine. I promise you.”

She nodded.

Dabi noticed that she was still a bit bigger than she had been a little bit ago, and he was about to mention it when he realized that the scars on his arms were gone. He reached up to the scars on his face, only to find smooth skin. Looking more closely, he realized that his clothes were too big for him.

She didn't get bigger, Dabi got *smaller*.

--

"Okay, so the first major difference between Rescue and Limelight is we don't wait for a call to come in," Mic-sensei said. Shouto and Denki had managed to get their work-studies with Mic-sensei, and since they had both been with a Rescue Hero for their internships, he had wanted to take them out on a patrol to make sure they knew the ins and outs before he let them go on their own.

"Can either of you tell me why patrolling is so important?"

"It's to make sure there's always a hero around for when a villain attacks?" Denki asked.

"Mmm, while that is a benefit, that's not the main purpose. Want to take a guess, Frostfire?"

Shouto thought to what his father had said back when he was still training him. "I don't think this is the real reason, but my dad used to say it's to deter villain attacks."

Present Mic scoffed slightly. "Yeah, he would. I swear that man was an absolute menace." Mic-sensei schooled his expression back into an easy-going smile. "No, the main purpose of your patrol is to help people. Yes, deterring a villain attack, or being on scene quickly is a definite bonus, but you want to make sure the civilians can see you, and that fact alone can help them feel safe."

“I’m not sure I get it,” Denki admitted. “I mean, if it’s just a peaceful day, with nothing going on, wouldn’t the presence of a hero almost feel like you’re just waiting for something to happen?”

“It could, yeah,” Mic-sensei allowed. “But think about it this way. Let’s say your cat got outside and is now stuck in a tree. What are your options? Get the cat yourself, right? Well, what if you’re an elderly person? How are you going to do that? You’re going to have to ask for help, right?”

Shouto and Denki both nodded.

“Most people aren’t going to want to just stop what they’re doing to climb a tree, but a hero who doesn’t have a villain to fight? Well, that’s what we’re here for. Saving and helping. If someone needs help crossing the street, if a kid gets separated from their parents, a cat up a tree, even if you see someone who needs help getting their groceries from the car into their apartment, all of these little things can help, and can make the civilians feel better.”

“I see,” Shouto muttered. “Just being a welcoming presence.” He looked up at Mic-sensei. “That’s why you do your radio show, isn’t it?”

“Yes! Sometimes what people need help with isn’t something that a physical presence can deal with, but they need advice, or they just want to talk. I love helping people in any way I can, not just fighting big time villains. And just between us,” he said with a wink, “I can’t just go all out and fight villains in my day-to-day patrols, and you two most likely won’t be able to either. Not unless you want to be on the ‘most casualties’ list, in any case.”

“Right, because our quirks are so powerful,” Denki scowled lightly. “Would rescue be a better option for us after all?”

“No, not at all! I said you can’t go all out, not that you can’t fight!” Sensei laughed. “Just as I can’t go too loud in a city, Chargebolt, you can’t unleash everything when there are others around, and Frostfire, you can’t just throw around glaciers and infernos. You guys can still do the more subtle applications of your quirks and save the big stuff for when you get called to a major battle.”

“Like that fight a few weeks ago that started Izu’s crusade against All Might. You were there, weren’t you?” Shouto asked.

“Yup, just like that. That villain was really strong, and I did have to go all out against him, and those were moves I’d never dream to use against a regular villain in the city. That’s the kind of thing you’ll both have to think about going forward.”

“In that case,” a voice came from behind the three patrolling, “maybe you’re a decent enough hero to help.”

Shouto turned around and his mind came to a screeching halt. There in front of him was a person he’d never thought to see again – his oldest brother, Touya. Or at least, what he remembered his oldest brother to look like.

The boy in front of him was lean and lanky, with a build for speed rather than strength, and he had bright red hair and turquoise eyes. He looked so much like Touya that Shouto almost called out to him. But it couldn’t be. Touya had been dead for years, and even if he wasn’t dead, this boy was only about twelve. There’s no way he could be the brother Shouto missed so much.

“Okay, so this girl, Eri, got scared and her quirk activated on accident,” the boy said. His clothes were way too big for him. Almost

as if they were meant for an adult? “I was holding her at the time, trying to calm her down, and her quirk did this to me. I swear to God I’m really twenty-three.”

Shouto gasped in shock. Touya would be twenty-three if he were still alive right now. “T-touya?” he whispered fearfully.

The boy looked at Shouto and it seemed he just now realized who he was. “Ah, Shouto, hi?” He waved slightly. “Long time, no see?”

--

After the emotional reunion between Todoroki and his brother, Hizashi had brought them to the police station where they were reunited with the rest of their siblings. Hizashi told them not to leave the station, but he had more business with the girl.

Eri had let go of Todoroki Touya and had started to cling to Hizashi shortly after the brothers had started getting clingy, and now it was up to Hizashi to figure out where this girl belonged. There was a fairly easy way to get through with this, but Hizashi almost didn’t want to just cut the line of everyone else requesting his son’s help, but one look at the scared red eyes of this little girl made up his mind.

Picking up his phone in one hand, while Eri was in his other arm, Hizashi called up Zuzu.

“*Hey Papa, what’s up?”* Izuku greeted him.

“Zu, I have a little girl with me, and all we have is her name. The police already took her fingerprints and a strand of hair to see if they

can get an identity, but we all know you're faster. If you're not too busy, can you help us out?"

"*Hmm…. Oh, that's interest—Woah, Dabi's a kid again?! And he's Shou's brother?! That's cool! All that quirk damage was reversed! …….. Chisaki Kai got roasted, good for him!"* Izuku let out a sigh. "*Yeah, even if the girl had parents at one point, right now she's going to have to be in protective custody. She's been living with the Yakuza, the Shie Hassakai. I don't think her parents are alive, or if they are, they're involved with the Yakuza."*

"Okay, so we're going to need to find an emergency placement for her, preferably with a hero or two. Hey, Zu, can you grab Shou for me?" Hizashi had an idea, but he couldn't make a decision like this without his husband. "Eri, sweetheart, can you stay here with Detective Sansa? I need to have a conversation with someone, and it's kind of private."

When she nodded her head, Hizashi kissed her forehead and said, "Thank you, princess! I'll be right back!"

"*We're taking in a little girl, aren't we?"* Hizashi heard Shouta's voice on the phone, and he smiled.

"Yes. Did Zuzu already fill you in?"

"Of course he did. And just like last time, I don't have a choice in this, do I?" Shouta grumbled.

"Well, you *can* say no, but I'm pretty sure I'll ignore it and bring her home anyways," Hizashi admitted. "She's so cute, Shouta, and she needs a home!"

“*Fine. I’ll see if Nedzu will be willing to give Zu his own apartment in the dorms, since we don’t have a spare room.”*

“I can always just move into the 1-A dorms, there are plenty of extra rooms there,” Izuku suggested.

“We’ll see, baby. You two get all the details worked out, I’m going to go back to Eri and let her know she’s coming home with me.” Hizashi hung up the phone and walked back to the room with Sansa and Eri.

--

Hitoshi had his head in Shouto’s lap, letting him pet him, while Izu had Shouto’s head against his shoulder, running his fingers through his hair. “Touya died ten years ago,” Shouto whispered. “Or at least, that’s what we were told. It turns out, father had just pushed his training past the point where Touya could handle it, and the training building caught fire and collapsed. No one found his body, but his flames were always so hot, he was thought to have been completely burned to ashes.”

“I first met Dabi about two years ago,” Izu said. “He was a vigilante, but he only ever really hurt the really bad people, like the pedophiles and rapists. I thought about calling someone to pick him up but decided against it. He was actively employed at a grocery store, and he never went out of his way looking for trouble. I spoke with him a few times, he’s a cool guy.”

“Where’s he going to be staying?” Hitoshi asked.

“My sister is going to be his guardian. It seems he’s permanently back in the body of a twelve-year-old and he’s going to have a second chance at growing up, so he’s going to try picking up from where he

left off. He does still want to be a hero, and I promised him I'll ask around to see if someone," Shouto looked up at Izu's face, "would be willing to pick apart his quirk and put him back together?"

Izu smiled and kissed Shouto. "Certainly. I always wanted to play with is quirk – after seeing all the burns he had from his own quirk, I think he was trained wrong. I'd love to work with him on this."

Shouto smiled softly and nuzzled his head back into Izu's shoulder. "Thank you, Sunshine."

Chapter End Notes

> Thank you to dannythebookwyrm, a few chapters ago they gave me the idea of having Dabi run into Eri, and while I didn't use the full idea, I loved this idea so much. It was a good way for me to kill off Overhaul without much fuss. And you can't honestly tell me that Overhaul would be much of a fight against Dabi's flames.
>
> The end is so close. I can almost taste it!

Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

> So, funny story. I wrote this and had it mostly ready to go on Sunday, just needed to do a little editing. I didn't want to post it too soon after the last chapter, but making you wait a day or two longer wouldn't hurt.
>
> But then life happened, and I didn't get around to editing until today. Oops!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sir, I know he’s just sixteen, but he’s really smart! And he’s got his Intelligence Hero License, just like you. I’m sure he could help you with this case!” Togata exclaimed, trying to convince Mirai to contact Datastream for assistance.

“Mirio, I’m not having this discussion with you. He’s too young to be able to assist with this case.” Mirai gave Mirio a hard look. “End of discussion.”

With a sigh, Mirio said, “Fine,” and left his office.

Mirai rubbed his eyes behind his glasses and looked back at his computer. He needed to learn more about the Eight Bullets that worked for the Shie Hassakai. So far, all he knew was their names, but nothing about their quirks. He had been scanning through the quirk registry, trying to find them, and all of their files had been corrupted, not giving him any usable information.

He hated to admit it, but Datastream *would* be able to find this information as easily as one could breathe, but Mirai *refused* to get shown up by some kid! He was going to figure this out if it killed him.

--

“Zu, do you know any of the current cases Nighteye is working on, by chance?” Shouta asked. He was lazing on the couch, leaning up against Hizashi, with Coffee on his lap as he was checking his emails.

Izuku looked up from where he was reading a book to his new little sister Eri and said, “No, I’m too busy working cases from other heroes to snoop around and try to find more work.” Izuku shrugged. “I currently have over 50 requests I’m being asked to look at, but I’ve only committed to 4 right now.”

“Hmm. Nighteye sent in a team-up request for one of his latest cases, and if I accept, I’ll have to bring along Shinsou and Monoma. Can you look to see what his current active cases are? I don’t want to accept if it’ll be putting those two in unnecessary danger.”

“Hold please,” Izuku quipped as he let his eyes glaze over.

“What’s he doing?” Eri asked nervously, seeing the life in Izuku’s eyes go out.

Hizashi answered. “Izuku’s quirk is mental, Princess. When he uses his quirk, his mind can leave his body, like now, but he’s perfectly okay! And he only does this when he knows he’s safe, so there’s no reason for anyone to worry!”

“Okay,” she whispered.

Seconds later, Izuku’s eyes lit up again. “Oh, this is funny! The main case he’s working on is the Shie Hassakai case!” Izuku hugged Eri.

“The guys who were so mean to you, they were already being investigated by Sir Nighteye! He’s been wanting to arrest Chisaki for a while.” Izuku giggled and looked back at Shouta. “I don’t think he knows he’s dead.”

“He’ll probably want to go after the rest of their group once he does learn about Chisaki’s demise.” Shouta thought for a moment. “Unless you have any concerns, I’ll let Nighteye know I’ll be accepting his request with my students.”

“Sure thing, Uncle. Oh, can I tag along, though? It seems he doesn’t have a lot of information yet, and I don’t want you to run into their hideout with no information on who will be there.”

Shouta nodded. “We can call it a day off from the other cases you’ve been working on, and I’m sure the other heroes he’ll have called in for the team up will be excited to meet you.”

“Ooh, that’s right, I haven’t met a lot of the other heroes in person! I know FatGum and Rock Lock both got invites to Nighteye’s case, and so did Ryukyu.” Izuku grinned, and then turned back to Eri. “Let’s finish up this book, okay?”

Eri nodded.

--

Izuku walked into the Nighteye agency with his uncle, Hitoshi, and Neito with a grin. He was looking forward to working with Nighteye, as he was one of the very few heroes who had been able to follow along with his tangents on cases. Not to mention, Izuku had been helping him on cases since he was twelve!

Uncle, Papa, and Nedzu were his top three favorite heroes, but Nighteye was pretty high up the list, too. He had always treated Izuku as an equal, never commenting on how the cases might be too gruesome for a kid. That was one of the things he liked most about Nighteye, actually, he never treated him like a kid. Even Uncle and Papa treated him like a kid when they first started working together, before they realized just how competent he was.

Uncle and Papa will still treat him like a kid, but only when it comes to things unrelated to his work as Datastream, such as making sure he eats right, gets enough sleep, things like that, and Izuku is more than okay with that. He is, after all, their kid, and their job is to take care of him.

As the four of them entered the conference room, Izuku looked around. There were a few heroes in the room, along with some of the other students from UA – Kirishima, Amajiki, and Yayorozu were standing with FatGum, Uraraka, Asui, and Hado were standing with Ryuku, and then Rock Lock was standing near the corner of the room, just watching everyone.

Izuku walked right up to FatGum. “Hey! It’s great to meet you in person! I’m Datastream!”

FatGum grinned widely and pulled Izuku into a hug. “Data! It’s super great to meet you in person! I’m a huge fan of all the hard work you’ve been doing!”

Laughing, Izuku blushed a bit. “It’s not really all that hard for me, honestly. I’ve found if I go too long without working on something I can get a bit slow, so I try to keep a project at all times.”

“I see. Well, you’ve still helped a lot of out these past few years!”

“Indeed, it is quite an honor to meet you,” Ryukyu said as she walked over to join them. “Although I’ve never worked with you previously, I have heard only good things about you. I look forward to working with you.”

“Same here! And I must say, Ryukyu-san, I love your quirk! It’s so awesome!” Izuku exclaimed with his sunshine smile, and he heard Hitoshi and Neito complaining about how bright he was.

“So, *you’re* Datastream, huh?” Rock Lock said, also joining the group. “Never thought I’d see the day you decide to join us mere mortals in person.”

“It’s my day off, I had to do *something*, and tagging along to bother a bunch of heroes planning a raid seemed like just my idea of fun!” Izuku giggled.

Rock Lock snorted. “Let me guess, you’re here to make sure nothing was missed and to provide it if it was?”

Rubbing the back of his head, Izuku giggled again. “Guilty. But hey, if my uncle is going on a raid, I want to make sure you all have all the information needed. I already had one scare with him this year, I don’t want another.”

“Uncle?” FatGum asked.

“Oh! Right, you all only know me as Datastream! My name is Aizawa Izuku! Eraserhead is my uncle!”

As one, all of the heroes in the room turned to Uncle. “He’s even more of a Chaos Gremlin at home,” Uncle muttered. “And he’s currently Nedzu’s personal student, so just imagine the nightmares I have from that.”

Before anymore conversation could be had, Sir Nighteye entered the room with Mirio and his two sidekicks, Bubble Girl and Centipeder. “Thank you all for coming. I know the pros, but can you please introduce the students?”

FatGum went first. “This here is Suneater, Red Riot, and Creati!” as he pointed to each one.

Ryukyu went next. “Froppy, Uravity, and Nejire Chan.”

“This is Psyren,” Uncle gestured to Hitoshi, “and this is Phantom Thief,” gesturing to Neito. Both boys nodded greetings.

When Uncle didn’t move to introduce Izuku, Nighteye asked, “And him?”

“Hi! Nice to meet you in person, I’m Datastream!”

Izuku was a little confused when Nighteye blanched and then seemed to close down. “I don’t remember requesting your aid,” he said coolly.

Izuku blinked at him. “No, but you did request my uncle’s aid, and-“

Nighteye interrupted him. “But not yours.”

“Oops,” Izuku heard Hitoshi whisper to Neito, and saw Neito nodding sagely.

“Um. Are you refusing my help?” Izuku asked.

“Yes. This raid is an invite only mission, and you were not invited. Please leave,” Nighteye sneered at Izuku.

“You’ve never had any issues with my inviting myself to your raids and cases before, why start now?”

“I didn’t know you were a literal child before. Now I do.”

Izuku closed his eyes and took a deep breath. That hurt. He had always thought that Nighteye respected his work enough to disregard the fact that he was a kid, not that he had clearly ignored the bit of information that was readily available to any hero to looked him up – after all, Uncle had let everyone know when he had first met him five years ago, before he even knew they were related, that he was only 11.

Fine, if Nighteye wanted to play like this, Izuku could play.

“Your case is missing a lot of details,” Izuku stated. “And if you won’t accept my assistance, then I’m not letting my uncle or his students on this case.”

“I don’t think that’s your call to make,” Nighteye said, adjusting his glasses.

“Let’s see if you’re right, shall we?” Turning to his uncle, Izuku asked, “If I said not to take this case, would you head home now?”

Grinning his scariest grin, Uncle answered, “Since I asked you your opinion on if I should even bother coming along in the first place, yes, I would take my students and go home.” Uncle looked at the other students in the room. “Also, since I’m their teacher, I’ll pull *all* of my students, not just these two. I won’t risk the safety of my students because you don’t want to accept help from Datastream to obtain complete information.”

FatGum raised his hand. “Yeah, count me out too. I mean, I’m sure I *could* manage with some incomplete information, but I really don’t want to get on Datastream’s bad side.” Ryukyu and Rock Lock nodded their agreement.

Five of the seven students in the room were all looking at Izuku’s serene smile with more than a little fear, Hitoshi and Neito having already known the power their green overlord wielded were both smirking. “What do you say, Nighteye? Are you going to accept the assistance, or are you going to get a completely new team put together?”

Looking around the room at everyone willing to just leave, Nighteye pushed his glasses up and rubbed at his eyes. “It seems I don’t have much of a choice, do I?”

“Nope! Now, let’s get started, shall we?” Izuku pulled out a chair and sat down. “Bubble Girl, do you mind if I take over the presentation?” he asked sweetly.

“Um,” she looked to Nighteye for permission and then nodded. “Sure?”

“Great!” gesturing to the screen that had just turned on, Izuku got started. “So, first of all, Chisaki Kai, also known as Overhaul, was killed last week. So, we aren’t—”

“What do you mean he was killed? How? By who?” Nighteye demanded.

“Oh, by a former vigilante. Don’t worry, he’s gone straight now, and he’s like, twelve, so he’s just going to be continuing with school, and then most likely join a hero school when he’s old enough. Don’t worry about him,” Izuku dismissed.

“The important part is, Chisaki is not going to be a problem. He did, however, have a large group of followers in the Yakuza, including what were referred to as the Eight Bullets. Stupid name, since there’s actually like nine of them you need to worry about, but whatever,” Izuku said.

“Can I ask something?” Ryukyu interjected. After getting a nod from Izuku, she continued. “I know you said Chisaki is dead, but can you explain just how he died?”

“Oh, funny story. He had a little girl with him that he claimed was his daughter, but she wasn’t. The girl managed to escape and while she was running, she ran into this vigilante. Now, he’s very familiar with child abuse, so when he saw Chisaki and the girl’s reaction to him, he decided that he wouldn’t let her go back to him. Chisaki followed him into an alleyway, hoping to kill him, but totally underestimated his opponent. Long story short, he’s twelve now, the girl is my new sister,

and an abuser became barbeque."

Ryukyu nodded. "Okay. I suppose that works."

"Yup! Now, who wants to read about the remaining higher-ranking members of the Shie Hassakai?" The screen showed the names, quirks, and pictures of the members of the Shie Hassakai.

Eight Bullets

Nemoto Shin – Confession - allows him to force his victim to answer truthfully after he asks them a question

Katsukame Rikiya – Vitality Stealing – allows him to siphon away other people's stamina by inhaling their strength away from them. He can use the stolen stamina to greatly increase his own size and strength. In order to use his Quirk, Rikiya needs to be touching the target.

Setsuno Toya – Larceny - allows him to instantly relocate an object from someone else's possession to his own hands. He needs to be able to see his target and there is a limit to size of what he can steal

Hojo Yu – Crystallize - grants him the ability to produce sharp, durable crystals from his skin. This is effective for both close-ranged offense and defense. He can also grow his crystals into the form a sword around his arm

Tabe Soramitsu – Food - allows his teeth to easily chew through and consume any solid substance, no matter how durable. His stomach is able to quickly digest whatever abnormal substances he has eaten with no trouble.

Rappa Kendo – Strongarm - allows him to rotate his shoulders at extreme speeds, allowing him to attack his targets with a near-endless barrage of bullet punches. His Quirk can only stay active for a few seconds at a time, but this is all the time Kendo needs to wear down his opponents.

Tengai Hekiji – Barrier - allows him to materialize an extremely

durable dome-shaped forcefield around himself. The strength of the forcefield has been compared to that of a steel wall

Sakaki Deidoro – Sloshed - allows him to subject nearby people to severe dizziness and inhibit their sense of balance, putting them in a state similar to being drunk

Irinaka Joi – Mimicry - allows him to merge his body and mind into an object, granting him full control over the object as if it were his own body. Joi can only use this power on objects the size of a refrigerator or smaller

“Any questions?”

“Just one,” Nighteye said. “How long did it take you to find all this?”

“Well, I had to format it to look pretty, so that took some time, so I’d say about three minutes. Why?”

Nighteye just rubbed at his temples, trying to stave off the headache that was developing.

--

Izuku knew the raid was going to go smoothly, after all, Uncle Shouta was there, and everyone had good, accurate, and *complete* information.

And every single one of those heroes aside from Nighteye knew they could call him if shit went south.

So instead, Izuku decided he was going to spend the day with Dabi – er, with Touya.

"It's 8:30 in the morning, on a Tuesday, shouldn't you be in school?" Touya asked grumpily.

"Eh, my school schedule is more fluid than the average kid's," Izuku admitted. "After all, I graduated high school already and I'm taking university courses, I'm a licensed Quirk Councilor, and a licensed Intelligence Hero. School is pretty much just socialization for me at this point."

Touya just stared at him. "Great, and I'm stuck with you, since my brother is dating you."

Izuku laughed at him. "Yeah, you are stuck with me. I'm never letting my Starlight go. But on the plus side of being stuck with me, you get access to my quirk counseling for free!"

Touya looked at his currently scar-free arms and smiled. "I really would like to learn how to use my flames without burning myself."

Izuku grinned. "That's the plan! So! Here's what I know for certain. Your mom's quirk is Ice, and your dumpster fire's quirk is fire." Touya snickered at the way Izuku referred to Endeavor. "Your sister's pretty immune to fire, while Natsuo has a quirk similar to your mom, right?"

"Yeah," Touya confirmed. "Natsu's is a little stronger than Mom's, though. And you know everything there is to know about Shouto's quirk." Izuku blushed very slightly.

“My thoughts are along the line of how you weren’t trained properly,” Izuku said, ignoring Touya’s smirk. “It’s not surprising that the flaming shitstain can’t teach, to be honest, and I doubt you ever had real quirk counselling. He probably thought that since it’s the same quirk he has, he knows everything there is to know about it.”

“It’s *not* the same quirk, though,” Izuku continued. “You quite clearly have a weakness to your own quirk, which I’ve really only heard of happening to those who were using their quirks wrong. So, here’s what we’re going to do – I want to see how *cold* you can get your fire. I already know you can make your fire around 3,000 degrees, but I’m not trying to get you to hurt yourself here. I want to see the lowest temperature flames you can make. Can you get out of the blue spectrum? Can you get into the yellow or orange range?”

Touya looked at his hands thoughtfully. “I. . . I could, at one point? Not sure if I can anymore, though. My flames were originally red, but then Endeavor kept pushing me to go hotter and hotter. I was at yellow flames when Shouto was born, and I was pushing into the blue range by the time his quirk manifested.”

“Okay, well we want the red flames back. Since your fire was initially cool, that leads me to think your quirk *should* be a cold fire, not a hot fire. My current working theory is that your flames can become as cold as ice.” Izuku grinned at him. “Want to test this out?”

Touya’s eyes were huge as he nodded. “I get a second chance to keep my good looks, you can be sure I’m not going to waste it!”

Chapter End Notes

Looks at outline

Looks at chapter count

Huh.... I mean, I could split the next chapter into two? Or I might drop the count down to 34? There's really only like, 2 more chapters left. This is sooooooooooo almost done!

Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

Final Chapter!

Thank you to everyone who has stuck with me this whole time! I love you all!

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I know i got the temperature that Touya can reach wrong, it's inaccurate, temperatures can't actually go that low. I know. It has been pointed out to me many times. I'm lazy, and I'm not going to fix it, though, so please stop pointing it out.

Thanks!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Not going to lie, it’s really nice to have a student who’s so disciplined in their quirk training,” Izuku said to Touya as he was watching the currently 12-year-old boy focus on creating a low temperature flame. Izuku glanced at the thermostat and saw that Touya’s flames were at 17 degrees. “Not even Shouto progressed this quickly!”

“I’d like to think I have a little more experience in training to my limit than my baby brother,” Touya grumbled.

Izuku laughed. “Yeah, and I guess I was sort of responsible for him falling out of practice with super intense training. After all, I did make sure I got the trash fire arrested when he was your age,” Izuku smirked at Touya.

Touya’s flames went out. “Wait, what? That was *YOU?!*” Touya was looking at Izuku with huge, starry eyes. “You are my personal GOD!!! I always wanted to know who got that shit stain locked up, but I never thought it’d be my soon-to-be brother-in-law!”

Izuku laughed and blushed. “Brother-in-law?”

“I said soon-to-be,” Touya grinned. “I’ve seen the way my baby brother looks at you, it’s only a matter of time.”

Izuku covered his blushing face with both hands, “Shut up!” he whined to Touya’s amusement. “Okay, okay, can we get back on topic?”

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“Uncle, I want to commit a homicide. Can I commit a homicide?” Izuku flopped onto the couch right on top of Shouta who was lounging and grading papers.

“That depends,” Shouta grunted after having a whole ass teenager land on him. “Who do you want to commit this homicide on, and how are you going to ensure you’re not caught?”

“I haven’t thought about the cover up yet, but I want to homicide Shouto’s dad. Prison isn’t enough for what he’s done,” Izuku growled.

Shouta started carding his hand through Izuku’s hair. “What did he do?”

Izuku nuzzled his face into Shouta’s chest and grumbled out, “It’s Touya. If Enji had thought to take him to a legitimate quirk counselor when he was little, he might not have ever gotten as bad as he did. Touya’s quirk is amazing! It’s super similar to Shouto’s! He can create

fire that's every bit as cold as Shou's ice but doesn't create ice – and it's so much colder! He was able to get to -2,700!"

Shouta's hand paused in Izuku's hair as he blinked.

Izuku raised his head and looked at Shouta, "I know, crazy, right?" He flopped his head back down. "There's more. Just like Shouto, he needs to regulate his temperature, so he has to use both hot and cold flames. If he doesn't use the cold flames, he'll burn himself, but if he doesn't use the hot flames, he'll get hypothermia. His quirk is exactly what Enji had been looking for all along, he was just too stupid to realize it."

Shouta huffed a laugh. "As much as I'm sure you want to, no, you cannot just kill him. He's already in prison, and he's not getting out anytime soon."

"Fine."

Shouta raised an eyebrow as he looked at Izuku pouting. "Do I need to put him on round the clock surveillance to make sure you don't do something?"

"No."

"Good." Shouta kept playing with Izuku's hair. "What do you want for dinner?" Shouta changed the subject.

"Don't care, anything's fine. We had katsudon already this week."

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Tenko, formerly known as Shigaraki Tomura, had, after half a year, finally gotten far enough in his reform program to allow online games again, and he of course had reached out to Izuku to get his sister's name back. After agreeing, Tenko made a new priest.

The two of them had been playing together for a few weeks, and Tenko decided to bring up a subject he had been thinking about for a few days.

Hana – *so I was in therapy on Wednesday, right?*

ThatGreenDruid – *sure? I mean, I don't have your therapy schedule memorized, but if you say so?*

Hana – *dick.*

ThatGreenDruid - (≥⊎≤)

Hana – *anyways*

I was thinking about something, my therapist was asking about what I would do to act out, and I told her I was just throwing temper tantrums, and decaying whatever was around me just for shits and giggles

And I'm not sure why I thought of it, but I remember Kurogiri doing things, like, subtle acting out?

ThatGreenDruid – *in what way?*

Hana – *well, it was really stupid*

But he knew I didn't like mango or pineapple flavored things, but he would always give me mango flavored water, or he would make pineapple cake

He only did those when I did something that would upset him, though.

ThatGreenDruid – *yeah, that's pretty subtle. You don't think he just forgot?*

Hana – *if someone threw chairs at you and decayed everything in sight all while screaming at you about how they don't fucking like mango would you 'forget'?*

ThatGreenDruid – *ah, I see your point. Continue*

Hana – *other than that, he was obedient.*

Too obedient.

Almost like a Nomu.

ThatGreenDruid – *that is a disturbing thought. Excuse me while I run this past a few people.*

Izuku came back to his senses and looked up. He was in Nedzu's office, sitting in his super comfortable chair that was next to his desk. Izuku was in his second year of UA, and since Izuku was the acting vice principal, Nedzu had decided that Izuku should have a desk in the office. Not that Izuku ever really used it or needed it, but a vice principal needed to have a desk. He'd be getting his own office after next year, when he officially became the vice principal.

It would help when he needed to intimidate someone.

“Hey sensei, there’s um. There might be an issue? Or, no, a problem? Hmm, or something, it is definitely a *something*,” Izuku said, not too sure how to describe this.

“Oh? What is it, Pup?” Nedzu smiled. “You know how I love dealing with *somethings*.”

“I’m chatting with Tenko, and he mentioned something about Kurogiri. He thinks he might have been a Nomu.” Izuku paused. “I’m not too sure what to do with this information, honestly.”

Nedzu’s smile froze, and he blinked at Izuku. “Well. This is certainly something.”

“Seriously. So, you see why I don’t know what to do with this, right?”

“Yes. Can you ask him where he thinks Kurogiri might be at this moment? Or where he last saw him?”

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Tenko hadn’t known where Kurogiri would be but gave them the address of the last hideout they had been at, hoping the heroes would be able to find clues as to where Kurogiri had gone. What no one had suspected was for him to still be there.

Kurogiri had been waiting for ‘Master Shigaraki Tomura’ to return.

He hadn’t put up much of a fight when he was getting arrested and was soon in a medical research facility. They had been able to confirm that he was indeed a Nomu, and Izuku was doing research in his spare time to help the doctors figure out a way to reverse the effects of the Nomufication.

In the meanwhile, he helped to announce the Sports Festival again. He had originally been planning to announce side by side with Uncle and Papa, but his Starlight had come down with the flu the day before the Festival and was sitting out the event. Izuku choose to sit in the stands with him to keep him company while their Moonlight participated.

Hitoshi, however, didn’t have a reason to win the Sports Fest this year, so he purposely fell behind the rest of the class, finishing the first event in 73rd place, not qualifying for the second event. He made sure to bring snacks to both of his boyfriends when he joined them in the stands to cheer on Neito and Denki.

Neito had managed to win the tournament that year, with Denki taking second place, and Yayorozu tying for third with Bakugou.

While the class was on their work studies after the Sports Fest, Izuku and the doctors made a breakthrough with Kurogiri.

Shirakumo Oboro.

Uncle, Papa, and Auntie Nem were all emotional wrecks when they got the news about their former friend, and Izuku doubled his efforts to free him from the effects of the quirks controlling him.

It took another couple months, but shortly before summer break, Shirakumo Oboro was his own person again.

His once blue floaty hair was now dark purple, and his quirk had not been able to be returned to his former cloud quirk, staying as a warp gate, but he was back to himself.

The years as Kurogiri had taken their toll on him, however, and he was adamantly against the idea of attempting to become a hero now. His Warp Gate quirk would be incredibly useful for hero work, but after the past fifteen years of forced villainy, he decided he wanted an easy life.

He swore to keep in contact with everyone, but he wanted to be on his own for a while.

And so the second year at UA passed.

The New Big Three was announced, and both Neito and Hitoshi had to threaten to quit school for their names to be rescinded as part of the group, so officially the Big Three consisted of Shouto, Denki, and Bakugou.

Bakugou had, surprisingly, accepted the position as one of the Big Three, even though he knew that spot should have been Hitoshi's. He had long since calmed down and finally seemed to understand that not everything was about him. Both Hitoshi and Neito were aiming for Underground Heroics, so calling attention to themselves in this way was a bad idea for their career goals.

Denki had kissed Neito full on the lips when he discovered he was one of the Big Three, and so started their year of flirting, much to the amusement of Izuku and Hitoshi, while Shouto was placing bets with

the rest of the class on when they would officially get together. The current odds were that they would continue to dance around the other until after graduation.

Which is exactly what they did.

Shouto used the money from his winnings to buy rings for Hitoshi and Izuku, and the week after graduation, the three were engaged.

Their wedding was small, only close friends and family attended. Tenko sat with Uncle and Papa for most of the evening but got caught up in conversation with Touya once the subject of video games came up.

Tenko had just gotten a job at the company Tempest as a game designer.

By the time Touya had graduated UA, he had decided that he wanted to be an Underground Hero. He didn't want to have all the attention that his brother had, after all, even with dying his hair black again, he still looked a lot like his father, and didn't want anyone to make the comparison between Endeavor and Azure.

By the time Eri started UA, she had decided that she didn't want to be a hero at all – instead, she wanted to be a healer. Eri had mastered her quirk with her brother's guidance, and she wanted to be able to help

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"Honestly, it's about freaking *time* he retired," Hitoshi grumbled, as he watched Shouto fixing Izuku's tie. After all these years, Izuku still

couldn't tie a tie properly. "The RatGod's had you doing all his work for ten years."

Izuku laughed. "Yeah, but it's been fun! And I'm going to miss watching him terrorize the students and staff every day." For the past ten years, Izuku had handled all of the affairs of running the school, including the few occurrences that needed the actual Principal's attention – Nedzu would just make sure he was the one to actually present or sign whatever Izuku had prepared.

But all that would change today. Nedzu was retiring from his role as Principal of UA and was going to put all of his focus towards his hero work.

"I just find it difficult to believe that both Shouta and Hizashi are retiring, too," Shouto muttered, giving his shorter husband a kiss as he finished his tie.

When the three had gotten married, both Hitoshi and Shouto had decided to take the name Aizawa, neither having any positive attachments to their original names. When they had done that, both Shouta and Hizashi had insisted that they start calling them by their given names.

"They're only retiring from Hero work, they're still going to be teaching." Honestly, Izuku didn't know what he'd do if he had to replace those two at the school. Uncle Shouta would probably make him buy his own sleeping bag!

Izuku was happy that they were retiring from hero work, they were both 41, and they had both had incredibly successful careers. Papa was still going to be keeping his radio shows once a week, but he had officially handed over the station to Jiro last year and was only staying on to be her backup.

Uncle had decided that since Hitoshi was able to keep up with him, he was able to comfortably pass down the title of top underground hero to his purple son-in-law.

“Do you think Neito’s finally going to propose to Denki tonight?” Hitoshi asked. “I mean, they’ve been living together for like, five years now.”

With a smirk, Shouto said, “If he doesn’t, Denki will. He told me yesterday that he had picked out a ring and was just waiting for a special occasion.”

“And Nedzu’s retirement party is a special occasion?” Izuku asked.

“You know Denki, any gathering is a special occasion, regardless of who the party is for.”

“Besides,” Hitoshi interjected, “You know Nedzu will find it amusing. I think the only reason he’s even allowing us to throw this party is because he’s hoping those two will use it as an opportunity to get engaged.”

“I really wish I could say you were wrong,” Izuku muttered. “But he would do something like that just for the fun of it.”

By the end of the night, Denki and Neito were officially engaged.

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry, but I am not in the best headspace, I lost my dad the day before I posted the last chapter, and I don't think I can really

write any happy stuff right now, so this is the best you're going to get for a final chapter. I know I had said that there would be a few more chapters, but as I was writing this, I couldn't manage to get the last few chapters to cooperate, so I just decided to put them all together and call it a day.

Edit: Thank you to everyone who gave me suggestions on the next story for me to write! I am deleting that part of this note so as to not spoil things for when I write the story!

Works inspired by this one

Bnha react to "Datastream" by Viviblack17

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!